

## Lyrics by Unknown

### "One Day"

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Mama put me out at only fourteen  
So I start sellin crack cocaine and codeine  
Time to stack some paper think I'm a do it quick  
Thinkin I'm a juvenile but they dont know who they  
messin wit, yeah  
My mama's only son  
But I live everyday like its my muthafuckin last one  
Every nigga and they mama askin why  
But I'm in the game live by the game and in the game  
I'm a die  
But if I die or should I say if I go  
Bury me in Hiram Clarke next to the come and go  
Cause tomorrow aint promised to me  
The only thing promised to a playa is the penitentiary  
So I'm a take care of my business on the smooth tip  
Watch my back sellin crack and pack two clips  
When ya think about that you say "it'll be on"  
Its a trip youre here today but the next day youre gone

One day youre here, baby  
But then youre gone (repeat)

Bun B

This world we livin in man it aint nuthin but drama  
Everyone wanna harm ya in New york niggas gettin  
shot fo bombers  
Now they got yo life in the former they in like California  
Niggas who roll that hydroponic-marijuana  
Gangbangin got the ghetto hotter than a sauna  
Back in Orange my nigga Pop died on the corner  
Behind a funky-ass dice game  
I saw once before he died wished it was twice mayn  
I remember bein eight deep off in Chucky crib  
Lettin us act bad not givin a fuck what we did  
When we lost him I knew the world was comin to the  
end  
And I had to quit lettin that devil push me to a sin  
My brother been in the pen fo damn near ten  
But now it looks like when he come out man I'm goin in  
So shit I walk around wit my mind blown in my own

fuckin zone  
Cause one day you here but the next day you gone

One day you here baby  
But then youre gone (repeat)

Pimp C  
I'm up early cuz aint enough light in the daytime  
Smoke two sweets get in these streets out the pop up  
line  
Peanut holder my boulders smolder on the PA pipes  
Ak loader as I get swallowed under city lights  
Niggas be lookin shife so I look shife back  
Cant show no weakness in these streets you'll get yo  
life jacked  
Mayn its a trip where i stay especially for me  
This bitches tryin to lock me up for the whole century  
They gave my boy down in Florida Dante 19  
I wish that we could smoke again and take a tight lean  
My world a trip you can ask Bun B bitch I aint no liar  
My man RoRo jus lost his baby in a house fire  
And then when I got on my knees that night to pray  
I asked God why he let these killas live and take my  
homeboy's son away  
Man if you got kids show em you love em cuz God jus  
might call em home  
Cuz one day you here but baby the next day you gone

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