Lil' O, That Day's Today

Yeah (yeah, yeah), whoa (whoa, whoa) Alright (alright), alright (alright) Alright (alright), alright (alright)...

(Lil'O)

Hey I'm just shaking and moving, moving and shaking Getting cash, niggas trying to peep the moves that I'm making See these dudes thought I fell off, but these dudes is mistaken But I've been balling for a while, so I'm use to the hating Ain't no faking in my hustle, while some stanking they stumbling They playing games, that's why they stomachs is rumbling, plus when you Ride through on something, German shit and sitting on 20 something's And drop the top and yell (whoa), you know you born head bumping About who wants to get you, what's the word on the streets But you get hit with pain killers, just for thinking I'm weak You know that real gangsta shit, your body stink in the streets The type of stuff that bigger man, on what you thinking is beef I got the burdens of a Don, decision decisions Should I give him head shots, or give his body incisions Can't no one find your man, dog he's literally missing To some old man found him fishing, cocksuckers I'm real

(Hook: Papa Reu & D)
Now it is real (already), you tried to chill (already)
You ain't really want no blood to get spilled (already)
So then you pray (already), and then you pray (already)
But hatas still begging you, for pistol play
And that day's today, a-ay-ay-aaaay (yeah)
Grab your K and that K's today, a-ay-ay-ay-aaaay (whoa)
Grab your K, and that day's today

(Lil' O)

My whole attitude changed, when I touched six figgas I'm like a lesbian now, I don't fuck with niggas It's not cause I think I'm better, but my heart's been broken I'm in my four corner room, up late at night one deep smoking Trying to keep myself, from tripping and loc'ing Cause boys got me so hot, they'll get hit in the open And nigga O's not joking, O's not bumping Fat Rat with the Cheese, give em something something So you need to think twice, I'll remind you bro That I've been catching pistol cases, since '94 So playa please don't judge me, don't mean mug me Don't stare at me like that, nigga God don't like ugly I'm just trying to get money, and live my life well But these bitch niggas, wishing I fail But for my kin folk on lock, locked up in a cell Know I'm out here giving em hell, cocksuckers I'm real

(Hook)

(Papa Reu)

Try, you try to stay out the waaay But guys will drag you into, pistol play And that day's today, a-ay-ay-aaaay (yeah) Grab your K and that K's today, a-ay-ay-ay-aaaay (whoa) Grab your K, and that day's today

(Lil'O)

Well they say money's power, so respect my rank Cause if you sitting in a cell, I can get you shanked You on the basketball court, I can get you bank It's kinda like war games, you just got out flanked By a five star general, on top of a tank I send flowers to your funeral, possibly pain Cause I'm a Southwest nigga, you know how we think We kinda fly but when it's war, man I'm just gon hang

(Hook)

(Papa Reu)
Try, you try to stay out the waaay
But guys will drag you into, pistol play
And that day's today, a-ay-ay-aaaay (yeah)
Grab your K and that K's today, a-ay-ay-ay-aaaay (whoa)
Grab your K, and that day's today