

## Klarliecht "Everyday"

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[Soopafly]

Check it, I bust a bitch till she butt naked  
Soopafly D-P from Cali one raked  
Eastside Long Beach, this one to eat  
or all, rough, ruggeded and raw  
We give it to yall, us niggaz give fuck naw  
It's like everyday, I greet my niggaz with a grin  
They pull out the dice, starting grinnin and shake it  
twice  
But I don't gamble, I pull a bitch like a door handle  
Let that bitch leave nothing but toe sandals  
and a map, it's like that  
I ain't payin nothing until she bring they pipe back  
It's like twice that, my niggaz fell to semm they like that  
Fuck rap, fuck a around and you get snatched  
What a tight match, and Tray Dee, Soo' and Style  
When I say tight, they "Ha" like Juvenile

[Lil C Style]

Bust a regal, livin life illegal  
time to say whut up to all my people (Whut Up, Whut  
Up)  
Eastsidin, did my first crime with an automatic nine  
And every since then I known about to grind  
Tryin to rap, and slang at the same time  
That was then, and look at me now  
Ballin like a motherfucka, puttin it down  
with Soopafly, who got gangsta shit  
Eastside Long Beach as we represent

[Chorus: Soopafly]

Pimpin everyday (Every day)  
We doin this Everyday (Everyday)  
Everyday (Everyday)  
Just doing our thang (just doing our thang)  
We ain't trippin (Everyday)  
we doin this everyday (we doin this like everyday)  
Everyday (like everyday)  
Just doing our thang, trippin

[Tray Deee]

We dippin, sippin, saggin, and crippin  
Slap a bitch with this dick with stand vicious, we pimpin  
Watch a sucker drop, bank rolls a hoe  
While mackin keep me stackin bankin, and clothes (We Stroll)  
With a limp from the limp of my clip  
Plus this heavyweight peace with all the diamonds that drip  
Bitch, you best recongnize how we ball day  
All day every day, ain't no playin a tray  
I'm like an ace of space, I bust I'm doin too much  
Catch her in traffic I'm scoopin her up  
Jumpin out the white with the park lights on  
High as a kite, shootin dice all night long  
I stay hustlin and mustlin to keep my effect  
Smoke a quarter or a half, fuck a cheap dime sack  
I'm livin to the limt or don't live it all, get it and ball  
Nigga look at me and my doggz

[Chorus]

[Bad Azz]

I floss my gold chain, with diamonds  
The Italian style, the bad person Tray Davis, Soopafly,  
and Style  
I never lost my touch not a bit  
Today I'm better than I was yesterday with this  
Don't test touch my fast hand draw  
If my strap is in the car, I'm going bomb to the shore  
We the number one supporters, drugs, gang love  
Smoke the weed, throwing up gang signs, we gangstas  
Got to love, got to thugged it up for our mouth  
I be on this every single day, no doubt  
See me, I'm worth about 450 and ounce  
I drop sixteen bars, and go buy me a car  
I'm just an local universal with my vocal  
Put the hip hop fan base in a choke hold  
My gang Dogg Pound, a gang of gangstas and  
entertainers  
Sign an autograph, bangin, and we rich and we famous

[Chorus] - repeat to fade

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