

## Another Day

Berner

Yea I'm still the same dude that you met back then  
I got ma shit bustin hard and I don't act like them  
I let the candy paint drip like the cocaine sniff  
I'm dope and I don't know bout days like this  
I leave the house and pray to God that they don't raid my shit  
It's hard I spent my whole life taking risk  
Hit the mall spend a grip on a couple of fits  
New kicks and I know they don't hustle like this  
Big faces no twentys not even a fifty  
So much money in my pocket that my jeans don't fit me  
Remember high school it was three for fifty  
Not that OG but it was green and sticky  
I upgraded from yellow gold to platinum  
And lost alot of friends when I started rapping  
I never finished school I was caught in traffic  
No metal on me homie because my glock is plastic

I was young I was gettin my cake thoe  
Now I'm out of state lettin that weight go  
I pray for another day cause this life is rough  
I roll up and I light my blunt  
Yea I'm ridin to that pac sippin leen and smokin  
All eyes on me picture me rollin  
Yea I pray for another day cause this life is rough  
I roll up and I light my blunt

I get letters from the pen they wana keep him in  
He caint wait to get out and play the streets again  
It gets hard out here in these streets were in  
It's dry I can't wait to eat again  
Fresh money brand new and crispy  
When I'm broke it feels like the whole worlds against me  
My baby mother still screaming in my face  
Calling me a loser cause I send things outa state  
I guess I'm just a drug dealer living day by day  
If you feel the same way and can't take a brake  
Then you feel my pain it's like I'm paralyzed  
Cause I'm stuck right here this is where I die  
Fuck a 9-5 I culdnt wear a tie and this kinda lifestyle makes my parents cry  
I got a kid know it's time to make a change  
When I open up that door I hear em' say my name

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I pray for another day cause this life is rough  
I roll up and I light my blunt  
Yea I'm ridin to that pot sleekin leen and smokin  
All eyes on me picture me rollin  
Yea I pray for another day cause this life is rough  
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Up early in the morning the sun ain't up yet  
Thinking about murder cause mayne I'm upset  
Erase another line off the plague watch the sun set  
Soon as you come out the house it's would be yo last breathe  
But you never came out the house so I'm out here  
Trying to pay bills in the drought gotta kill again

Never leave the steel at the house never sleep again  
Cause I missed out on so much when I'm in my dreams  
So I'm out late on the fall trying to shake the being  
Niggas getting bread of course but it never seems  
To be enough I'm insane I be seeing stuff  
Ran for the petty club golds with my ones  
Look, I must be having fun but it's not a game two stepping with my gun  
Feelin like a king head hustlas like myself  
Tryna join the team sick I'm on the meth pushers then we split the cheese