

## Stic Fi

### "Any Given Sunday"

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[Guru]

Though the times are getting wicked I'm older  
I got a chip on my shoulder  
True players always maintaing, I'm different I told ya  
Don't want to be just a commodity  
I'm smarter G  
This is my life, and my soul not just a job to me  
It's the truest part of me  
Fans now mobbing me  
Fake friends acting like I just won the lottery  
Back then I guess it was hard to see  
The real paradox  
What an artist see  
It's like that saying  
Be careful what you pray for you might get it  
Of course it's all about winning and money but how far  
will we let it  
Taken 'em, the holy game can make 'em, then  
instantaneously break 'em  
Rain one day sunshine the next  
Haters try and stop my flow sometimes I'm vexed  
What's next accounted by the press  
Mad stress on my chest  
Of course I know that I'm blessed but here's the test  
On "Any Given Sunday" I got to play my best

Chorus:

Sacrifice don't give up the fight,  
everything will be all right on any given Sunday  
Guru: The harder they come the hard, yeah the harder  
they must fall  
Depends on you if you win or lose,  
you know you got to pay some dues so that you can live  
on Monday  
Guru: Strive to achieve and die for what you believe

[Jamie Foxx]

On the battlefields left abandoned  
One man standing  
To me the ball was handed  
Taken shots and left stranded,

No defensive they tackle me  
Every blow brings back a memory  
Learning lessons from my injury  
It's killing me  
Cause at first they wasn't feeling me  
Never given a chance to show my true ability  
Too many pressures trying to play me out  
Put me positions that's sure to lay me out  
No doubt

Chorus:

Sacrifice don't give up the fight,  
everything will be all right on any given Sunday  
Guru: The harder they come the hard, yeah the harder  
they must fall  
Depends on you if you win or lose,  
you know you got to pay some dues so that you can live  
on Monday  
Guru: Strive to achieve and die in for what you believe

[Common]

Playing on a field of hard times  
These struggles are like the yardlines that I gain from  
Nowhere is where I came from  
From day one, I knew the game and how to play run  
But never knew the price of fame would weigh tons  
Now I learn from self when pain comes  
And walk when they say run  
Fame can be as painful as  
Death of patron  
Young black, gifted  
But I'm rapped in myself  
Broke many tackles but I'm trapped in myself  
See what happens with wealth  
At times you can lose yourself  
During the sunniest of days many superstars fell  
From cotton to football fields  
You know how they play brothers  
As long as we play well they love us  
I know that on Any Given Sunday  
This can be taken from me  
But it all comes down to is money  
I know that on Any Given Sunday  
This can be taken from me  
But it all comes down to is money y'all

Chorus: (2x)

Sacrifice don't give up the fight,  
everything will be all right on Any Given Sunday  
Guru: The harder they come the hard, yeah the harder  
they must fall

Depends on you if you win or lose,  
you got to pay some dues so that you can live on  
Monday  
Guru: Strive to achieve and die for what you believe

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