

# The Way It Iz

Guru

Yeah (New York, New York)  
Time to get up in that hit-ass (Brooklyn)  
Uh, the rap savior (representin' kid)  
Ill behavior (let's break it down)

This one is for the thugs, hustlers, big willie mobsters  
I kill rappers on a reg 'cause it's my job to  
Seperate the real from the fake  
So I reveal the truth and break it down on a wax plate

Your raps get bombarded  
Allow our ??? don't disregard it  
Wanna be slick, chicks why you act so retarded?  
All you pseudo-tough guys end up dearly departed  
As a young juvenile I started  
Learnin' from some older dudes  
From the pimps to stick-up men  
And back then you had to know the rules  
The peer pressure it can get you  
Knocked and locked-up  
Or laid the fuck out upon a stretcher

Peep the melody  
Brooklyn is deeper than a felony  
Raps are full of violence  
Who wanna challenge  
'Cause Kai rep  
Whatever Kai choose to kick  
A man's child from the Nile  
Look at my style ain't it raw?  
But too mature to be labeled wild  
Ain't nothing fake I create  
I don't tolerate static  
My brain'll cause drama like an automatic  
So bang, I'm living large like a king  
The ???  
I'm drinking pure mathematics  
With the power ???  
I ??? my knowledge as a ???  
Plus I'm invisible  
And I apply by using my third Eye  
Stimulation and high off the lie  
And better yet, I'm a vet  
As I manifest, wise words from my breath  
And my wisdom'll flow until my dyin' day of death  
With topics and subjects to every aspect  
I bless the mic with intellect

Don't pay attention you'll get stuck  
You're straight outta luck  
'Cause niggas been beamin' you  
And they schemin' for fast bucks  
While chickenheads be awe-struck  
By the thugs with ill mugs who act bugged and don't give a fuck  
It's systematic when flippin' dough like acrobatics  
Fiends and addicts gettin' served by green fanatics  
It's savage, Jake's more corrupt than we are

In the alley behind the bar  
Bringin' product from Panama and Bogota  
Rulin' the game superior  
The crime biz: the way it is in America  
I'm killin' rappers like I've gone mad  
My heat is righteous  
Too many brothers have gone bad

At times I lay in my bed holdin' my head smokin' weed  
Like a dred drinkin' liquor for dough  
Askin' myself one question (Yo, what's that, huh?)  
Why adolescents gotta get murdered to learn a lesson?  
Stay on point with the joint in my ???  
'Cause ain't no tellin' us when slugs might touch my chest  
Feelin' like I'm blessed  
Livin' life by the day, Monday through Sunday  
Involved in gunplay, it's like a warzone  
That's why I think with the chrome  
And hold my own, but never walkin' these streets alone  
It's like I'm walkin' on top of high heat  
With no shoes on my feet  
Watchin' the flames get higher as the gun shots fire

I'm supposed to give up guns 'til my probation is done  
Still I'm waitin' for son to bring the three-eight long one  
They try to deny what's happenin' to us  
But nowadays it pays to be strapped ready to bust  
Let's discuss what would you do  
If you're confronted with jealousy you at least get a twenty-two  
Plenty of us go through this syndrome  
It's better to fight than die poor and alone  
The mob guys be gettin' loot for protection  
They live and die for their profession

Yeah, we doin' it low budget environment style  
It's like walkin' through the ghetto when they feelin' is fine  
Everybody know the time, uh, East New York Style, uh  
Yeah, East New York Style