

That's The Way

Krayzie Bone

This is for the hustlas, hustlas
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Come, follow me now
Back in the day we still was thuggin'
Nothin' changed, always into somethin'
Whatever you name

A young thug with my niggas, it's one love
Little bad ass niggas sneaky
A calm collected slickster
I might not have been on the scene

But you could believe I was in the picture
In the mixture selling llello
Scrapping, car jackin', gun packin'
I'm lacking everything, you can't imagine so I'm praying

Rapping can get me up out this jam
Damn, just gimme a chance
I'll keep 'em dancin', dancin', all night, all night
But times got harder and harder

My dreams got further and further away
And nigga, I chased them but couldn't catch them to save my life
So now I'm thugging on this corner
I gotta increase my financial status

I chance it fucking with these rollers when they roll up
Yeah, don't wanna be locked in no cell
But I also can't take strippin's and be broke with no mail
Oh yes, it's hell, and they say that gets easier
But to me it only got deeper and deeper

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Just turned eighteen and caught my first case
Incarcerated, caught with a twelve guage
Trying to come up with some money and made a stupid-ass mistake
Could have been my niggas fate, fucking with shotguns

We out to rob some niggas I'm drunk, I'm pumped
I made a mistake and popped him, now he bleeding
I see blood, damn, get to the doctor, nigga don't rest in peace
Doctor's took him to emergency, coppers came and arrested me

Not knowing if my nigga had made it alive and was well
I tossed and turned in my cell knowing he's sweatin' like hell
Praise to the Lord and I hope you hear me
And I hope you feel me

I ain't mean to, really, really, I ain't mean it, I know you seen it
I finally spoke to my nigga, he lifted up and recovered
And pressed no charges
Wait the state done picked it up and I gotta trial in a month

Fuck! And the judge ain't trying to give me no love
'Cause it was my first offense
But he just thinkin' he lockin' up a thug
So now I'm cuffed up on the bus and ridin' down 71, ain't no fun

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Now I'm locked inside this prison system
Biddin' and count days left before my sentence
Now I can say that I've been here
But I sure ain't gonna come back here, uh, uh

The day they release me, I'm going home
I can cope but I can't adjust
These fucking steel doors drivin' me nuts
My last month and I'm ready to move out

I'm sure, stay on the low, I listen to thug stories
And be trippin' on niggas love stories
I'm finna get out of this motherfucker
Heard them call out my name

Two fifty, two, two fifty, pack up your shit, it's your day
Jumped out my bunk, gave all my shit to my niggas
In fact, I left everything that I had back in jail but my raps
I'm on the streets now, scene unchanged

Niggas still the same
I ain't fuckin' with you bustas 'cause I'm tryin' to make a change
I got with the real dogs and we was schemin' on the mill' ya'll
So we had to chill on ya'll

Get out of Cleveland if we plan to achieve it
So we plannin' it with Eazy on Greyhound and now we're leavin'

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