

## Survivor

### "Anyday"

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[Verse 1]

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

[Chorus 2x]

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

[Verse 2]

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

Chorus

[Verse 3]

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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