

The Only Way

Cypress Hill

Sometimes I think about the only way that I'll ever see life beyond L.A. is dying

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Only way out is in a bag I figga
You and me little punk ass nigga
Once you down with me you down for life
Wish they hustlin fo, keep the family tight
We run buisness snow I witness
With evidence and contradiction
That's why I only love to control
Love for my hood
I roll with

I Love L.A., But It's A Jungle,
We Come From The Darkest Corners,
Where All The Street Kids Rumble
Get they hustle on
And hold die in a bundle, stumble
And the grandson can't stay humble
Many catch justice
And other pressure and crumble
Will them fuckers they're bound catch a couple
Streets of hot lead sure enough make you tumble
No names attached
Put you out with one blow

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From east side to the valley
Raw dogs all over LA
Here representin' cali
Low riders and hot women
What you tell me
We rollin' out here its so smelly
Don't slip and you could get dropped through the alley
And violated for credit and stuck in your belly
Cuz its all about survival
Better learn it quick or you might get wet on arrival

I got ways of dealin' with my own
A state of smoking for sure
Hot and heavy when i break a nigga
Heat on the street in the form of gangbangers
This side of the earth don't forgive
Chew you up spit you out like
Legal bill and stung like hell
Hunt your ass down to the graveyard hell

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I said don't fuck growing up in the angel city
Caught a glimpse of life and say it with me
I was an outlaw for so many years son
The tears come
Reminensing about the homies awaitin' here
Escape the street karma
No matter what keep comin'
Could never much sleep
You know everything is much harder
We setup and get shot up
You wanna survive you better have the street knowledge
Rappers, actors, gangsters, ballers, watch cars, cop cars
You have fat wallet so
You might have a braveheart like clear Wallace
Trigger with thieves
When you're all alone and somebody comin' for ya

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