

Yung Redd & Lil' Ron f/ Lil' 3rd

"Tha Whole Day Through"

Visit "[Tha Whole Day Through](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

(*talking*)

I'm just trying to grab everything in my reach, you know
Do my thang, I'm just trying to let you know what I'm
going through
Same as this life, all kinda stuff stressing my brain out
Know I'm sayin, so give me a lil' time let me speak my
mind
The whole day through, just one of my days

[Lil' Ron]

No money in my pocket, that shit got drastic
Why play football, and I won't get drafted
I'd rather hang in the hood, and run with the thugs
Instead of class, I was into slanging dimes and dubs
And I climbed above, the foolish scrubs
Now I only move for stacks, and luck nigga what
But me and mama, been disagreeing a lot
No matter what, she call to see if I'm breathing or now
And on the other hand, I been in the courtroom
I'm stressing everyday, hoping I blow up soon
I was real with niggaz, but niggaz was fake
Didn't take long, for me to see them niggaz was cakes
So I distance myself, and did me for a while
Lost track of the last time, I cracked a smile
And I'm only here, to speak the truth to you
I deal with these situations here the whole day through
baby, the whole day through

(*talking*)

The whole day through man, I'm just doing me
Know I'm saying, ain't nothing promised
Tomorrow ain't promised, to nobody man
So I'm trying to get mine today, but you gotta feel it
though man
Just the way I am, I ain't changed my ways hey
Hey real talk niggaz, hey

[Yung Redd]

Now if this music don't get me to the promise land,
honest man
Wish I had a plan, you never promised another chance

Hope for the best, prepare for the worst
And my life is way mo', than what you hear in a verse
Let the truth be told, it's the road I chose
Here a nigga change channels, like remote controls
Just a few niggaz make it, though a lot of niggaz try
Half of us locked up, and a couple of us died
So tired of being sick and tired, why ask why
The same questions, no remarks I count my blessings
Ay it wasn't clear, how one year
Could make e'rybody disappear, when they know that
money ain't here
Fuck what you going through, impress me with a song
or two
See me when you see me, I'm in Cloverland mo' than
you
Speak now, or forever hold your peace
You see me in the streets hold your piece, and squeeze
first nigga

(*talking*)

Hey it's on and popping man, Lil' 3rd the Leprechaun
King of Cloverland, all day on grind and getting it on
Staying heated up, niggaz out here playing games
man it's real
Back on the streets, checkmating bitch niggaz
Know I'm tal'n bout, take a ride with me man
We grinding and shining 24/7, this what it is yeah-yeah
ay

[Lil' 3rd]

Botany Big Shots, was my heart and my mind
I was soon to find, cats wasn't holding it down
Drama came, they weren't even much popping the iron
Disrespect, and they weren't much boxing around
I got the game in my palm now, I'm locking it down
Far as that Freestyle King shit, I'm taking the crown
Hundred mile punchlines, coming straight off the
mound
Lil' 3rd the Leprechaun, now on top of the line
Hear ya imitate my name, when I went through them
town
Baller blocking my shine, now I take what's rightfully
mine
True side of the game, it'll be over in time
So I treat 'em like hydro, start blowing they mind
The whole day through pimp, say I stay on the grind
On sight when I see you yeah, I'm laying you down
I don't attend the circus, I ain't gon play with you clown
Stand up one time, cause I'm laying you down sissy
yeah-yeah

The whole day through
(the whole day through) - 4x

Visit [Yung Redd & Lil' Ron f/ Lil' 3rd](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.