

Z-RO, Everyday

[Verse 1: Z-Ro]

My nigga Redd been assisting me with holdin my head
but I can't focuse cause so many niggaz in the street owe me some bread
and if you fuckin' with my mind lately, how could it be greed?
if all I want is just to touch whatever's mine baby
my forty-acres, and my new mansion, and my yacht
might take alittle time for me to see bigger living (??) or not
but I want stop until I'm touchin my figures, you better move(bitch)
cause I be bustin my nigga nobody knows all the trouble I been through
been so broke and embarrassed couldn't afford a tooth brush fool
if it wasn't for my nigga Sherman Miller, me and great 'O
offered me food when I was hungry, plus a place to lay low
runnin up and down Houston slingin dimes and nickles
performing for my hood niggaz spittin rhymes and riddles
forever stayin on our grind because of the shine it give us
and fuck jail, we didn't care how much time they give us

[Chorus: Trae - repeat 2X]

Everyday it's like I can't maintain
but still I feel I'm in it for the same thing
all I ever wanted is just to get my change
living strength is my only type of mind frame

[Verse 2: Z-Ro]

It's in my blood, it's in my body, it's in my soul
gettin' paper been so important since I've been on my own
don't nobody love me in this cold world
fuck these bitches 'cause the hatred I got for my old girl
is a motherfucker I ain't tryna hear it, I ain't tryna know ya
unless you be a hustler tryna come up on some mo' bucks
I'm like a male-nun with a rail gun
I'm so focused on my mail son I need a bail bond
fuck you bitches, I love my riches go get it forward march
cannibal in these killing fields tired of hangin on this cross
witness the J.Prince runnin the south
Rap-A-Lot mafia like wide recievers cause we all be runnin our route
I'm goin long, it ain't no mercy for the weak better get strong
cause it be crucializing everything that be goin on try to maintain
cause if you don't they pop you, drop you, and leave you slain mayne
win it just to stay in the game (mayne)

[Chorus]

[Verse 3: Z-Ro]

Association bring about stimulation that's what I witness
kickin it with the jealous got me beggin for forgiveness
this record label presidential think they live like me
think they could jump in this rap game and survive like me
they living fantasies nigga tryna hold onto my name
but they can't sell records without me that's a godamn shame
hoe nigga get ya roll up, everytime I flex you cats in check
cause you can't lift it with you're on muscle, weak bitch!
everytime I speak bitch niggaz steadily be plottin
on removing me from my throne to throw me in the fuckin prison
but it's all good I can take it cause I dish shit out
but me you've seen I'm havin things in my dreams I can't get it out
God blessed the child that can double his fetti
duckin and dodgin trouble cops and trouble times come get me
I'm tryna get a big ass piece so leave me alone
and live a life where I can leave both of my pistols at home

[Chorus] - repeat to end