

Juelz Santana "Days Of Our Lives"

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[INTRO]

Get money people
Do what you do,
We was born to lose, but built to win, ya dig?
Yeah? Reagan Era.

[CHORUS]

These are the days of our lives,
Like coke, they want us to straight drop, but we rise
(hands up)
We just trying to get by, they wanna see us broke,
But they won't, we on the grind (hands up)
They wanna see us fall, but we ball out of control,
Living above law, so fuck em all,
(I said) They wanna see us fall, but we ball out of
control,
So fuck em all (fuck em)

[VERSE 1]

I was tought never stop, till the money comes,
Now look ya boy life sweeter than a honey bun,
Don't think I mean sweet like sweeties,
I amputate you niggas, I'm diabetes,
And I get the girls wet like bikinis,
Quirt like a uzi on a hot like Jacuzzi water,
Waiter bring me another drink for me and my niggas,
We made it through another week and that's Bantom
We just trying to get by, trying to make it to the top,
But the mountain so high,
Good thing I know how to rock climb,
Swinging over you niggas, like monkeys, I find vines,
My rhymes crush grapes, fine wine,
Yes boy, I'm out my mind,
It's be a billionaire, or die trying,
And I stay higher than a high fly,
Can I get a high five?
You see the dollas bitch I float em, if float em,
Got the boy lookin like he got Christmas ornaments on
him, ya dig?
And my cars are imported, want it,
The whips are foreign, they want them deported,
I'm a die hard rockstar, if ya looking for birds, I know

where the flocks are,
Money long, so I know where the cops are,
And I stay in a chick buns, I'm a hot dog,

[CHORUS]

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(hands up)

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[VERSE 2]

Yea, I mean that to the fullest,

Nobody wearin' diapers but they want us doin' pullups,
Want us doing push ups in a yard full of niggas, We

just out tryin' to feed a squall for the niggas,
Shoutout to my squall full of niggas,

This is for the hood, I'm nuttin without ya niggas,
Look like the tide, we rise high,

They wanna see us broke like the levys but they won't,
we level 5,

And like..pedal bikes, I pedal bye,

Right by ya, niggas can't flatten my..tire,

That's why i stay high,

So high, sky's the limit but you can touch the moon if u
try,

Now the moon's mine,

Basically what i'm saying is, you could be the sun but
my moon blocks your shine,

You can be the 1 but the 2 spot is mine,

Do what you do, I don't mind waiting in line (now)

Knowing I'm not far behind, it's cool (cool)

Patience is a virtuee (yes)

I do it big for my niggas that can't, niggas that got
caught in the rain and left damp (wet)

For my niggas treatin' jail like camp, this song is a
peice of mail Santana sent (yea)

So holla at me if you got my letter, I'm signing off hope
you got my letter (dipset)

[CHORUS]

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