

**Kevin Sharp F/ Neal McCoy****"Days of Our Lives"**

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[Common]

Uh, yeah, uh, yeah, uh

[Chorus: De La] + (Common)

[Dave] Yo how the days of your life go Com? (I'm just tryin to be)

[Pos] That's it? (Stayin focused so my mind is free)

[Dave] Watch the problems of the world go by like balloons

[Dave] If tomorrow come now (it might be too soon)

[Pos] Too soon?

[Common]

I want the boom in the back of the truck

Ain't nuttin the matter with a good dude havin a buck

With that on my mind, I'm on the grind, it pays

We break it down in these three ways, yo

These days, I travel the Maze like Frank Beverly  
To the East, lookin for pieces of a better me  
Responsibility of my man's felony fell on me  
Celebrity status, make 'em think I got celery  
Hell and I do sometimes, still the sunshine ain't even all day

(Yeah) The life of a baller, ain't even all play  
I stack 'em, so the chips fall where they must  
I ain't far from a Benz, or dude on the bus  
Even when I don't have enough, still in God I trust  
Said baby you're a star  
Said I'm on the car, seen the jiggiest of stars  
become dust, and one love become lust for the papers  
Had you gassed now that - gas became vapors  
Tricked your cash on ice; shoulda had acres  
Now your, empire fell like the Lakers  
So you're talkin to your maker  
It's the nature of the business, they givin niggaz inches  
Takin miles and mules, it's the wildest rules  
I'm tryin to walk in the black scent of proudest shoes  
Makin music that the crowds can use

[Chorus: Pos, Com] + (Dave)

[Dave] Yo how the days of your life go Dave? (With  
sunshine and shade)  
[Com] That's it? (Tinted window grades and Kool-Aid)  
[DeLa] Watch the problems of the world go by like  
balloons  
[DeLa] If tomorrow come now (that might be too soon)  
[Pos] Too soon?

[Dave]  
I want twenty-four plus on these  
Put the pinto engine and the bus on these  
I get that first class seat to escape the days  
We break it down in these three ways

Check the life I got that antidote, canteloupe scent,  
bent back  
in the sunroom froze, put your flick on pause (and pop  
a cork)  
There's no occasion nigga it's just because  
I'm celebratin for a hell of a day  
Get these barbie filets on hot charcoal tracks, so black  
Darko Pecoltrane plays them back  
We them freedom fight kids who gon' ball and raise  
fists  
If y'all down for the struggle, c'mon y'all, resist  
Everyday script, I exercise cheek  
Sixteen on the bar, I exercise speak (ha)  
It's been a long time, Long Isle's on the map  
While y'all stand on the corner, stoned like Chris {?}  
Kiss back, watchin time - wrist back  
Every second count but just finish this lap  
You gamble on your life like casino slots  
and cash out and still walk with a knot

[Chorus: Com, Dave] + (Pos)  
[Com] Yo how the days of your life goes Merce? (Man  
I'm just holdin my head)  
[Dave] That's it? (Shit, I'm also tryin to hold this bread)  
[DeLa] Watch the problems of the world go by like  
balloons  
[DeLa] If tomorrow come now (that might be too soon)  
[Dave] Too soon?

[Posdonus]  
I furnished the rooms, and mortgage on these  
See them quittin ass rappers caused a shortage on  
these  
The soul boys of big illa-noyz get the praise  
We break it down in these three ways

My moms died from secondhand smoke; so I wish yo'

ass would die  
from them secondhand rhymes you wrote  
Or shall I call them second rhymes - written seconds  
'fore you enter the booth  
Words thrown together with very little truth  
And a select few can do it (true) you ain't part of them  
scriptures  
And got the nerve to feel you want me out the picture  
But I was never in it, I'm the frame around the flick  
Or dishin in the mouth of your dame around my dick  
Ladies and gentlemen, introducun Workmatic  
One of L.I.'s finest, and this is "MY LIFE"  
Which is filled with bad minutes and good hours  
and, good months and bad years and with my peers  
we struggle to juggle the shit  
Family life and the music game don't easily fit  
My lady wants me home, sayin rap tour three rap  
whores  
and scores of scandal, even more than we can handle  
Sometimes, the rhymes I say  
Is the fly the currency to save the day  
Can't turn it away, cause we out  
to find presennce way beyond our measure, so baby  
don't pout

[Common]

Don't pout, De La Soul now turn it out  
Don't pout, Common Sense'll turn it out  
Don't pout..

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