

UGK, One Day

featuring 3-2 and Ron Isley

3-2

Mama put me out at only fourteen
So I start sellin crack cocaine and codeine
Time to stack some paper i got to 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 muthaf**kin 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
And 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 with that hydroponic-marijuana
Gangbangin got the ghetto hotter than a sauna
Down in Orange my nigga Pop died on the corner

Behind a funky-ass dice game
I saw him 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 f**k 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 look like when he come out man I'm goin in
So shit I walk around wit my mind blown in my own f**kin 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 'cause 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 'cause God jus might call em home
'cause one day you here but baby the next day you gone