

Busta Rhymes & Jim Carey**"Ev'ryday"**

Visit "[Ev'ryday](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[DJ Quik]

Now...

Now who be the top OG from the W? (Who?)

Gangbang with heat, that's what I'm telling you (You)

If you feel defeat within'll dwell on you

And you aint got enough chip of what I'm sellin you (Ch-ching)

Now get up out them bandanas, try denim (Hm)

Cus if you keep 'em on you gon die in 'em *gunshot*

Pop in that, in that and that hood

Hell I even call a little funkin in the back woods

I give props to St Louis, props to Memphis

Buck the dirt weed, homie lets hit this

Props to Minneapolis, props to Mejico

Or where ever we go the CPT flows

Four deep in the Lexo (Lexo!)

Rollin chrome and all wood (Mhmm)

All up in the wrong hood

Where bitches is no good but pussy be so good

Now that's your wife but that my trick (Yup)

And if you taste rubber then that's my ooh

Don't panic, I didn't bareback her

I manage to fight feelin, She was givin none

Now you got her in bandages

And walkin through the complex, cussin out managers

They let us in, playa we got advantages

Truth is she had homies, I was horny

so we laid on the bed and made sandwiches

[Chorus: James DeBarge]

Ev'ryday I gotta watch these suckas roll by, keep an eye on they

Started spotted (?) I don't know why

Turned my back on an awesome party, I'ma stay well guarded

And if you wanna bring me up back the fuck up off mine

then we can get it started

[Hi-C]

Crawf Dog come through, slap meat in ya mouth

Beatin it out, yeah we freaked it out
You sure know how to get a brother off off ya good
when ya skeetin it out
So we seepin out, creepin out
Hittin hotels and eatin out
She got dropped off at the corner of the block
cus the man got heat in the house
I seen the nigga peepin out
What, what you gon shoot?
You got a deuce-deuce? Aw, that's cute
Scooter better scoot with his little boot
Before I put holes in him like a flute
So do I have to make the call to make you fall
Shit our shit come through the walls
You better not duck with ya ass in the air, cus I'ma
knock off ya balls!

[Chorus: James DeBarge]

Ev'ryday I gotta watch these suckas roll by, keep an eye
on they
Started spotted (?) I don't know why
Turned my back on an awesome party, I'ma stay well
guarded
And if you wanna bring me up back the fuck up off
mine
then we can get it started

[DJ Quik]

I aint givin no respect to you bustas
that aint givin none to me (Why should I?)
And when shit get kicked up on the asphalt don't
come run to me
Cus I'ma be up all in the S class doin doughnuts
Lookin for the best ass to fit on nuts
He said, she said, you talk a lot
Peel a niggas eardrums back in the parkin lot (Ya need
to shut up)
Lyn and you puttin too much on it
Tellin that story with a touch on it (Damn)
Cus pimpin takes care of the playboy that let it take
care of the P
You too! If you wasn't so concerned of another niggas
business
How many cars he got, how many kids
And how many stars he knocked
How many years you done did that couldn't been spent
on you
So get on out and get it crackin (G'on)
And send me a broad that's packin (yeah)
I need a little yellow real mellow playin Cello in the
twelve grade

Lookin for a selve made G
One that comes from the CPT
The DJ Q-U-I-K with no C
Not to gangbang, sucka let my nuts hang
Getting down Crawf and JD

[Chorus: James DeBarge] (2x)
Ev'ryday I gotta watch these suckas roll by, keep an eye
on they
Started spotted (?) I don't know why
Turned my back on an awesome party, I'ma stay well
guarded
And if you wanna bring me up back the fuck up off
mine
then we can get it started

Visit [Busta Rhymes & Jim Carey](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.