

# What A Way To Go Out

Souls of Mischief

I want to join a gang  
They'll have my back with gats  
We'll walk in packs and stack g's  
But yo, I lack these qualities  
I gotta kill a fool, steal his wallet, key, and ID  
But I need encouragement  
Initiation ain't enough for me to snuff an innocent fool  
Yo I got school on Monday  
So one way, or another I'ma fell bad  
I need to gain acceptance 'cause my reps' been in the trash can  
I'm blasting, asking can I join, 'cause the big night's here  
I got a slight fear I might hear gunshots in my direction  
'cause the slums got a ton of niggas flexing  
I started stepping and there stood this young girl  
Loaded my hollow tips and followed the dip  
Pulled my shotty on the hotty and I blasted the bitch  
Wish I woulda known it was my little sis  
Niggas want to step, let 'em, I'm gonna get 'em  
Pull the trigger finger then I wet 'em  
I learned that from my pops, now I want to pop cops and shit  
Slang hots and rocks to hit  
Get mine the only way possible  
I gots to pull some starts, but niggas starts some bull  
Cool, can I kill him? of course I can  
I know I can, because I call myself the man  
I'm out cruising the block that I own smoking a Swisher  
When all the rocks are gone, I will be richer  
Fiends keep me paid, each day is mine to lounge in  
To broke niggas how's that sounding?  
Niggas wish they had my ends- even my friends  
They look with envy as I step out of my Benz  
Here I am, then they sprayed me  
Hey, G, I never thought nobody'd fade me- yo I went out  
"What a way to go out, out like a sucka"  
My man, peep it, I used to keep this  
New shank inside my bomber for drama  
On the ave, my boy checked me  
Let me know he didn't see me as a v-e-t  
Nigga, I said see that bitch at the ready-teller getting cash?  
Bet that ass I'ma kill her  
Gotta let these niggas know I ain't no sucka  
Pulled out the shank, grabbed the bank, then I stuck her  
What the- why did I fade her?  
I shoulda saved it, put it in my pocket for later  
But hey, the crew knows I'm true, though- that counts  
Plus I got back when I'm out  
chillin  
I get top be -illin  
Until with my li'l friends the cops caught me  
God-damn, the sentance they gave me  
I'm in the pen with no clout  
But yo, I didn't go out  
Holy mackerel, that girl got the fat booty  
Like Pam Greer, these niggas is square  
So I stepped near with no fear  
I drive a Lexus, she got the Nexxus flowing hair  
To make a nigga want to stare

Kicked the Cassanova then I drove her to the castle  
Got the freak undressed with no hassle  
The butt was firm, made the funky worm stiffen  
Reached for my condom, damn, a fat rip in  
The packaging, the lubrication was all dried up  
Hope that the rubber don't ride up  
Posted in the wallet for eons, the neon green was faded  
Broke on the first stroke, I shoulda waited  
A year later, caught the flu from Sonya  
Shot through the clinic, they said it was pneumonia  
Caused by HIV breaking down the immune system. . .  
(That was my motherphuckin man, damn I miss him)