

There's Someway Out

Tha Dogg Pound

Over and over again
It seems there's no way out
Feelin' opressed, depressed and the stress
But the world is a test
Without God and a bulletproof vest
You might be looking at death
Wet and dried out and wet, step by step
Maybe this'll be something I regret
(Yeah nigga break yourself, nigga I want all that shit, Daz shot that nigga)
Gotta pay the rent
Gotta get some get back
It seems there ain't no get back
I hustle, strive and flip that
Now watch it come rit back
Now I kick back in a cell and my inner feelings dwell
Why I fucked up and I swear
I can't tell, where I fell
Escape death and fuck jail
Fuckin' suckers, fuck them niggas
But there's no way out
Sing it with me come on
There's no way out
Through all the pain, the hurt, the fear and the doubts
But if you look the other route then you'll find out
You can do it see, there's someway out
Talent ain't shit
Nowadays unless you got a grip, get a grip
Off your mind, body and soul
Grow old and lose control
Duck your foes and watchin' foes
While the homies hold on
Held on too long the strong quickly got weak
Last week I saw the homie, he ain't even speak (oh it's like that!?)
While I'm in a terminal state
Of pullin' 38 special metal special 38's
Go to Long Beach and kick it with Vanardo and Tate (what's up 'cause)
The Loc's sportin' Davis' and all my folks
Ant, Dirty, Red, see Dog, Joe Cool and Jelly Loc (Criiiiiiiiiiiiiiiip)
Yeah I miss my homie L Dog
Mr. Elgin Hughes, Mr. Knuckles, 107 BCG's
Lil Bam AKA Naked Bam, RSC's
Man on Loc, IBC's
I'm Young Gotti DPG Marines and it seems
Sing it with me come on