

# Same Everyday

Z-Ro

Man, same everyday, wake up, gotta get it  
Trying to get it baby

It's the same everyday, everyday is the same  
Running up and down the block, chasing change  
And off a million faces, there be a seven year case  
So we gotta be careful, when we slang

It's the same everyday, I gotta get up and get it  
Trying to keep the lights on, and avoid getting evicted  
Cause the landlord tripping, want me out of the house  
Thinking it's nothing but that hard, coming out of the house  
And it is I can't get a job, cause I'm an ex convict  
All day I sell crack, not with but the bomb shit  
My spot hotter, than a motherfucking stove  
But if I can't recognize, your face shop close  
I got uppers, downers, whatever you need  
I got them wholesales, for niggas that wanna be  
And when the drought come in, Z-Ro gon go to the stash  
I'm in and out of season hustling, addicted to cash  
I don't hustle for the fame, I don't hustle for the shine  
Cause that's where a alot of motherfuckers, be doing time  
Not me, I gotta stay free  
Cause if I'm locked up, can't nobody pay me

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(2x)

Gotta feel me mama, I ain't trying to balla  
I ain't gotta follow, plus I'm on the hunt for the dolla  
Going through the drama, daily  
Cause you realize, that the street pays me  
What lately you been giving in, to the sinning of your kid  
In and in women friends, getting trained in your den  
Yep since daddy left, and granddaddy left  
I been left with the stress, of the shelf  
At the age of sixteen, my judgment was afreered  
And for my 18th birthday, they sent the blue wern  
I mean the blue warrant, my past pride's current  
While my attitude's a middle finger, they don't know what I've endured  
It's hell riding candy no license, uninsured  
Pulled over to the curb, where's the weed and the syrup  
But I'm staying on my note, yep perfecting is with time  
Since I'm a boss hap, I use paper, pen in mine

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We got rich white guys on heroine, snorting  
We go to jail for stones, but they can leagallize abortion  
Extortion, money laundering and inbroan

Who the hell gon do time for jobs, lost at World Com  
This year America's fucked up, D-Black and Jono got time  
I'm grabbing a phone, it cost a dime  
I'm bout to put this land in line, y'all don't  
Feel going, y'all feel bills and crime  
So here's my mind, plus a toilet for a dookie  
Seven C sale, Mussilini best boochie  
Ignorance is bliss, so you better call Calvin  
Shit I can't duck fly, for the whole damn album  
My life is a near, and turbulence is here  
Body full of wounds, I think them folks got the spill  
The land of the lost, but I'm lost in this land  
Trying to make a future out this corn in my hand, man