

# Everydays Anthem

Jae Millz

I'm coming for them racks, racks, racks  
All dressed in black, black, black  
Middle finger to them suckers, suckers, suckers  
Real niggas, where you at, at, at?  
I pray to the Lord, Lord, Lord  
To keep the devil off my back, back, back  
I make em girls drop it low, low, low  
Can't keep my city on my cut, cut, cut

Uptown rider, blunt long as a dollar  
You's a choir boy, I'm straight out of the jungle, surge your blocka  
My youngins off the blocka, break you up something proper  
Like that choppa turn yo ass in that chicken enchilada  
I ain't fuckin with them niggas who wasn't fuckin with me  
See how them tables turn? Fuck favors, nothing for free  
Yea that bullshit, I'm on that  
My dick - yo girl on that  
Word I know she ain't, she just show up everywhere I perform at  
How you wanna do it boy? I'm bout that  
My team runnin out of money, I doubt that  
Stuntin like mall this tall ballin, I'm on my grizzly bitch  
I'm a nigga's worst nightmare and a bitch's wish

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New York City rider, full of GT vodka  
I'm sprayin in her mouth and she embrace it like banaka  
And she hate it when I stop her  
So never do I stop her  
I just light my good and watch er  
Get messy like whopper  
I'm a painful home, wreck a nigga life hurts  
I turn your wife into my after the club work  
You too close, my shooters show you how them slugs work  
Fuckin with Millz is deadly like Magic's bloodwork  
Roll another blunt, pop another molly  
I'm with Lee, that Korean bitch is taking shots of sake  
Livin sucka free, far from where them suckas be  
Jehova witness blow my name  
Ringin bells all up the streets

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I'm coming for them racks, racks, racks  
Young Money, cash money  
Middle finger to them suckers, suckers, suckers  
We all 100 over here, G'd up  
I pray to the Lord, Lord, Lord  
To keep the devil off my back, back, back  
Uptown til the casket drop, you already now  
Can't keep my city on my cut, cut, cut

Millz!