

# Tha Eastsidaz "Another Day"

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[Feat. Butch Cassidy]

( Goldie Loc )

Damn cause this spot's gettin hot  
I can't trust the paramedics or them crooked ass cops  
The closest nigga to you would do you and try to screw  
you  
Backstab you in the back and act like he never knew  
you  
And he could be the same nigga the switch  
Playin all one minute but he really is a bitch  
Now watch out for the twist  
Here come them niggaz that was with you but they out  
to get rich  
But you thought them niggaz would never do that  
Until they came back strapped with them rat-tat-tat-tats  
And it always ends up fucked up  
When the innocent die it'll have yo brain stuck  
It'll have yo brains stuck shit outta luck cause I'm havin  
bad luck  
Fucked up in my younger days  
Shit I'll bang you with deuces and hang you with trays  
A few days back one of homies got rugged out  
Damn shame all the brothers seem drugged out  
One of seeds bust a bottle over the bizz head  
Say it's yo fault that the otha bizz layin dead  
But it's a fact if you pack nigga bust back  
Neva run throw our gun unless you fall rat  
Hoo wooda sed that it wooda helped anyway  
Wit mo guns niggaz sinnin for another day  
Damn cause this spots gittin hot  
Damn cause this spots gittin hot  
Shits gittin hectik bustin threw my windo  
Think it was my homies fucked up can't really call it do  
If it was I'ma git him  
He gunna hate it when it hit him  
Damn cause this spot's gettin hot  
I can't trust the paramedics or them crooked ass cops  
The closest nigga to you wood do you and try to screw  
you  
Backstab you in the back and act like he never knew  
you

( hook, Butch Cassidy )  
Another day has come  
How much longer will I run  
I wanna have sum fun  
Layin out in the sun  
How much dirt have I done  
My life has just begun  
I sleep with my gun  
My problems weigh a ton

( Tray-Dee )  
I gots to say damn the program dun up and switched  
Fool I used to run with and trusted snitched  
Got one time on my block straight posted  
Hopin that I slip but I dip and ghosted  
Told my babymama it wus drama unfoldin  
I kissed all my kids den commits to strollin  
Wound uptown on a hot ass block  
Checkin with some chickens gettin hot ass cock  
Daily Tray-Dee'll loose pursuit  
But deez ho's broke and don't look to cute  
So I parlay to the hard ways of jackin  
Fast came to cash but the mash was crackin  
I didn't I was the one to be  
Kickin summary of sum wen I let em slide up under me  
But God as my witness  
As a G I couldn't see Dee just goin out senseless  
I stayed hard hit the yard  
Pull niggaz hole cards  
Had em runnin to the sarge  
Jail house scars tell the part you played  
Livin with a snitch jackin destined for the brake  
It don't pay to go soft  
Cause when we catch you slippin real niggas takin off  
motherfuckers

( Dee, Talkin )  
And that's how we do it  
Bitch ass niggaz  
Out here tellin disrespectin the game  
Fuckin up this realism we puttin down out here  
You know what I'm sayin  
Nigga need the cops to help em out  
Hoe ass niggaz  
Stand on ya own nigga  
Live by the gun die by the gun  
Nigga be a soldier

( hook )

