

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