

## G. Dep "Everyday"

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I'ma tell you straight like this

Word up!

Listen

A yo, I walk down the block with my stomach in knots  
Spent time hustlin', runnin' from cops  
Broke as a joke, no ends at all  
Can't play ball and my Timb's is small  
Can't buy trees with government cheese  
I'd rather be where it's breezy, niggas bubblin' ki's

My mom's got two jobs, one on her knees  
And writin' letters to the governor, "Please call off the  
deeds"

My baby mother with another brother with cash  
They drive by roll down the window and laugh  
I solve all my problems with indo and hash  
Bought my daughter a Nintendo, now she callin' him  
Dad

My landlord's a jerk, the water don't work  
My little sister twelve when she bought her own skirt  
Rather do Kirk than do her homework  
Talk blunts and boys and she'll jump for joy  
Shit's twisted, opportunity knocked but I missed it  
Out in the park gettin' lifted  
So now I'm sittin' here shit out of luck without a buck  
And it don't make a difference

So do you hear me?

'Cause if you don't I'll come up close and say it clearly  
I got to know, I got to go  
I strive for my pay each and every way  
But this type of shit, it happens everyday

It's like I'm trapped in a maze, walk around in a daze  
I won't rest 'til I'm paid or I'm down in my grave  
I wanna look tough but my sneakers is scuffed  
Everyday pants in the week is enough  
I had a little money but it came and it went  
Now it's either pay the rent or stay in a tent

And it don't make sense how the shit is intense  
And all you got up in your pocket is lint, you get the  
hint?

I had a cigarette for breakfast, just for beginners  
Pride for my lunch and sleep for dinner  
Tried to go to church, priest called me a sinner  
He called me everythin' except for a winner  
I'm walkin' in the rain wishin' things would change  
It ain't a game, man, I pawned all the rings and chains  
Emotionally scarred from losin' my job  
Pass the nod nigga, times is hard

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But this type of shit, it happens everyday

Now would you check me?  
If I was you and you was me, would you respect me?  
I got to know, I got to go  
I strive for my pay each and every way  
But this type of shit, it happens everyday

I ain't gonna front, all I want is a blunt  
A pair of blue and yellow dunks and my hundreds in  
chunks  
But people see me, put they purse to the front  
I'm waking up early on the first of the month  
Honeys don't respect when you call 'em collect  
And it's 25 cent, you can call 'em direct  
I put my life on the line and I ain't makin' a dime  
Niggas call me, "Never mind, man, you're wastin' your  
time"

A yo, I'm livin' in the ghetto and I'm tryin' to survive  
At the same time a nigga rollin' by in a five  
Can't find a drive for a 9 to 5  
It's like I only get by when I'm feelin' the high  
And I ain't got no smoke, the elevator broke  
I'm at the end of my rope tryin' to find a way to cope  
I'm sippin' on Gin thinkin' how I could win  
I don't know where it begins but this is where it could  
end

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