

## Jim Crow

### "One Of These Days"

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Hook:

One of these days

And it won't be long

You'll look for me

And I'll be goin' home

Gotta hold on

Gotta be strong

Cuz people don't live that long no more

Now I been off in the cut

I wish I knew from the git

Plenty money on the table

But this thang is a bitch

And can't see nothin

See you blind as hell

This change that I got

Don't mean shit if we don't sell

Forget what ya tell, Playboy

Lookin forward to buyin my mamma a crib

And tell it like it is

That's the deal

Decatur been hea'

Stay down what ya feel

I miss my boy every damn day, for real

Seem like last week that ?????? was here

At the crib gettin blown

Damn, I wish I knowed

How this woulda turned out

To have a nigga stressin

I'm prayin every night to thank the Lord for my blessin

Confessin to change, just ain't the same

When it's me

That's hard as steel

I had to lose my folk to see

Reservoirs run dry where ya knees don't bend

I could pour a fifth of Hen

But it ain't enough in the end, cuz

Hook

Look around

How many people here

How many people gone

How many times you done sang that song

It's so hard to say goodbye

That's what we say when the kinfolks die

My homeboy Twain

Oh, he goin through a thang

So let it be known

When momma gone, shit gon' change

I feel his pain

But it don't rain, everyday

Everybody got a life to live

Some choose to play

But regardless how ya live it

Man, we all got to give it

Ain't no need to fight it

Just let God handle his business

Can I get a witness, ha?

I know sometimes I call girls hoes

And I be cussin when I'm bustin my flows

I try to tighten up

But dollar signs keep lightin up

In front of my face

And I can taste it so I'm on this paper chase

Waistin, my precious time

Tryin to paste my grime

Unaware of the finish line

Niggas dyin, cuz

Hook

Now my past is gone

And my future ain't shit

Might as well hit a lick, cuz time tick

And split second decisions decide if I live or die

Forever rest face to the sky

Life is like a motor burnin out  
You done heard it word a mouth  
And in the south everyday a title bout  
Between myself and I  
Eye to eye without a clue  
If it angers me it endangers you  
To the point where you got to smoke a joint  
'Cause you frustrated  
Cussin out the girl you was datin  
Nigga, that girl trippin, leave her  
She feed you good, keep her  
Or smokin on this reefer  
I teach her, how to be seen and not be seen  
The phone ring, broad tryna' sell me dreams  
It's just a fling, but some, don't understand  
Some, won't understand  
Hash in the hand better than ass in the jean  
I gotta get the cheese by any means necessary  
Bullshit done got my cousin buried  
The way ya carry, done got his life took  
The love of money niggas get hooked  
Quicker than crack  
And that's a fact you find in no book  
And you can sho' look  
But you won't find none

Life's a card game with no shuffle

I got the bad hand, tryna' bluff

Touchin pain, flushin shit down the drain

Train ya girl to run trains

Now who to blame?

Hook

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