MotoLyrics

MotoLyrics.com Biggest, regularly updated and free lyrics database

Too \$hort "Just Anotha Day"

Visit "Just Anotha Day" on MotoLyrics.com

I woke up one day in vacaville Round the corner from the pen Fat house on the hill All the homies in the pen straigt locked down But I gotta get dressed and hit the oaktown I called randy ?? olson?? on the telephone Early in the mornin but he still ain't home So I called ant banks to see what's up He said meet me at the studio at two o'clock I got dressed, smokin on some serious dank Grabbed my keys off the table and a bid ol bank I hit interstate 80 and I'm rollin Joint's still burnin and I'm smokin' I was on my way to san jose To the stero shop that make my music play Cause one amp shut down and the bass ain't playin Didn't take long, for joel and janks to have me slumpin' So I called up ?? boo??, what's up nigga what you bout to do He said, just kickin' back waitin on the fellas Bout to go eat at della's I said it sure sounds good to me I can't go tho, gotta hit myrtle street Passed the acorns on my way, bitch. it's just anotha day

Big banks came through and started mixin Sittin in the studio kick back listenin To some funky ass shit from the dangerous crew Debbie d came through, with fm blue Shorty b rolled up smokin' fat ones Pee-wee had a crew in the back room Goldie had the tramps givin head breakin off Rap and rhyme that diddley-dog Twin one and two is tellin stories Bout beatin down niggas for the glory Had to catch a plane that night and roll out of town Everybody gettin high tryin hard to clown I had to go shop fo it's time to leave I dipped to the mall, flipped me some jeans Rolled on out like a playa Hot ass day, bitches everywhere I'm leanin' hard to the left like a big shot

Checkin out the hoes seein who'll get knocked Cause when you fuck with \$hort you get fucked quick I rub some cum on ya ass and make ya suck dick Ride through the ? ? old? ? scene ? ? beamin it? ? slow Talkin that shit five niggas on the four Drive crazy, tryin to tear up shit It's just anotha day in oakland bitch

It was me, jaque, ?? beamin?? and ?? tilo?? ?? boo-kicke?? slow-motion and ?? po?? Spud, ju-ju, frog and big-e Gettin high on our street Bug, joe-a, ce-ce and mark, Rollin four deep from sobrani park Howard came through from the b-town Motherfuckas gettin high it's goin down It's the same everyday everyday it's the same But that night we hit the hoop game Who was playin: seattle versus golden state Hollered at the home boy gary payton After the game, we went to his house Nba jams, turned us out Niggas talkin bout slammin bones Any kinda way to get your gamble on Bet, all you kept hearin was bet Dice game on the pool table fuck that shit I ain't goin outa town broke I gotta have a bank get some dank to smoke Think I'm gamblin, you must be insane It started gettin late I had to catch that plane So I cut to the airport Just anotha day for too short

I was high as fuck on the airplane Thinkin to myself about a street gang How a black man'll do you in a minute Walk around the corner see some shit and get in it How the police always tryin to catch us Fell asleep and woke up in houston, texas Gangtas ass niggas from the fifth and the third Take yo ass there nigga fuck what ya heard Next night we did a show, in new orleans Same gangstas same old scene Yellin at seventh at ninth ward I see my homies from the third and the fourth It was me big dog and the ?? eight guard?? posse Havin fun and you just can't stop me I did a show in birmingham, alabama Then caught a plane in atlanta I heard about the motherfuckin freaknick Popped that pussy hole fuck that weak shit

You should a seen all the bitches on the street Niggas from detroit was deep All my patnas from the 'o' flew up And they was slangin that danky stuff Gettin high with some brothers from miami and cleveland Kickin back talkin bout we ain't leavin

Visit <u>Too \$hort</u> page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

<u>MotoLyrics.com</u> | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.