

## Everyday

Memphis Bleek

Yeah (oh), yo (oh)  
Ay yo, you niggas know the Memph stay high and shit  
Eleven hundred on Sunset burn the strip  
Tryna choose which freak can drive the whip  
You know the five double oh  
You know how it go  
You know all the hoes be bad to the toes  
Pose centerfolds, smoke in the gold  
You know how I be, drop Z3  
Meet one freak, Bleek two heats  
Nigga that's the rules, get at you dudes  
Niggas see my feet be like look at them shoes  
Straights dubs, hoes wanna fuck  
Before they get a nut, first head in the truck  
Shit we do 60, cranberry Bentley  
This what'chu want, ho come and get me  
You know the move  
It gotta be right before you push the Z  
Give me head at the lights

Everyday it's just the same though  
We just tryna see tomorrow  
As we try to pay attention to the people we are  
I'm just trying to have some fun  
Live my life and own my gun  
I know I can't live forever

Yo, yo she coul push the Plymouth, switch while I'm in it  
You know how I do, we could fuck for a minute  
She know that the Memph give a hundred percent  
She can see the jewels shine from under the tints  
Might see the fifth reflect from under the tints  
Or your wife giving head from under the tints  
You know that the crew wil'in in the turtle top  
State to state, you know the hoes me and murder got  
Cause when they see the plat-i-num, that be them  
In the Range gettin' brains or the drop BM  
Who you know that can stop these mens?  
I'm come through in the Cadi, the color of gin  
Somethin' clear you can see right in  
Don't mistake the passenger, your wife was in  
I let her underhand me, give me brain in the Banji  
While I do a wheely with my hands in her panties nigga

Yo check it, uh ay yo  
Watch the wife, she don't play  
You seen how she scratched the CLK  
She hate ma-mas cause they roll shotgun  
And when they smoke they like to take shotguns  
And when I fuck I hit like shotguns  
Violate me, get beat with shotguns  
I can fight, I know I'm a boxer  
See Bleek in the hardtop Boxer  
Down in 'Frisco poppin' my collars  
Smoke champelly, all black Impalla  
3 Wheelin', Hennesey spillin'  
Fuck the world, that's how Bleek feelin'

Cherry red M3, that's me  
When you be like damn you killin' 'em, that's me  
You know me, eye-cocked, twin buggy eyes  
Blue as the watch face  
The watch stay faced - nigga

I'm just trying to make it, whoa, yeah, yeah  
I'm just tryna do what's right  
Though the devil tries to tempt me, oh no, oh no, oh no...