

Dolly Parton F/ Emmylou Harris, Linda Ronstadt

"Just Another Day"

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[Lloyd Banks]

Man what the fuck are you lookin for?
Can't a young nigga make money any more
Blow a couple grand in the NBA Store
Rock twenty-four thousand on the NBA floor
Niggaz be on stage bendin over on tour
Leave anti-social with a case of lochjaw
Just cause shorty look good, don't mean that you
should go
puttin ice on the bitch like she won the Superbowl
Even the chips are low, for all these so-called old
heads
Just ain't the same niggaz I used to know
I got a Houston ho - nah she ain't the sharpest knife
in the drawer but she a damn good booster though
See I could fuck a supermodel with my {?} works
Send her home with a smile and a couple kids on her
shirt
I got a year into the game
A 141 rocks layin on my chain, geah!

[Chorus: Lloyd Banks]

Just another day, chillin in the hood
Just another day around the way
I'm tipsy off the Hennessy
We ridin round with the H-K, nigga we don't play
Just another day, chillin in the hood
Just another day around the way
We smoke a quarter pound a day
G-Unit we here to stay, nigga we don't play

[Lloyd Banks]

Nevermind the lames in my era, they all want me dead
And I know, it's all over the way I see bread
Here I go, caught up in some he say/she said
'Til I go, put a slug in my enemy's head
The Tahoe's, bulletproof so you can't get through
Then follow, your ass and whoever ran with you
And you about as assed-out as two jammed pistols
Bleedin around a bunch of niggaz who can't fix you
So bring yours, cause you know I got mine with me kid

The 8'll make you lose weight like Missy did
The O.G.'s tryin to hide they phony smilin
Reputation always arise in Coney Island
I'm at your local newsstand jerk
While the only XXL you been in as a shirt
And, speakin of shirts, get a new white T
God damn it feels good to be me - nigga!

[Chorus]

[Lloyd Banks]

Now I'm goin, shoppin with a plastic card now
I'm growin, knockin international broads down
They know him, they're not gonna even pat the star
down
I'm holdin, a glock so don't even act that hard now
You might bust your gun but your gat's in the car clown
So break your lil' weed up and crack your cigars down
Cause I ain't tryin to start my visits, with the fuckin
judge
givin niggaz life like it's parkin tickets
Now I get to go to bed with a model
And the crib is bout as big as it is on the Belvedere
bottle
I got all kind of ex' I could ram in they faces
Red and blue pills like the man in The Matrix
You might have spent some paper on your lil' charm
but
My piece is bout as heavy as Lil' Jon cup
But, it's never tucked, nigga I don't give a fuck
I'll get bucked 'fore I give somethin up, yup!

[Chorus]

[ad libs]

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