

## Everyday

G. Dep

A yo, I walk down the block with my stomach in knots  
Spent time hustling, running from cops  
Broke as a joke, no ends at all  
Can't play ball and my Timbs is small  
Can't buy trees with government cheese  
I rather be where its breeze, niggas bubbling ki's  
My moms got two jobs one on her knees  
and writin letters to the governor "Please call off the deeds"  
My baby mother with another brother with cash  
and drive by roll down the window and laugh  
I solve all my problems with indo and hash  
Bought my daughter a Nintendo now she calling it Dad  
My landlord's a jerk, the water don't work  
My little sister twelve and she bought her own skirt  
Rather do Kirk than do her homework  
Talk blunts and boys and she'll jump for joy  
Shit's twisted, opportunity not but I missed it  
Out in the park gettin lifted  
So now I'm sittin here shit out of luck without a buck  
and it don't make a difference

So do you hear me?  
'Cause if you don't I'll come up close and say it clearly  
I got to know I got to go  
I strive for my pay each and every way  
but this type of shit it happens everyday

It's like I'm trapped in a maze walk around in a daze  
I won't rest 'til I'm paid or I'm down in my grave  
I wanna look tough, but my sneakers is scuffed  
Everyday pants in the week is enough  
I had a little money but it came and it went  
Now its either pay the rent or stay in a tent  
and it don't make sense how the shit is intense  
and all you got up in your pocket is lint, you get the hint?  
I had a cigarette for breakfast, just for beginners  
Cried for my lunch and sleep for dinner  
I tried to go to church, priest called me a sinner  
He called me everything except for a winner  
I'm walking in the rain wishing things would change  
It ain't a game, mad I pawned all the rings and chains  
Emotionally scarred form losing my job  
Pass the nod nigga, times is hard

So do you hear me?  
'Cause if you don't I'll come up close and say it clearly  
I got to know, I got to go  
I strive for my pay each and every way  
but this type of shit it happens everyday  
Now would you check me?  
If I was you and you was me, would you respect me?  
I got to know I got to go  
I strive for my pay each and every way  
but this type of shit it happens everyday

I ain't gonna front, all I want is a blunt  
a pair of blue and yellow dunks and my hundreds in chunks

But, people see me, put they purse to the front  
I'm waking up early on the first of the month  
Honeys don't respect when you call 'em collect  
and it's 25 cent you can call 'em direct  
I put my life on the line I ain't making a dime  
Nigga call me "Never mind , man you're wastin' your time"  
A yo, I'm livin' in the ghetto and I'm tryin' to survive  
At the same time a nigga rolling by in a five  
Can find a drive for a 9-5  
It's like I only get by when I'm feeling the high  
And I ain't got no smoke, the elevator broke  
I'm at the end of my rope tryin to find a way to cope  
I'm sipping on Gin thinking how I could win  
I don't know where it begins but this is where it could end