

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 yeahhhh)
.. 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
So what y'all motherfuckers wanna do?
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!

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 (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