

# Everyday Thang

Bone Thugs-N-Harmony

Everyday it was almost the same thang  
'Cause it's all about survival of the fittest

What you are about to hear will portray  
The image of a young black male living everyday life  
In the ghetto today  
So Bone, drop dat

(You know what?) Live like a hustla  
'Cause I ain't with bein' broke  
I'm rollin' dope, and I'm bound to let the gun smoke  
I'm gettin' richer everyday because  
I'm selling crack, and, yo, police ain't jack  
So I just wait to pull the trigger back  
I sell a twenty, a ten, and I won't let you slide  
I need all ten, and I ain't takin' nine ninety-nine  
So how you figure you're gettin' up around the Bone?  
You try to gank, you catch some blows to your damn dome  
Don't take no shorts, that's why I'm climbin' to the top  
And everyday I sell a thousand dollars worth of rocks  
Yo, ain't it funny the way the Bone will make his money  
And won't get caught because the cops  
To me ain't nothin' but dummies?  
So what you need? I'm servin'  
Everything is straight. I mean it's great  
And now I'm rollin' heavyweight  
And coppers hate to see me come up off the 'cane  
And makin' ends to Biz is like (just) an everyday thang

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I hit the floor  
And now I'm lookin' for my khaki pants  
I looked around and couldn't find 'em  
So I put on Stan's  
And then I headed to the closet for my Fila shoes  
They lookin' hit 'cause I was runnin'  
From the biggy-blues (siren)  
That's when I headed out the hizzy  
And jumped in the smug  
And put my skully on my head  
And now I'm lookin thug  
Car souped up  
Posse seven deep  
Now we gettin loose  
Well since we posse'd up  
We might as well go get the brews  
I bust a u-turn on the Clair  
So we can rush the store  
We need a case, or maybe two  
Or maybe three or four  
Pay for the brews, up in the smug  
And now we getting  
I be like, "Word up cuz,"  
Brushin' on my peach fuzz  
Looked for the party

Cause there's lots of women to be grabbin'  
We went on to the one Ali was havin'  
We stepped up in it, pumped as hell  
And yo it wasn't lame  
And gettin' brewed to Layzie Bone  
Is just an everyday thang

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Load up the pistol, ask Layzie for a couple clips  
And get the twelve-gauge, cause I got another lick  
Round up the posse, call up James, Wish  
And double-Zs, my nigga Tone,  
You know we scorin' keys  
I heard the dread's sellin' some dope  
It's comin off the lake, down at the dock  
And yo, it 'posed to be at eight  
So hurry up, we getting paid, no matter what the cost  
And since they thinkin' they all that  
They gotta take a loss  
They can't hang with the Bones  
Get it in your head, forget a dread  
I'm leavin' all those suckas dead  
We on the scene, I must admit, Hoop Phi's drunk  
They started slamin' those dreads like a power dunk  
I mean, blastin' and crashin', K-Bone is the assassin  
I started sprayin', and count out caskets  
We got the dope, and we got rich  
But yo, we still the same, and it'll never change  
'Cause it's an everyday thang

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Call up your posse, chump, and yo  
And you will never win it  
Because my organization, see  
We got fifty million niggas in it  
You wanna scrap? Come on, let's do it  
We can get it done  
It's kinda funny plus I'll show you that  
I'm not the one (I ain't the one)  
You stupid bro, now what you ball up your fist for?  
Make you think we was buckin'  
And capped you down with my pistol  
A dirty move, yo, Layzie had the sucka fooled  
Yeah, it was cool. They shoulda had the boy schooled  
You messin' with a brotha, Bone. Yes it's good to go  
I beat on niggas everyday, so, yo, I'm not a ho  
So gimme P's if you see me walkin' down the street  
Because I can't be beat, known for breakin' niggas teeth  
I'm droppin B's, and you never catch me chill and calm  
I hang with Vicki when I wanna drop the damn bomb  
See all my fellas, and even the Bone  
We is insane, and throwin' blows on foes  
Is just an everyday thang

Yeah, Layzie Bone up in the house  
You know what I'm sayin?  
I gotta give some P's up to my homies  
That's still doin them everyday thangs with me  
I gotta say what's up to my brother Stan Howse

Vicki da Bomb, Wish Bone, Bizzy Bone  
And Krayzie Bone, my boy Tony Tone, Old Mo  
And the troublemakers in the house  
For these funky productions, and yo  
K-Chill's in the house, too, so bus tickets, G  
  
'Cause it's all about survival of the fittest