

Freeway F/ Beanie Sigel

"Everyday All Day"

Visit "[Everyday All Day](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Verse 1: Treach

This is somethin that I call the flow
Not many if any, 'cept for Vinnie, can say they know
In fact, detracting that is something that I rarely show
Because my tongue is actually fast but then again it's
slow
See yo (Throw it bro) you say cheeka-boo
A name pertained for niggas who WHO
Who hear that name and place a trigger to the figure
who
It blew through and if ya try ta rip, I throw a bigger blue
shoe to you
And if you take the shoe, a nigga actor will do, ooh
Dressed to the best to impress but after they try take us
in
Crook as a nigga, take a pistol, see who wants to be
Naughty or nicest
Like ice is I'm priceless, plug the mic to it
Come with the D with the I with the S to the S's, see
whose hype is
Test the test the Treach to Treach address, the
address:
How I'll bless and blow any conflicts
Why to try to chrome, my style is just nonsense
M-my ni-ni-nigga m-m-mackin so you get out of it
Any and all should fall, many are small should call
Naughty By Nature the creator of all y'all
Show hope, show no hope and can't cope, so no way
This is how we play everyday all day

Verse 2: Treach

Yo yo hey yo
Havin a round of (?cadavva?), gather matters is
drastically
Never say never whenever whether we come on after
thee
Hand to Gee the producer, me is loose off the claps ya
see
That keeps you boogie'n happily

Voice ya opinion, it's the rhythm I'm lendin
The message I'm sendin from London to Linley
Girls are given a chance to get ya all pampered
Leave them ol' cramps in your pants then I belly dance
her
God is good and if ya would, you should just
Play to the way I see em, play all day is what He'll bless
I'm leavin em evil and seein em bein a torture with dull
props
I won't give up til you had 'nough of these call shots
Now let the hard floor break your fall darlin
Cos on the shrift and Naughty ain't waltzin
When we dance we come full-thrust, the bum rush
Knockin and poppin em up inside, they rockin dawn til
dusk
I ain't the type to get suit-to-sike
I feel I'm better than ever before but as a rapper I'm
just alright
Showin time is for clocks, knockin poppas
Pop pop ya try to shine I make your heart work proper
And that's comin from the drifter and if ya
R-U-IN YA L-I-P, you will B-E-G-O-N-E
So let the guests gettin pass-ons, be by-gones
Nevertheless is definitely hit and hits are what we
strive on
We feel this way every single day all day
So make way

Verse 3: Treach

Wuz up to all you MC cub scouts
Grub scouts gettin rubbed out
I'll bet'cha kept ya album froze til this came out
Hittin ideas to use, a half of us snit or two
Snatchin and maxin a rap that I'm castin, how dare you!
How the hell can you yell what someone else said?
I must get on what I loan, what I own on my forehead,
huh
But I doubt that, and now ya wanna back out
Your career had more ins and outs than a crack house
I'm mackin 'n rackin 'n cappin the acts and I wax em
wit-wit a smack
This scam he owes must judge me rough with a whiffle
bat
And that's simply elementary Walton
So pack ya track and do 5 flat in your Dodge son
Now let my canine backtrack the copy-cat
Your night life is up, so what you had, you gotta sound
track
What's all with seven thousand other rappers, groupie
The cut ya made for that movie ain't soothed me

Who said that Treach can't work when he don't curse?
Some nasty ass me, Naughty and that keep it happy
I'm all that and never go out the small way
You need a lift, we go this way everyday all day

Verse 4: Treach

Your little tape got more blank spots than a tank-top,
think, stop
You oughta store it all, fast-forward 'fore I ring props
You sorry sight, you're a immature rhyme ho
Come rock a lil somethin, no we're all outta time so
From Chilltown JC to Brooklynn with A-D
I'm rippin things daily, ni if, and or maybes
At the ??? and the A-V, the O-U-R-B-A-BE
Kris, the Jungle Brothers, Tribe Called Quest, yeah they
be
Down with Sha-ka-ottin, pimp or, man, they swiftin
Then the ruler (?all reigns?), he comes handy on the
roll again
Marked the 45, kids kneels feels the reals
With the real chill, not the run-of-the-mill deals
Get poopoo dooie, producer Louie Louie
Throwin best tracks to me to me
So that sometimes they do me
I can't forget the day live, the solo need a tongue
Patrol the song, what up to the brothers from the (?
Natcheo?)
We got the gatch to ya batch to rock and lock him
But now it's ??? don't even try to outrun them
The stable now cocky, Lord Ali Raski and (?trueogy?)
The sharper day with double jade is the props see
We also got the speaker Latifah, the Queen of the
flavour
And nuthin weaker behind is watchin, kick her
The Digital Under-the-Underground, rocks with Shock
and 2PAC
With Money B, Humpty and Jimmy, the master of the
charts
And on the tippie several brothers, we muskets
It's Tahid, Akeem, Cracker C and Cee Justice
Plus is the voice behind the flavour unit, all time, all
early
It's that girlie, head of the head called her Shirley
And what poop last but not least, Camille
I feel you learned the way we come this deep everyday
all day

OUTRO: Treach

Y'knowwhatl'msayin? We got the newest member of the

flavour unit
Def Jef in effect. We got the producer of this trach Kay-
Gee
We got my girl Nikki-D in the house
My man internale All-Star Dave
My man on the sax Andy
We got another engineer Andy and assistant Todd
We got Anj-Du, G-Quick
We got the whole entire 18th Street Posse-Rachim, Mook
Daddy, Skee Steve
Hammer, Howie Cru-Ru, M-Dee, Tak Diesel, Na-Na
We got my girl Aphrodite and her posse in the house-
Cherokee, Chaka and
Lisa
And we outta here like last year
Cos we come this deep everyday all day
PEACE

Visit [Freeway F/ Beanie Sigel](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.