

Finley Quaye

"All Day Everyday"

Visit "[All Day Everyday](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Geah
Compton
For the millenium
Half Ounce (boogie)
And Tha8t'z Gangsta
Geah (geah)
C'mon uh
Thugs
How we get that
Bitches
All day

Yes y'all, dippin' to the beat
You can even dance or just grab your heat
Never under the seat, left the first place
Seek, destroy's the ways come the boss face, I
Move the World like I move the crowd
Your ass get scared like you wanted alive
Run the block from the ?? I'm back to the top
Have my bitch on my block right set up shop
Did a little shoppin' if the money was puffy
At the local strip club where the hoes would pop it
Breath and stop it
You know how we do for dollars
Dippin' Impalas
Catch me in a club I holler
If it's cash on the table
I'm willing and able (chin chin)
Strapped with a 44 gangsta's the label (cluck-cluck)
You know We Come Strapped, Compton on the map
Your hood collapse with tight militant like that geah

We get the money, all day everyday
Fly bitches that get down, ain't shit funny nigga all day
everyday
Gangstas lean, know what I mean, all day everyday
Thugs, bitches, geah, hoe, c'mon

Show stopper, 6-3 hopper
Guess is the rapper slash the gay copper
Use to be a poppa till I pop the rock

Pop the Glocks
Run, dump and roam the blocks
Where a
Plenty of hoes poppin' coochies up in the spot tryin' to
Kill sometime while I make a knot
Tied up, no twist, bling-bling the risk
Mama said one day happy days like this (geah)
Mama said how can't happen all leave 'em piss
Leave your name on the wall, keep fuckin' with y'all
Keep it old school like Prince Paul false call
Till the One-Times come to the west on boss boss
Follow me into the world up dippin'
Cash money on the spots set trippin' cause the block is
hot
Gang of bitches on the block keep tossin' the twat
In the hoods like a movie Halloween the block, geah

We get the money, all day everyday (hey)
Fly bitches that get down, ain't shit funny nigga all day
everyday (geah)
Gangstas lean, know what I mean
All day everyday (gangstas)
Thugs, bitches, geah

Till the sun come up watch me roll with the gun up
Have my back cock ready
For all who run up
For the last time I told ya how I spit the strap
Love the West and die for this gangsta rap
Cross my name on the wall, cross my path you fall
Consider the times that the hoes tried to break my balls
Tryin' to stack a mil-ticket, snatch hoes to kick it
Anything y'all drinkin', ya hoes get picked it
In the middle of the floor grab the dick and lick it
The life of a hood superstar is wicked
Point blank get the cash if it's the cash to get
Don't get your chest wet and get outta this shit
Touch down with the brand new sack
Niggas will take over when they turn pitch black
Stay packed on my dogs Locs
And bitches on the lookout for fiends One-Times ???
little that geah

We get the money, all day everyday
Fly bitches that get down, ain't shit funny nigga all day
everyday
Gangstas lean, know what I mean
All day everyday
Thugs, bitches, c'mon, geah
We get the money, all day everyday
Fly bitches that get down, ain't shit funny nigga all day

everyday
Gangstas lean, know what I mean
All day everyday (gangstas)
Thugs, hoes (bitches)
Geah (hoes, geah)
Hold up c'mon

Thugs (For the money - geah)
Bitches (all day - geah)
Everyday (hold up - geah)
Half Ounce (geah, Official)
For sure this time
Half Ounce (Compton)
For the millenium
Everyday
Making y'all do that G shit
All day
Ya know how we do this everyday (geah)
C'mon, boogie (geah)
Gangsta boogie
Geah, gangsta boogie
Thugs (gangsta)
Bitches
Boogie
Geah

Visit [Finley Quaye](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.