

# One Day

UGK

Mama put me out at only fourteen  
So I start selling crack cocaine and codeine  
Time to stack some paper think I'm a do it quick  
Thinking I'm a juvenile but they don't know who they messing with, yeah  
My mama's only son  
But I live everyday like its my motherfucking last one  
Every nigga and they mama asking why  
But I'm in the game live by the game and in the game I'm a die  
But if I die or should I say if I go  
Bury me in Hiram Clarke next to the come and go  
Cause tomorrow ain't promised to me  
The only thing promised to a player is the penitentiary  
So I'm a take care of my business on the smooth tip  
Watch my back selling crack and pack two clips  
When ya think about that you say "it'll be on"  
Its a trip you're here today but the next day you're gone

One day you're here, baby  
But then you're gone (repeat)

This world we living in man it ain't nothing but drama  
Everyone wanna harm ya in New york niggas getting shot for bombers  
Now they got yo life in the former they in like California  
Niggas who roll that hydroponic-marijuana  
Gang banging got the ghetto hotter than a sauna  
Back in Orange my nigga Pop died on the corner  
Behind a funky-ass dice game  
I saw once before he died wished it was twice man  
I remember being eight deep off in Chucky crib  
Letting us act bad not giving a fuck what we did  
When we lost him I knew the world was coming to the end  
And I had to quit letting that devil push me to a sin  
My brother been in the pen for damn near ten  
But now it looks like when he come out man I'm going in  
So shit I walk around wit my mind blown in my own fucking zone  
Cause one day you here but the next day you gone

One day you here baby  
But then you're gone (repeat)

I'm up early cause ain't enough light in the daytime  
Smoke two sweets get in these streets out the pop up line  
Peanut holder my boulders smolder on the PA pipes  
AK loader as I get swallowed under city lights  
Niggas be looking shife so I look shife back  
Can't show no weakness with these bitches get yo life jacked  
Mayne its a trip where I stay especially for me  
This bitches trying to lock me up for the whole century  
They gave my boy down in Florida Dante nineteen  
I wish that we could smoke again and take a tight lean  
My world a trip you can ask Bun B bitch I ain't no liar  
My man RoRo just lost his baby in a house fire  
And then when I got on my knees that night to pray  
I asked God why he let these killers live and take my homeboy's son away  
Man if you got kids show em you love em cause God just might call em home  
Cuz one day you here but baby the next day you gone