

# Beautiful Day

Young Scooter

Sun shining, top dial,  
Everyday beautiful, I jugg a hundred, pal.  
You should start organize free band good time  
My son six, he's on, counting a hundred thousand.  
I'm about to have a girl, now my life complete  
Plus I don't have no girl, I'm married to the streets.  
And this a money world, I'm a money freak  
It's a beautiful day when you can buy keys  
I always ride around with bands on the seat  
Your name on wait when you can flood the streets  
It's beautiful to sail six trucks a week  
B&G I'm on my own girl beneath.

It's a beautiful day, it's a beautiful day  
It's a beautiful day, it's a beautiful day.  
It's a beautiful day, sun shining away,  
Smoke kush and sip drinks, it's a beautiful day.  
It's a beautiful day.

I'm talking about bad bitches, gold Rollies,  
I'm talking about getting digits, the whole on me  
Niggas in the hood still moving marijuana  
Their biggest dream is getting rich and move to California.  
My uncle Phil humping the master wheels, hoping out, let me know  
I'm walking around this gold on that shit where I kill em  
That east side, that glam hood, that camera roll, that flash sound,  
Riding round my top down, my year here, that's black bowl.  
Everytime pretty, pulling up dirty,  
Presidential Rolly, cost about a birdy.  
Trying to see a hundred in, tell my heat thirty  
She so wet, I pull up on out the girly  
Where'd you got the rims, serve roof open fit  
Black came sand girl, I'm a whit towns.  
I drank a lot of codeine and smoked a lot of dope,  
You know I always scoop that it's a cope.

It's a beautiful day, I wait this bitch by a bench  
She ain't putting no problem, I fuck every day.  
You're living up your ass, that's what it was on the sail,  
Been working hard for a long time, right now it's time to play.  
The sun shining so bright, diamonds shining so bright  
A top down in a hundred time, just thank God for the life.  
My bills paying, nigga, I won't pay 'em  
I got thrill lane, my bitch faded  
You can't erase me, I'm a nineties baby,  
Damn,

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Ring back home, make me feel so good,  
Roger did a seven, man, it's all good.  
I gotta say fuck the fan, do that for the hood,  
We're millionaires now, we're on billboard.  
Everything I couldn't have now I can afford it.  
Spin the pot around like the wheel of fortune  
Had that crack pot had made a fortune  
My partner primetime told me stay focused.  
My OG homie Pat told me keep it going,  
I messed a minor block, I need a Grammy for it.  
Marry, God and everything, remember that summer, homie,  
Salute my home niggas, is like a home for me.