

G.I.T. f/ Icewater, Raekwon

"Just One of These Days"

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[Intro: Polite (Raekwon)] Let's do it (blicka blao) hahaha
yeah (Blicka blao) somebody said they owe Tony a lil
bit of bread Tony, yeah (yeah), uh uh (let's go Lite, let's
do it Ice Water style, c'mon, let's go) [Polite] Yo it's
three individuals, three different attitudes Fat Tony
own it all, mafia gratitude (Ain't nothing funny man, yo,
it's Tony man He sounds a little pissed off, I think he
wants his money man) Yo SI stand up, the event just
started Back to commence the prince, don't get me
started Take it back to '88 with the square top maxes
Underground money so the feds don't tax us Hip-hop
b-boys from the hood to the guedos Slums in Texas,
ya'll reckless, but ya'll still my peoples Take money
money, take money money money You took a lil too
much, now you can't do much (Listen man, if Tony
catch him, he gon put that fat to him) If you got cash,
homie, give that back to him Everything will be good,
and everything will be hood And everything will go the
way it should [Chorus X2: P.C.] It's just one of them
days Yeah everything was right in the hood But in the
night, we was up to no good It's just one of them days
Hustlas, thieves and gambas The world love us, and
ya'll can't stand us [Raekwon] From the days of
guzzling Yak to playing Ms. Pac Now it's on, automatic,
ya'll will get sacked I'm a stealer that'll pull out the
smiff on you, cash a check And now I'm on my way to
flight, Pittsburg These old niggas got a tab on me A
few of them want us dead, it's Fat Tony and his a
calvary Sneak past the two thousand dollars, we
stashed it There he go, it's Riviera, fat fucking cheap
bastard Now what we gon do is breeze I kept the
weight, smelling the trees Now we up in OCBs Should
we get our money back? Please I'd rather give turkey
and cheese Tell his little fat ass freeze [Chorus X2]
[P.C.] I remember back in '88, cat's pushing crazy
weight In my pops Cadillac with the baby face Now I'm
where the cops at, trying to make that cake With a two
finger ring and a name plate We all in the same race,
life's a struggle I love getting bread, but I don't even
like the hustle If we fight, I'm more then like to cut you
Cuz back in the day, there was no guns, we had to fight

with knuckles Hangin out where the thugs at We was
goin to school, leather garments with the gloves to
match The game ain't changed, brothas still bubbling
crack And the plan was hand to hand, just to double it
back And you gotta have something to stack Cuz these
New York streets nowadays ain't nothin but rats Dice
games, nice change, get one in your hat They called
for your bread, and you ain't gettin none of it back
[Chorus X2]

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