

# Shit Happens Everyday

G. Dep

Listen...I'ma tell you straight like this  
Word up! Listen...

Hey yo! I walk down the block  
Wit' my stomach in knots  
Spend time hustlin' runnin' from cops.  
Broke as a joke, no wins at all  
Can't play ball and my Timb's are small.  
Can't buy trees wit' government cheese  
I rather be where it's breeze, niggas bubblin keys.  
My moms got two jobs, one on her knees  
And writin' letters to the governor-  
Please call off the deeds!  
My baby mother wit' another brother wit' cash  
They drive by, roll down the window and laugh.  
I solve all my problems wit' indo and hash  
Bought my daughter a Nintendo  
Now she callin' it dad.  
My landlord's a jerk, the water don't work  
My little sister twelve  
And she bought her own skirt.  
Rather do Kurt than do her homework  
Talk blunts and boys and she'll jump fa' joy.  
Shit's twisted! Opportunity knocked  
But I missed it, out in the park gettin' lifted.  
So now I'm sittin' here shit outta luck  
Without a buck and it don't make a difference!

So yo! If you hear me  
Cause if you don't I come up close  
And say it clearly. I got ta' know-I got ta' go!  
I strive fa' 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  
Almost down in my grave.  
I wanna' look tough but my sneakers is scuffed  
Everyday passing the week is enough.  
I had a little money but it came and it went  
Now it's either pay the rent or stay in a tent.  
And it don't make sense how the shit is intense  
And all ya' got up in ya' pocket is lint.  
You get the hint!  
I had a cigarette fa' breakfast, just a beginner  
Fries fa' my lunch and sleep fa' dinner.  
Try ta' go ta' church priest call me a sinner  
They call me everything except for a winner.  
I'm walkin' in the rain wishin' things would change  
It ain't a game and I pawned all the rings and chains.  
Emotionally scarred from losin' my job  
Pastor nod-nigga times is hard.

Now do ya' hear me?  
Cause if ya' don't I come up and say it clearly.  
I got ta' know-I got ta' go!

I strive fa' my pay each and every way  
But this type of shit, it happens everyday!  
Now would ya' check me?  
If I was you and you was me  
Would you respect me?  
I got ta' know-I got ta' go!  
I strive fa' my pay each and every way  
But this type of shit, it happens everyday!

Yo, yo! 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 wakin' up early in the first of the month.  
Honeys don't respect when you callin' collect  
And it's twenty-five cent, you can call em' direct.  
I put my life on the line, I ain't makin' a dime  
Niggas call me never mind.  
Man, you're wastin' ya' time!  
Hey yo! I'm livin' in the ghetto  
And I'm tryin' ta' survive.  
At the same time a nigga rollin' by in a five  
Can't find a job for a 9 ta' 5  
It's like the only gettin' by  
When ya' feelin' the high.  
And I ain't got no smoke, the elevator broke  
I'm at the end of my rope  
Tryin' ta' find a way ta' court.  
I'm sippin' on gin thinkin' how I could win  
I don't know where it begin  
But this is where it could end.

Now yo!