

## **Billy Cook f/ Trae, C-Note**

### **"Days of My Life"**

Visit "[Days of My Life](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

[Hook]

The days of my life, the struggle I'm going through  
Cause times are too hard, but I gotta make it through  
The ghetto, of my life  
The struggle, it ain't right  
But I gotta move on, strapped with my chrome  
Cause I feel like they coming for me, but I'ma keep  
rolling on  
A guerilla, going out like a soldier  
That's mobbing, till it's over

[Billy Cook]

These are the days of my life, all the things that I'm  
going through  
Cause times are so hard, but can't let it get the best of  
you  
See my daddy, passed away  
What use to be sunny days are no more, just sad and  
all rainy days  
Left nine kids behind, trying to fill his shoes  
Taking care of my mama, the way you raised me to  
Four boys and five girls, left with tears in their eyes  
And like your best friend, who saw your last smile  
Daddy we need you, tell me what do I do  
You carried this family, and the whole hood too  
The skills and memories, that I have left of you  
A legacy you built, you were a one man crew  
Worked your fingers to the bone, till you took your last  
breath  
But your boys gon finish, what you started that's a bet  
It's a struggle everyday, these are the days of my life  
But I gotta maintain, so I don't lose my mind

[Hook]

[C-Note]

Don't spend most of your time, thinking bout the small  
things  
Cause I'ma come through, and show you how to ball  
mayn  
Clover is the hood, but Botany is the block

Where we escaped from them cops, and survived a  
hundred shots  
What's real what's not, it's all them non-believers  
Cut and copy all my styles, but you non-achievers  
Screwed Up Click we the shit, nigga that be authentic  
And it ain't Screwed Up Click nigga, if I ain't in it  
Talk down on my hood, and I'm coming to get ya  
Cause the days of my life, like a motion picture  
Got a pound of endo, and I'm splitting them swishers  
Trying to roll so much dro, till my thumbs get blisters  
Yeah mayn move caine, like I'm back on the block  
Got that white man powder, cause I don't fuck with the  
rock  
Still it's Botany Big Shots, whether you like it or not  
Clover Geez keep it hot, with the billboard spot

[Hook]

[Trae]

I remember many days, of me living I was a broke  
nigga  
Couple hundred dollars, graduated to a joke nigga  
But even still, I kept my hope high  
Spit it with my soul, and watch them laugh as I would  
go by  
But now it's official, the tables turned I got my weight  
up  
And the homies I would kick it with, proceed to get they  
hate up  
And it ain't in the open, it's behind my back  
They don't wanna fuck up they chance, to be a part of  
my stacks  
Like I'm a damn fool, but money don't make me my  
nigga I'm deeper than rap  
I see right through you niggaz, know that I'm right on  
your track  
But everybody think a nigga, be balling or something  
But they ain't nowhere to be found, if I'm falling or  
something  
It kinda hurt, to see the ones you love so quick to diss  
you  
My baby mama, say don't call if it ain't beneficial  
Ain't that a bitch, I been support her, since the early  
days  
And it's my fault, I should of peeped you in your weary  
ways

[Hook]

