

## Harry Belafonte

### "Just an Everyday Thang"

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#### Verse 1 (C-Murder)

I guess its bout time for me to pay my dues  
Just got shot got blood on my shoes  
Two bullets in my chest that I cannot feel  
Left the bulletproof vest in the Coup De'ville  
I'm steadily getting weaker I don't know what to do  
Picked up the mobil phone dialed T-R-U  
Drove myself to the clinic with revenge on my mind  
Had to stash all my dope and I hid my nine  
Killa killa killa killa I'll pull your card  
Just got out of jail beat a murder charge  
Nigget niggaz in the hood don't take no crap  
Quick to get the gat and peel your cap  
Release from the clinic and now I'm looking for a body  
Strapped to the matt like a black John Gotti  
Ruthless as fuck and my eyes is red  
I wanna put a hollow tip in a motherfuckers head  
I got word on the street I got funk with the southside  
I'm a show 'em how to do a fucking drive-by  
Riggety rolled on them slow in the Cadillac  
Silkk behind the wheel, me and King in the pack  
Master P in the passenger seat getting ready  
Taking out the tech nine putting up the machette  
Got close to them fools told Silkk to cut the lights off  
Grabbed my sawed off and blew the nigga arm off  
Rat-tat-tat tat-tat-tat then we bailed out  
Got away clean smoking blunts in the house  
I can't trip cause you reap what you saw man  
Cause murder is an everythang thang

#### (Chorus)

Its an everyday thang

#### Verse 2 (Master P)

I couldn't find a job so I started slanging crack  
Ten motherfuckers in a one room shack  
Chopping up ?? 20's and 50's to get my cash up  
?? this fucking bitch to hold my mothafucking stash

homie  
72 oz's that will be two keys  
Cook it up with some cut and turn it into three  
Open up shop and start serving double ups  
5 days later watch a nigga fucking bubble up  
Bitches on my dick cause they know I'm living fat  
And get the Lexus painted everytime it gets a scratch  
But I ain't even tripping  
cause I know these hoes don't like me  
And every fucking day the feds out to indict me  
But I ain't going out on know motherfucking bullshit  
case  
I'd rather slang tapes across the world state to state  
Look for distributions start up my own company  
So the major motherfucking labels they could hump me  
No Limit came up quick just like a bullet  
But Master P ?? we pull it  
And all them playa hating suckes still talking shit  
Better check Billboard the number one hit  
Still on the hood on the under ??  
Cause selling dope is an everyday thang

(Chorus)

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