

EVERY CHANCE I GET Lyrics – DJ Khaled Ft. Lil Durk & Lil Baby

(Tay Keith, this too hard)
We The Best Music
(Tay Keith, fuck these niggas up)
Another one
DJ Khaled

Scratched a million off my checklist three years ago
Add two zeros to the one, I'm in a different mode
This my life, do what I want, I be with different hoes
You know the pick and roll, I picked her up and sent her home
I got rich off strong, we get 'em in and get 'em gone
You know Trappy just got out, I ain't have to put him on
We the ones who got the numbers, who put the city on
It's the middle of the summer, I got a hoodie on
My demon time ain't nothin' nice
I try not to wear nothin' twice
I came up off of shootin' dice, yeah
My lil' brother ain't livin' right
My sis' and 'em doin' aight
My cuz and 'em still servin' life, yeah
Seen a robber rob a deacon
I seen a preacher get caught for cheatin'
I'll break the bank for one of my people
I said, "I'm the one," they didn't believe me
I show 'em the facts, now they all need me
I'ma get cake as long as I'm breathin'
They makin' it hard, this shit really easy, yeah (Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah)

I'ma turn up on a hater every chance that I get
I want the biggest watch that they got, don't care if that shit hurt my wrist
All these hoes fuck on us all, I wish I would claim that bitch
They get hard when they get guns, we got a hood full of sticks
Soon as they say we can't come, you know we'll run 'round that bitch
You can miss me with that shit, you know I live in the mix (Money, cars and clothes and hoes)

You know I live in the mix (Money, cars and clothes and hoes)

Yeah, she think I'm a regular rapper, I'm not
One person come tell me, we fuck up your block
Watch me run this shit to the tippity-top, yeah (Keep goin')
Put my kids in Givenchy
She must think one plus one is three
I can't support you personally
She don't got a mortgage, moved in with her niece
These niggas be cappin', them cars be leased
Youngest in charge, I speak for the streets
I was nodding off, they woke up a beast
Struggle what made me, we used to have water for dinner, we didn't have nothin' to eat
Soon as I get on his ass, they gon' look at me better, like, "Damn, he was fuckin' with me," yeah (Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah)

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I'm from the trenches
Niggas be tough on the 'net, but really be there for attention
Bitches be talkin' like they really rich
But really be beggin' me under my pictures
I'll give her forty, fifty thousand cash to start up a business
I'll spend that shit at the dentist
I'd rather fuck her and pay up her rent for a year just to get out of her feelings
I'm in the Lambo' truck in my hood, nobody gon' tell me shit
Goin' to Cali, I pick up my weed for sure, nobody gon' mail me shit
Dice game, Craps and Cee-Lo, I need cash, don't sell me shit
Baby got his hood on smash, yeah, you can tell they really rich
Drop the load, ain't no room right now, I took her to the O
Then I pulled up on the Lamb' 'cause she a fan of Boonie Moe
I got the city on lock, uh, fuckin' up all the opps

I be around with three million dollars in jewelry, I'm standin' on all the blocks
This the anthem, mmm-hmm
Droppin' the six in the Fanta, mmm
Black Rolls truck with the all-white seats, remind me of sittin' on Panda, mmm
I love my cousin, she was a dancer
I love my brother, he was a scammer
Sittin' on my lap 'cause I'm pullin' her tracks and I fuck from the back 'cause she
callin' me handsome (Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah)

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