

# All Day

## Wiz Khalifa & John Cena

Uhh, uhh  
(Wiz, Wiz, I'ma help you re-educate the masses right now)  
You know where I'm from  
You know where I'm from  
You know where I'm from Uhh, growin up in that slum  
Tatted all on my chest just to let y'all know where I'm from  
Uhh, haters I don't see none  
Goin hard e'ry day, Lord knows I want the best for my son  
So I got Chuck Taylors on my feet, and I got bent smokin my chief  
And I got all my dogs with me, anyone starvin man they gon' eat  
And we don't do deceit, we do real big receipts  
We do first class cabin seats, if you ain't gon' stand for nothin have a seat  
Cause I'm REAL ONE, that's all day, foreign cars, that's all day  
Goin hard, that's all day, I'm gettin money the long way  
I'm a REAL ONE, that's all day, foreign cars, that's all day  
Goin hard, that's all day, I'm gettin money the long way  
I don't know much about y'all but I've been hustlin all dayyyyyyy  
I don't know much about y'all but I've been countin all dayyyyyyy  
Nah nah n-n-nah nah, nah nah heyyyyyyyyy-y-y-y  
Nah nah n-n-nah nah, nah nah heyyyyyyyyy-y-y-y Looks like you lettin 'em know what goin all  
day is all about  
Well, that's Mr. All Day Y'all 'bout to find God, make you a instant preacher  
They should've never let, Cena spit with Wiz Khalifa  
We all day fam, hotter than a sauna  
I'm not from Chi city, but I'm +Common+ on +The Corner+  
W-we always hustle hard, you ballin incidental  
I-I'm 'bout to go on trial, murderin instrumentals  
I dumb it down for you, I keep it simple son  
I need four fingers, I'm givin you the middle one  
I'm tryin to tell these boys I ain't lyin  
Put it in they faces so they can get they cake like mine  
But man they keep hatin and I can't see the reason why  
Why when I get a plate they keep tryin to take it  
Put 'em in they places  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>