

Murs

"Yesterday & Today"

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Yesterday I
And today I'm
Yesterday I
And today I'm

I ain't, I ain't, I ain't getting out of bed today
9 to 5 to survive, theres gotta be a better way
Waking up early to punch in the clock
How I look, a grown man with my lunch in a box
But my kids need socks and shoes, I'm walking through
The office, boss yelling "Who you talkin' to?"
Don't you know on the streets I woulda, never mind
The past is the past, I gotta leave it behind

But man, back on the block I was a bona fide hustler
Spot popping off until the police rushed us
Handcuffed us, I thought I was gone
Coulda cried, thinking I'd miss my son being born
But I was blessed, beat the case, now I'm tryna reform
But these white folks, make it so hard to move on
You gotta, jump through hoops, anger management
coups
But the fact I'm still standing here today is proof that

Yesterday I felt the most hated
I thought I couldn't take it, they said I couldn't make it
And today I'm feelin' brand new
I got nothin' to lose, I'm 'bout to make moves
Yesterday I felt the most hated
I thought I couldn't take it, I fought until I made it
And today I'm feelin' brand new
I got nothin' to lose, get out my way move

On to the next, it was all about sex
When I first met my little baby girl Anette
she was standing at the bus stop, sucking on a lolli-pop
Eyes collard green, lean, thicker then a pork chop
Stop- cause I don't eat swine
But this girl was so divine that I had to make her mine
Called her phone a few times, she thought I was funny
Fell for it like a dummy, it was all for the money

Gyeah, growing up in the hood
You would think I'd understand, but I never understood
Why she really came around, when my dough wasn't
good
Now you could call it puppy love 'cause I got dogged
out
Now on all my note books I got her name crossed out
But she lost out, I just lost profit, when she left me in
cold
Heart broke like like my pockets and

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You know them days you just got the blues
All stressed and depressed from just watchin' the news
No matter what good you do it seems you always get
screwed
Got you caught up in your feelings now you off in the
mood
Shake that attitude and do what you can
Set a couple goals follow through with your plans
Time waits for no man and tomorrows not promised
So if shes still alive shoot a call to your momma

'Cause the fighting and the drama, its just not worth it
Nobody's perfect, ain't none of us worthless
We all got a place, and we all got a purpose
Now I'm not taking y'all to Sunday service
But ya clap your hands as you stand up and work it
Like your grand mama used to do that fan down at
worship
Spread it, pop it, and wave it in my face
Put your hands around your waist, let me ride to the
bass like

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