

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]