

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 & (Lil' O))

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-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-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-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