

Mobb Deep F/ Ty Knitty % Gambino

"Day By Day"

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[Talib Kweli]

Yo you think that, it's crazy man?
This brother from South Africa told me that there's like
a Tupac tribe, and a Biggie tribe right?
And heads got like AK-47's and machine guns and
and and and Africans killin each other
over some East coast/West coast, knahmsayin?
I mean that we deaded it a long time ago man
but lives is bein lost, yaknahmsayin?
Over some bullshit, yaknamsayin?
I don't really understand it yo

[Wordsworth]

Yo, reality is life and death, full of fights and threats
Murders, burglars, prostitutes search the night for sex
Rollin dice on steps, take advice from vets, brains are
bright in death
and you can have accounts that never bounce from
writin checks
Life and tecs, there ain't really much here
Either sports video games you deal or cut here
Jeeps or Porshes, a portion of dreams in fortune
Intercourse that I'm stressed to keep it or abortion
My topics full of plans, on profit from this land
A pocket full of grands to have your optics full of fans
I'm tired of dollar bands, shoppin carts pushin cans
and jobs ain't callin back, you better off pullin scams
To rack props, cops harass black blocks
Parents addicted, kids on they colors from crack tops
for jacktops, pistols instead of tissue muscle to bust
you
You got a choice, either b-boy or drugs can rush you

[A.L.]

Life is too short, that's why I strive to live it to the fullest
Half my brothers are locked up, the other half a caught
a bullet
To pull it, it's kinda strange like every night I got a full
moon
I used to pull boom, hopin one day I'd drop a jewel
soon

but hard to see that, with so many problems in my
picture
My car ? that, I try to soft it with the liquor
We're dissolvin quicker, my streets are hotter than
Cancun
Backstabbers'll shank you, say more than thank you
and prank you
They're brainwashin us, that's why I never use the
shampoo
The game knockin us, that's why I'm clever when the
cam zooms
So what's the reason for the treason who you pleasin
when you skeezin
Bullets breezin every season leavin bodies freezin
Forget excuses, puttin the blame up on the flamer
Hip-Hop is useless, when entertainers hit containers
Simple and plainer but crime is gettin stranger
Wrinkles my gainer, but in time we'll live in danger
No remainders in my chamber my eras are filled with
toxicant
Lyrics my oxygen I get the spirits from my moccassins
My mouth is where I dropped my gem, I made the glock
my friend
No peace in the East, little kids is throwin rocks again

Chorus: Talib Kweli

It's only one life to live so I sacrifice
But nobody came back from the afterlife
Life and death is the fate of the streets
Take it day by day, pray before I eat, pray before I
sleep
One life to live so I sacrifice
When nobody came back from the afterlife
Life and death is the fate of the streets
Take it day by day, pray before I eat, pray before I
sleep

[Talib Kweli]

The survivor of slavery, definition of bravery
Flowin like Brooks bust Nines in Deep Space like Avery
With rhymes made to be complete like A to Z
or the number nine the months of pregnancy, what can
you say to me?
Call up the travel agency, book a flight to the end of
time
when the wicked get refined, the righteous kick a
rhyme livin divine
Rewind, to the present state of mind right now
where beef will have you dead like the first man to
catch Mad Cow

Life is full of too much trifeness to chill and be enjoyin
I be in the inner city like asbestos and lead poison
My memories within the cannon of history
Ready aim spit-fire my artillery, in the faces of cats who
grillin me
(Yo what you lookin at?) Quick to touch up cats who ain't
feelin me
with the ability, to plug you in, like auxillary
Livin digitally, the only condition is critically
You still the man physically but I'm sunnin you
spiritually
Consider me far from average, lyrical rites of passage
Rhymes comin out my cabbage, cold light up a savage
Take you back to baby carriage, yo, for what it's worth
Drop a master verse before they cleaned up the
afterbirth

[Punchline]

Aiyyo since I was teethin, I was labelled a heathen
A demon, my pops must have had bad semen
Now all eyes peepin, the man with the raps
Been kickin since the womb and my moms felt that
Train of thought off track, cause I couldn't F widdit
I taught myself to hold ground on one pivot
and never be timid, call me the rap God
A slave to the game just like Amistad
I rap eager, a daydreamer
I seen cats dance for crack, like Gator in Jungle Fever
While the thugs bust shots til it just don't stop
I'll have a fat knot, controllin finances through the
laptop
Enhancin your mind, at night when I rhyme
I spit gems that shine havin you thinkin it's daytime
I be the final sign, at any rate, opposin debate
for all rappers with militant mindstates

Chorus

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