

Yo-Yo

"Same Old Thang"

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Everyday... Oh...
C'mon

[Verse 1]

Mr Big Spender wanna buy me a shot
Could it be Hennesay or Rimmy on the rocks
Sittin' on the dock of the bay...
Watchin' this fool throw his money away, hey
But I'm just a new kid on yacht, please keep flossin'
You can take me home, but, uh, no tossin'
It ain't often that a girl get a night on the town
That's why I love it when you ball' ass niggas come
around
Diamond in your ear shining more than my ring
Is it the style or the flava that you bring
Hillfiger cologne, damn it's on, wish I could have this
all night long
But I know your kind, and your kind is too sweet
Your ass 'coupe de ville' seven days of the week

[Chorus]

Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday,
Saturday
Same ol' everything [x4]

[Verse 2]

See what every girl needs is a hard workin' man
Clockin the early one, double shifts if he can
It's when his shifts won't change, same everyday thang
Can't maintain, I got my girls to complain
This Al Brundy ass nigga treating me like pig
Never wanna bring his workin' as to bed
Well, Adios, Get Lost, grab your coat and keep steppin'
Never knew this fool would use his job as his weapon
Same lies and alibis, nice try
Had me thinkin' your ass was the nice guy

I should have left when shit weren't right
Cause all we did was fuss and fight all night
And when that wasn't happening, you were either
rapping

With your boys in front room tryin' to be cool (Fool!)
You never took a day to make this thing last
And that's exactly why I left yo' ass, it was...

[Chorus]

[Verse 3]

Now I'm back with this nigga that don't give a fuck
Rollin' his 89 Nissan truck
Rocks in his socks, tryin' to make a knock
Beepers goin' off from them hoochies on his jock
Dealin' with stress plus everyday drama
And the fact he still live with his Mama
But I'm the type of girl that's down for my nigga
The evryday life of a hoodster's wife (Mr Good Stuff)
One more strife, bound to get live
But I ain't trippin', he's the type I like
Now tricks don't even worry speakin up on mine
He ain't on that side of town cause he don't cross those
lines
I find it hard to believe, I've been spending time
On my back, sipping yak, smoking fat ass sacks, in fact
I don't mind, he's all I need
Seven days of the week it's the same routine

[Chorus]

Hey... Oh oh
Just the same ol' thang... Monday through Saturday
Even on Sunday... just the same ol' thang, oh... oh...
oh... oh...

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