The Only Way

Cypress Hill

Sometimes I think about the only way that I'll ever see life beyond L.A. is dving Sometimes I think about the only way that I'll ever see life beyond L.A. is dying Only way out is in a bag I figga You and me little punk ass nigga Once you down with me you down for life Wish they hustlin fo, keep the family tight We run buisness snow I witness With evidence and contradiction That's why I only love to control Love for my hood I roll with I Love L.A., But It's A Jungle, We Come From The Darkest Corners, Where All The Street Kids Rumble Get they hustle on And hold die in a bundle, stumble And the grandson can't stay humble Many catch justice And other pressure and crumble Will them fuckers they're bound catch a couple Streets of hot lead sure enough make you tumble No names attached Put you out with one blow Sometimes I think about the only way that I'll ever see life beyond L.A. is dying Sometimes I think about the only way that I'll ever see life beyond L.A. is dying From east side to the valley Raw dogs all over LA Here representin' cali Low riders and hot women What you tell me We rollin' out here its so smelly Don't slip and you could get dropped through the alley And violated for credit and stuck in your belly Cuz its all about survival Better learn it quick or you might get wet on arrival

I got ways of dealin' with my own A state of smoking for sure Hot and heavy when i break a nigga Heat on the street in the form of gangbangers This side of the earth don't forgive Chew you up spit you out like Legal bill and stung like hell Hunt your ass down to the graveyard hell

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I said don't fuck growing up in the angel city Caught a glimpse of life and say it with me I was an outlaw for so many years son The tears come Reminensing about the homies awaitin' here Escape the street karma No matter what keep comin' Could never much sleep You know everything is much harder We setup and get shot up You wanna survive you better have the street knowledge Rappers, actors, gangsters, ballers, watch cars, cop cars You have fat wallet so You might have a braveheart like clear Wallace Trigger with thieves When you're all alone and somebody comin' for ya Sometimes I think about the only way that I'll ever see life beyond L.A. is dying Sometimes I think about the only way that I'll ever see life beyond L.A. is dying Sometimes I think about the only way that I'll ever see life beyond L.A. is dying Sometimes I think about the only way that I'll ever see life beyond L.A. is dying