

# The Way Life Is

Drag-On

[Verse 1]

Listen up, yo, shit I get upset if I see a nigga, layin' in his sweats  
With blood comin' out his head like sweat, knowin' I could be next  
So, what about all the babies that ain't fully born  
That's less fortunate, like that man walkin' with one arm

They tried to throw me up in a orphanage, with all the kids  
But I stayed up in the offices 'cause they couldn't get me, off a kid  
It's sad when a good mother put hard work  
Like wash clothes, off the shit we played on and got hurt

Why she gotta pay for the dirt  
'Cause her only son is up the street with the whole block sour  
'Cause you know bodies lay for 'bout for eight hours  
Want to talk about our chrome whips

There's niggas out there don't own shit  
While we sit at home and bone a bitch while niggas is homeless  
See niggas get piped over dice, wiped out, over 4 digit price  
Damn near broke my heart, made me so sick, I had to go shit

Found her up the steps a bloody mess, hopeless  
It wasn't cops 'cause only street niggas empty the whole clip  
Ya know this

[Chorus: x2]

People come, people go, that's the way life is  
(and I heard that)  
I don't know what to do, guess I'll just handle it  
(and we heard that)

[Verse 2]

Yo bullets don't have no name  
Or maybe y'all niggas should get better aim  
And stop puttin' these innocent people in pain  
It's a damn shame that life ain't, nothin' but a game

And we all at the 4th quarter, 'cause our time is shorter and shorter  
'Cause y'all got time to tap our phones and hear the orders  
And stop the coke from comin' across the waters  
But y'all can't stop the slaughters

Or the people from starvin'  
The guns is not standin' still, they still revolvin'  
Uptight and still mobbin'  
Blacks still sling cracks and know I know why they call it

Fishscale, from Colombia to New York on a boat the shit sells  
Tell a weak whore, and when I score  
I'm a open up my door and give to the poor  
Til they tell me they don't even want no more

Y'all keep raisin the rent, then tell us how to raise our kids  
And categorize us on, where we live like by on Broadway  
It's all Dominicans and blacks that's packed in projects serious  
And why Y'all call it a project, are we an experiment?

[Chorus: x2]

[Verse 3]

Yo, I wasn't tryin to be a slave  
Or encaged up with braids  
I was saved by a guy with a older age with grades  
Told me the other ways to get paid, than lettin my gun wave

We know you brave, get yo' shit tight and here's a pen  
It's much lighter, like click click, that's a gun sound  
Blau! That's a round now hit the ground  
That's what Drag learns 'cause his pop's back was turned

Now call the cops, what about that gat that just got pungin'  
Or that kid that got it 41 times, you call that justice?  
If it is, then what the fuck is this  
Somethin' I must have just missed

Maybe Christmas and get a nut off, we get our hot water cut off  
Off my Timbs I wipe the mud off, 'cause I put the stomp in it  
Pretty rivers, and lakes and ponds, Drag was in a swamp in Bronx  
Well death is where I could of gone

'Cause where I'm from the bullets long  
Y'all see the news, but why my block gang got no footage on  
'Cause my life is like a movie, when you die, ain't no comin' back shit  
So if one of y'all get shot, nigga handle it

[Chorus: x4]