

Murs

"Tomorrow"

Visit "[Tomorrow](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Verse One] It's another day And I'm tryin' to keep my beadie lit Thinkin' I should quit A thought I swiftly forget as I'm proceeding up the block Right past the bus stop Where this fool tried to mug me A trendy ass punk, I could tell from his rugby With no idea on what a real thug be I mean, it's a nice day it's just the people that's ugly Stroll straight into the store Where I'm greeted by the clerk who used to treat me like a jerk Until my brother damn near snatched him up by his shirt and now he's speakin' out of fear Step into the rear Grab an ice cold juice, really wish I had a beer Give him the change like, "Here." Thinkin' it's only a year till I can purchase my own Bud Weiser/wiser than I was when every other word out my little mouth was, "Cuz" Thought that I could rule the world Dickies and jheri curl Not to mention This snake skin belt But had to put the nightmares back on the shelf It don't take a genius to figure out that gang bangin' Ain't good for your health But shit, neither is the liquor Keep 'em both in moderation The trials and tribulations of a Mid-City nigga [Chorus] [x2] I walk the streets Wonder what's on the horizon For life is but a game through these eye's I'm analyzin' Realizin' one truth That everything should change Enjoy it while you can, cause nothin' stays the same [Verse Two] It's another day Still tryin' to keep this beadie lit The smog is way thick Just breathin' in L.A. It's mandatory you inhale at least a pack a day On my way to the Dell When I hear this fool yell "Do you know where I can get a sack?" The fuck kinda question is that? I don't know you from Jack Yet, I'm supposed to take you to my homie so he can get caught up with it I mean, I know you lookin' for it But I'm not the one to stress on your mission to get lifted Just like them base heads who keep askin' me for work When I'm only tryin' to kick it Only makes the block hot Now I can't go a day without speakin' to the cops What's your name, where you goin', where you been, where you from? I knew addition to my problems Can't calculate the sum And can't stand the rain of Avalon as I travel on yet another mission Minus the umbrella My story's Cinderfella The one you least expect to live happy ever after Seein' only

hope after ruins of disaster Is the curse and the
blessing of a Mid-City bastard The curse and the
blessing of a Mid-City bastard [Chorus] [Verse Three]
Yes another day But fuck all of that beadie shit I'm
really gonna quit once I put my mind to it Hard times, I
rhyme through it So it's yours to borrow As long as
some of what I say helps you make it through tomorrow
Hard to deal with the sorrow But what's life without it?
You can't enjoy the good times without the struggle
Can't appreciate the whole picture minus the puzzle
You didn't ask for the challenge But go ahead and do it
Inside we got the talent, just need the courage to use it
This one, I had to lose it I should have wrote it down I
guess I'll misquote it now but day to day I hold it down
tryin' to make this music timeless The call and the duty
of Mid-City's finest

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

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.