

# Everyday

M.O.P.

Oh yeah.. (G&B)  
Ohhhh.. ooh yeah (M.O.P.)  
Oh-ohhhh, ooooh (yeah)  
Oh-ohhhh (Primo bring it back, uh-huh, yo)  
Oooooh-ohhh, ohh-ohhh ohh-ohhh ohh-ohhh  
Yeahhh, yeahhhh

When you're living your life (when you're living your life)  
You gotta survive .. (you gotta survive)  
There's no escape (ohh noooo)  
This money gots to be made (yeahh yeahhh)  
.. break it down!  
Every day we keep it gangsta, livin thug life  
So what y'all motherfuckers wanna do?  
Every day we keep it gangsta, livin thug life  
So what y'all motherfuckers wanna do?  
(You don't want it no more!)  
Every day we keep it gangsta, livin thug life  
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Every day we keep it gangsta, livin thug life  
So what y'all motherfuckers wanna do?

Hey yo back by popular demand it's your man Danze  
(and Fizzy Womack) from the trenches of the dungeons  
Who want some? Remember I'm sick with it  
(BROWNSVILLE) B-K nigga, don't forget it  
I'm still beat boppin when you see me poppin through  
And the money mission seem to be impossible  
I put it down, all way across the board  
The original O.G. (?) not a fraud  
Clap, don't applaud  
It's the legendary M.O.P. (yes yes y'all!)  
I'm from where a lot of soldiers are found  
and the hearse seem to be the illest whip in the town  
When the gangsters decide to put it down I'll be around  
with my hat broke down, grippin a pound, now  
Please send them cats; I'll get up in 'em  
with venom bend 'em and send 'em the fuck back!

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You gotta survive .. (you gotta survive)  
There's no escape (ohh noooo)  
This money gots to be made (heyyyyy)

Here we go again (YEAHHH) fall back  
'fore I be forced to pop one up in your wool hat  
Live from the headquarters, you already know so  
make yourself be heard - OHHHHHHHHHH  
It's the F-I-Z-Z-Y, Dub-O-Mack  
Here to hold down the streets and the thugs know that  
So tell me who in this (who in this)  
You in this (you in this)  
M.O.P., we ruin this, doin this  
BACK, one mo' gen (THAT'S RIGHT)  
And the, streets is back y'all, come on in  
We bring the heat on purpose  
Clear, shit in the middle of your show

like a horse at the circus  
Damn what you worth bitch, you get your head gauze wrapped  
Real tight, tell me is it worth it?  
I'm prepared for the traps that this game brought to me  
It's the First Family, tell yo' bitch talk to me, c'mon!

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So what y'all motherfuckers wanna do?

I got my mind made up, come on, let's get dough  
We gotta get it right  
Ghetto & Blues intertwined together  
G&B will make you feel alright!  
So we started from the ground up  
headed right to the top, ohh ohhhhhh  
We makin moves for cheddar  
cause the streets are too hot

G&B, M.O.P. yeahh yeahh  
Ohhh oooohhh, ohh ohh, ohh yeah yeah  
And my homies

I got my mind made up, come on, let's get dough  
We gotta get it right (everyday)  
Feelin the beat  
Goin my way  
If I ain't a thug, why do I feel this way?  
And why does crime stay on, my mind?  
Here we go, back again  
Here we go, here we go again  
Oooh-wee! Weeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee

Uhh, uhh, it's G&B  
Sincere Money Harm  
Ghetto & Blues, M.O.P.  
Brooklyn, uhh, L.I., yeah