

# Way Of Life

Chris Webby

Never let you out of my sight  
Be it day, be it night  
You belong to me, that's the way it will be wrong or right

You belong to me now  
It's just gotta be that way, you know?

Listen hip-hop, I've been chasing you for quite sometime now  
And now I got you where I want you, shit it's you and I now  
You've been fucking around with every other dude  
While I made all these mixtapes for you, listen boo  
I'mma never let you down, I'mma roll for you  
I would get on one knee and propose to you  
Shit I've spent my whole life trying to prove that I was worthy  
But if you ever cheat on me, your dead bitch, you heard me?  
Huh, to see you fucking around with other dudes has got me going nutty  
Because you know their only in it for the money  
I would stand with you though think and thin  
Bitch I hope you're listening  
You got me second guessing the reality I'm living in  
Because you're my way of life  
Think about you day and night  
Because of you now I finally got my paper right  
But I've seen what you do to your other boyfriends  
Build them up until their at the top and then destroy them  
One minute your hot at the club popping Rosé  
And next thing you know your scrubbing floors at Chipotle  
Baby you're a bitch, yes I love you but I hate you  
You think she's loyal for a second then she fucking plays you  
Huh, a shot at you, I had to take it  
Because you got me infatuated, I graduated from a nobody to a damn MC  
And I'mma hold you down bitch you better stand by me  
Yeah

You are my way of life  
The only way I know  
You are my way of life  
I'll never let you go

This isn't music, it's a way of life  
When haters bite  
They pay the price  
I'll take your mic  
And stab your face in twice  
But it ain't a 8-inch stainless knife  
So say goodnight  
I'll stay and fight  
Like Dana White  
The way I write  
Is crazy hype  
You say your nice  
Uh, but we ain't alike  
Ray of light  
Playing a pipe  
Just bent the game over  
Never spent a day sober  
So I've yet to catch a hangover

Ford Mustang frame with the train motor  
I wanna change lives  
You want a chain and a Range Rover  
I gotta son, spending money I don't have yet  
Mad stress, no assets  
Just hope dreams and past debt  
Trying to stack cheques and snap necks  
Because I know cash rules everything around me, ask meth  
I gotta get it, while I can before its too late  
Fuck a cube steak  
I just ate some dudes face  
On Route 8  
I'm super baked  
Losing it, these bath salts stupid, zooted, jupalooted  
Hip-hop why you diluted with this useless music?  
I'm anti-radio, anti-autotune  
Fuck that, I'm anti all of you  
What's wrong with you to do what I was taught to do  
Slaughtered cruse, Talking rude, hopper too But I feel fucking awesome dude  
People often snooze, so why you daydream  
I'm your worst nightmare, or at least it may seem  
I've been screaming death to mainstream since I was eight teen  
Mother fucker

[Hook]