

Amil "Anyday"

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Call this bitch yor nigga when time is rough
I lost a lot when you fell, life is hard to bluff
You think its hell where you at
Shit its hell on the streets
You maintaining in the Bing, I'm surviving to eat
Don't think am wilding, flexing whips and stuff
Thinking I'm lost laying down
Sex for trips and stuff
I'll admit it I'm use to the finer things
We had major names even on the minor things
Everywhere we went, mad bitches sizing me up
You know they tight now, shit I get to drive the trucks
But I wish you were spreading it riding it rough
I think I miss that more then you buying me stuff
Since you got knocked your man tried to hollar at me
And those nigga's you stuck, they throwing dollars at
me
But you know this gaming, and Im just keeping it real
Holding you down until you back on the field

Feels like I do
I feel when feeling down
In the ground feeling down
It can be most anyday

Feels like I do
I feel when feeling down
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Don't worry 'bout these streets I'm conrolling these
grounds
I might slip and miss a V-I but I'm holding it down
Got the kids to take care its hard out here
And its tearing my heart to play my part out here
I seen that snitch and you know I got plots 4 years
And your bid make me feel like I got the chair
But ain't nobody tapping this I rather tap my own
Watching tapes we made while I'm resting alone
Wishing you home, pictures of you flipping the chrome
What kind of chic will leave her man when he out the
zone

Me without you is like a stickman without a silencer
Got me X-ing off days on the calendar
I miss loading the glock so you could control the block
I miss watching you work the dogs to tighten the lock
Think of the time boo pushing it like a 6 double o
You get your weight up I'm a drain you once they let go

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I can see us back on the bricks, me on your shoulder
Letting bitches know they wishes to have you are over
So you ring your broads while you locked away
I know its hard for a nigga on top not to play
See Amil's the one you kept draped in ice
I'm the one waiting silk down caked in spice
Waiting for your calls or my box to vibrate
Hoping you want me to come scoop you not being more
weight
I fell from Gucci sandals back to no name brands
From a six and a mansion to beating the sands
Staying true make ends meet to have enough for the
love I take
All-savage and stuff
Have a brick where most F.E.D.S. dare to touch
Fear none to see the cash, and us popping the clutch
Chopping a Dutch-flip cop twice as much living low key
A minute then heist and stuff
If I have to wait while you gone I'm a take what comes
If you don't see cash, know its hard in the slums
Cause I ran through the stash and it ain't no funds

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