

Everyday

Bizzy Bone

Ooh
How we do it
It's all about the music
It's all about the music

Everyday, day
It seems it's getting shorter
As the world turns round and round
These last days, so crazy, oh I

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They tellin' me the crime is decreasin'
And what is the reason for the brutality? Huh
They killing these niggas in cold blood, Bone Thug
Been a part of the reality, all the insanity, ain't no more humanity

What ever happened to family?
Lost men way back in the game, back when the crack came.
And it ain't too much changed here today
Seems like it's neva' gon' get betta'

Wonder if we'll ever get to live in peace, these days of our lives
They keep on getting shorter everytime that I realize
That it won't be too long before, we wake up and the world is gon'
And it won't be no World War, it'll be Armaggedon fo' sho'

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Everywhere we look, there's so much violence, violence
And I ain't making no bet, I quit the riot, riot
And you ain't gotta lose, it's all about the roads that you choose
Well, what is there to do when you out there stunnin' like, ooh?

And I can feel your pain young thugs, stay focus
'Cuz we can get this money young thugs
Even though the end of days are comin', comin'
You can get it right, right now do something for somebody

Just hold on fo' me
I promise there's a betta' place for all us THUG's

If he don't believe then don't call yo'self a thug
'Cuz thugs believe who don't believe

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Sometimes I sit back and I think, why me?
Now how did I become a victim of the struggle?
Everyday tryin' to piece this puzzle
And every second I'm out on the hustle, I sit and I gussle

Hopin' reality done pass me by, right on by
And I'm not gonna' sit and lie, all of my life is bein' fine
Like a test on wheels, a lot of determination and skills
And the death ain't neva' come easy

Now with a nickel gotta pay these bills and scrape this meal
Feed the man in the house, gotta' keep that money comin'
I gotta' be out here doing somethin'
Rather than sit back broke with nothin'

Can you feel me? If I have to come and get chu I'ma get chu
You gon' feel me and what did they say about Lil' Lay?
He's a ghetto legend, niggas is out here threatnin'
'Cuz I'm headed for Armageddon, baby

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Back in the day with little Lay and all the Bones, we got to scrappin'
For pay, sometimes I miss when we were kids is all
Now since ninety-five back when Eazy died of a A-I-D's
Oh what a disease an' how many harmony out could it be now

Everybody wanna keep us twisted you better believe it
Little Eazy whispers different gotta keep my distance
Me payed up on the buildin' none of us used that
Just don't stop until I get shot, shot wheelin' and dealin'

Me back in the day from the crack lock yeah
I see Greg roll it I seen bad murder, murders
St. Claire as for the industry we're pickin' now, sickin' now
And the hard headed came to break it down, lick it out

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