

Sleepy Sun

"Days Of My Life"

Visit "[Days Of My Life](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Hook: Billy Cook]

The days of my life, the struggle I'm going through
Cause times are too hard, but I gotta make it through
The ghetto of my life, the struggle it ain't right
But I gotta move on, and strapped with my chrome
Cause I feel like they coming for me, but I'ma keep
holding on
A guerilla going out like a soldier, that's mobbing till
it's over

[Trae]

So many times I'm ready to run the deal, I can't cause it
ain't in me
All the hatred people show us, what got me strapped
down
With a semi-automatic, living drastic
So don't you get too close to me, cause I might blast it
And paint another scenery, nigga this is what they
made me
Live in your face, a bonified poverty stricken nigga out
of place
That was praying to get a chance, but a chance wasn't
given to me
The only thing I was given was pain, that I could spit
over beats
So guerilla on his last leg, watching time fly by
Over and over and deep inside, forever wonder why
Trae never get no chance to be like Mike, or to live like
Mike
Or told, that I'ma be alright
I have no life, and that's why I be mobbing and
bleeding blocks
Corner to corner, bended tinted up and away from
cops
Grinding and hopefully, one day I can live stress free
So everyday I pray the Lord, will come and bless me

[Hook: Billy Cook]

The days of my life, the struggle I'm going through
Cause times are too hard, but I gotta make it through
The ghetto of my life, the struggle it ain't right

But I gotta move on, and strapped with my chrome
Cause I feel like they coming for me, but I'ma keep
holding on
A guerilla going out like a soldier, that's mobbing till
it's over

[Trae]

Got so many tears running down my face, when times
got hard
And feel the pain deep inside, when my heart got
scarred
And I know, that it ain't nothing that I wanna be feeling
I've been praying for twelve years, and never seemed
to be healing
That's why I smile upside down, till then everybody
move around
Cause I don't wanna click on everybody, why hatred
holding me down
It's been hell living, it's Trae I display nothing but hurt
Everything I lived and I seen, is what's sending me to
the dirt
My first born on the way, will I see it I can't say
My baby mama say I'm zoning too much, and don't
wanna stay
But it's ok I made it through, and I lost everyone else
The only thing that's in my life, that I ain't missing is
death
Cause everything I loved got took away, and ain't
coming back
The only thing I got is me, and it's killing me that's a
fact
But I'ma be alright, long as I'm staying strong
Gotta play the cards I was dealt, even though this world
ain't my home

[Hook: Billy Cook]

The days of my life, the struggle I'm going through
Cause times are too hard, but I gotta make it through
The ghetto of my life, the struggle it ain't right
But I gotta move on, and strapped with my chrome
Cause I feel like they coming for me, but I'ma keep
holding on
A guerilla going out like a soldier, that's mobbing till
it's over

[Trae]

So you wanna hate me now
Them niggaz, try to take me out
I ain't never did them, no wrong
These motherfuckers, better leave me alone
My life, is all I have

And I don't care, I'm in love with that
Deep down, I know I really gotta be strong
And if they run up too quick, they gon meet my chrome

Because this world ain't promised to me
The life that I'm living, is for the day
And the pain I forever feel, is what got me running a
stray
And I don't want much, but it never fell
I can't even get a piece of a piece of mind, without
going through hell
Hard times is what I bleed, a blessing is what I need
So I can get over the struggle, and make it for my seed
These days on the line, and I feel like I'm next to leave
And I hope I'm going to heaven, aside if I believe

[Hook: Billy Cook]

The days of my life, the struggle I'm going through
Cause times are too hard, but I gotta make it through
The ghetto of my life, the struggle it ain't right
But I gotta move on, and strapped with my chrome
Cause I feel like they coming for me, but I'ma keep
holding on
A guerilla going out like a soldier, that's mobbing till
it's over

[Billy Cook]

Yeeeah, the days of my liiiiiife
The struggle I'm going through, feeeel meeeeee
Tell em Trae, when times get hard
We gotta keep our head up, and gotta move on
through
Make it on through, the ghetto the ghetto of my life
The struggle, it ain't right

Visit [Sleepy Sun](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.