

DJ Quik "It's Like Everyday"

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Yeah, ain't nothin' changed, ya'll niggas still obvious
Yeah, it's for real though hmph

Now we don't wanna talk about all the people I'm
supportin'
That's more important to a nigga than them diamonds
you sportin'
Ain't a sell-out or a bail-out, although life is a bitch
And I'm beginning to think that they don't wanna see
Quik rich

'Cause I'm gon' gather up my homiez and put
something in they bellies
Ride around the town bumpin' that CD from R. Kelly
Gettin' at them ghetto queens if you know what I mean
'Cause it ain't nothin' like some lovin' dipped in afro
sheen

Break it down with two gates in that burgundy eight
'Cause real riders don't three wheel, they just drown on
the skate
Send a care package to my homiez up in Natches
And shoot a kite 'bout how these suckas keep my Benz
up in scratches

It ain't no puzzle that's to be expected
Sometimes I think they only come around it, just to see
if I wrecked it
I feel like hittin' the 101 leavin' town on a bike
On my way up to the Bay to clear my mind 'cause it's
like

Everyday is a scuffle
Turnin' them corners to get my hustle
Every single dollar is a struggle
That's how it is comin' up in the ghetto

Now I don' been through it all pushin' work on the
boulevard
Runnin' from the 5-0 in somebody else car
Ghetto dreams so it seems to be easy
Think about my life and I get queasy

Pumpin' the pimp knowin' it ain't helpin' me
But the ghetto got me trapped thinkin' this is how it's
s'posed to be
A cold thang when you knowin' yo' gang ain't got yo'
back
But you still put yo' life on the line for no snaps

This ghetto world is one big battlefield
That's why we get rich and move to them hills
Everywhere we go the haters tag along
But don't let that stop you get yo' hustle on

But dog you gotta do yo' thang get yo' grind on
Eliminate the fake and keep yo' game strong
Don't let the streets be yo' downfall
Keep it real with yo'self and you gon' rise 'til you ball
dog

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It's gettin' down to ground level but tryin' to keep time
'Cause my hustle and my tustle is my beats and my
rhymes
And I'm lovin' this collabo' 'cause Rock Land is saucy
And Quik is trying to get Versace staying flossy wit
Mausy
But the

Drama don't stop but you can make it better
Don't point your finger at the next man get yo' cheddar
Lifestyles of a thug ebonic definition dog nothin' but
love
But we gon' ride to 'til we can't ride no mo'

Pop a bottle a pair of D's and let the wind blow
When you get it appreciate it 'cause those who ain't got
it gon' hate
Every dime is a struggle so I'ma suffer everyday

Now my conscience got me wonderin' do I be in the
flow
And this sucka's got me wonderin' if he friend or foe
Now do I sin to grow, knowin' there's consequences
And I'm tired of gettin' bent 'cause it's dullin' my
senses

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