

## Dwele

### "That Day's Today"

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Yeah (yeah, yeah), whoa (whoa, whoa)  
Alright (alright), alright (alright)  
Alright (alright), alright (alright)...

[Lil' O]

Hey I'm just shaking and moving, moving and shaking  
Getting cash, niggas trying to peep the moves that I'm  
making  
See these dudes thought I fell off, but these dudes is  
mistaken  
But I've been balling for a while, so I'm use to the  
hating  
Ain't no faking in my hustle, while some stanking they  
stumbling  
They playing games, that's why they stomachs is  
rumbling, plus when you  
Ride through on something, German shit and sitting on  
20 something's  
And drop the top and yell (whoa), you know you born  
head bumping  
About who wants to get you, what's the word on the  
streets  
But you get hit with pain killers, just for thinking I'm  
weak  
You know that real gangsta shit, your body stink in the  
streets  
The type of stuff that bigger man, on what you thinking  
is beef  
I got the burdens of a Don, decision decisions  
Should I give him head shots, or give his body incisions  
Can't no one find your man, dog he's literally missing  
To some old man found him fishing, cocksuckers I'm  
real

[Hook: Papa Reu & (Lil' O)]

Now it is real (already), you tried to chill (already)  
You ain't really want no blood to get spilled (already)  
So then you pray (already), and then you pray (already)  
But hatas still begging you, for pistol play  
And that day's today, a-ay-ay-ay-aaaay (yeah)  
Grab your K and that K's today, a-ay-ay-ay-aaaay

(whoa)  
Grab your K, and that day's today

[Lil' O]  
My whole attitude changed, when I touched six figgas  
I'm like a lesbian now, I don't fuck with niggas  
It's not cause I think I'm better, but my heart's been  
broken  
I'm in my four corner room, up late at night one deep  
smoking  
Trying to keep myself, from tripping and loc'ing  
Cause boys got me so hot, they'll get hit in the open  
And nigga O's not joking, O's not bumping  
Fat Rat with the Cheese, give em something something  
So you need to think twice, I'll remind you bro  
That I've been catching pistol cases, since '94  
So playa please don't judge me, don't mean mug me  
Don't stare at me like that, nigga God don't like ugly  
I'm just trying to get money, and live my life well  
But these bitch niggas, wishing I fail  
But for my kin folk on lock, locked up in a cell  
Know I'm out here giving em hell, cocksuckers I'm real

[Hook]

[Papa Reu]  
Try, you try to stay out the waaay  
But guys will drag you into, pistol play  
And that day's today, a-ay-ay-ay-aaaay (yeah)  
Grab your K and that K's today, a-ay-ay-ay-aaaay  
(whoa)  
Grab your K, and that day's today

[Lil' O]  
Well they say money's power, so respect my rank  
Cause if you sitting in a cell, I can get you shanked  
You on the basketball court, I can get you bank  
It's kinda like war games, you just got out flanked  
By a five star general, on top of a tank  
I send flowers to your funeral, possibly pain  
Cause I'm a Southwest nigga, you know how we think  
We kinda fly but when it's war, man I'm just gon hang

[Hook]

[Papa Reu]  
Try, you try to stay out the waaay  
But guys will drag you into, pistol play  
And that day's today, a-ay-ay-ay-aaaay (yeah)  
Grab your K and that K's today, a-ay-ay-ay-aaaay  
(whoa)

Grab your K, and that day's today

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