

## Dessiree Johnson

### "Same Ol' 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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