

## My Way

Nas

Word to Will, buried in his fila suit and heavy chain  
I wanna be iced-up nigga, bury me the same  
I live for street glory and I die for ghetto fame  
Respect all, fear none, my pride is everything  
Initials in swimming pools floors, women lose draws  
A true boss, never lose wars, got cheddar to floss  
Guns under beds, mask and a flashlight  
Living my life like everyday's my last night  
Alcoholic on toilets, I shit blood  
Foreign cars, models and stars, life of a rich thug  
Mama told me from weed, I would switch drugs  
To cocaine and hit clubs and deep-dish dubs  
How would she know unless she hit the clubs, got her mack-on  
Back in the 60's with an afro and her platforms  
Bopping to the supremes, smoking joints  
That's cool, but I'ma live how I want

I did it my way, from crumbs and roaches and rats  
I did it my way, converted in from hustling to raps  
I did it my way, from break dancing, back spins on the cardboard  
I did it my way, to bullet proof bentleys, gats in the car's door  
I did it my way, never gave a fuck what nobody said  
I did it my way, they hope that I fail and wished I was dead  
I did it my way, if I fucked up it falls on me  
I did it my way, I'm lucked up and struck rich, now we all can eat

Gateways, marble floors, chandeliers  
Juzzi's, gucci soap, throwing cash in the air  
Though I, still feel broke with millions in the bank  
And deals on the table, I focus to stay afloat  
And just to think some would die to get with I got  
They think its alot, the blink of an eye, you could get shot  
Niggas is wolves, coming if you ruthless or not  
But i be on point, put you in places where bodies rot  
Never knew murder till I seen my man get popped  
No blood soaking, laying there, eyes still open  
I got a little closer, put my hand in his palm  
He was looking right through me, Yo staring beyond  
I wonder what he saw, the limoes, movies and tours  
Did he die in vain and represent for the cause  
Now I put his name on everything I'm involved  
And that's the game, Ya'll can't relate, fuck ya'll (Ill Will)

I did it my way, from crumbs, roaches and rats  
I did it my way, converted in from hustling to raps  
I did it my way, I call it how I see it niggas  
I did it my way, if you don't like it so be it niggas  
I did it my way, I make my own rules, I do my own plans  
I did it my way, gangstas do what they want  
Suckers do what they can't  
I did it my way, taking sacrifices kid  
I did it my way, but now you only getting one life to live

Yo, hoes in my fold can slow me, roll with the brokest homies  
Cold and we hopeless lonelies, scolding my foes who phony  
From blocks where coke can feed you and cops are over evil  
They know some people who tell on felons who sold some diesel

Here on and blow it rurals, its mine, knew a crew one time  
'89, they took work to Caroline and blew big time  
In just two years, their crew disappear  
Snitches and bitches, smeared the paint on their pictures  
Years back, I reminiscence and remember, sitting on wood benches  
Gave me splinters, just a baby nigga thankful  
When them killers came through, guns out, moving  
I think the ones who said shorty go home, we about to be shooting