

Be This Way

Ghostface Killah

Hey yo, hey yo, what up, yo
What up, y'all, this that Pretty Toney shit
Hey yo, I know there's a lot of hoods and shit out there
A lot of niggas done got bodied
A lot of niggas done got robbed and shit
You know what I mean? We love a lot of things in the hood
But time goes on, and if we don't change a lot of shit
Shit always gonna be this way, and that's a motherfucker fact!
True gangsta shit, y'all, yo, yo, yo
When y'all turn my mic up in here, bareback shit
Know what I mean? Tired of y'all motherfuckers and shit
One-two, fuck around and clob on one of y'all motherfuckers
Yo Spidey, put that reverb shit, on
Come on "Can you feel it? Can you feel it?" Yeah
"Can you feel it" Let's go, fuck it"

Live from Staten Island, where the gangstas kill
Only place on the map, that got the 30 dollar bill
And we front like we got millions
Our specialty is how we willie, niggas
That's how Buck brought the building
And the police is pussy, they protect and serve
They connect, with baseheads then they frisk our birds
Smack DVDs, blowin' herb, I'm in the room
Bonin' these two white bitches, Ice baggin' up work
That's how we get down, fuck Vegas
The black Carlo Gambino, rockin' the wallo's
Blow his diamonds in Z-No's, spicey, verses is jalapeno
Best to leave, when I'm in the big Escalade, I'm sittin' on Dino
Tone Stark, a poet's art, kiss the girls
And bake them pies, clean up, some are old darts
This that real live don' shit, you heard!

Yo, they lick forty rounds, today
Okay, plus the shit is mad hot around the way
Niggas don't give a fuck on any time or day
Or if he dyin' today, or could he find a way
Blow niggas over 'turt, bitches, dimes and trays
Blow a nigga a jewel and watch him slide away
It's like that, in the hood, he in the grimy say
But what we try'nna say is gonna "be this way"
It don't have to, it don't have to, "My God!"

With big carrots and static, with that leaves the bad habits
Drugs layin' in buildings with great big automatics
Anonimos' in the hood, it's a fact, we could do magic
Splatter fagots in lobbies, the heat burn off his eyelashes
Don't try to pass this, back up or you'll receive something
Real tragic, them hollows'll race through your jacket
Semi gangstas with weak tactics
Forensic scientists called in to display graphics
For square inch to his back winds
They brain is spleen, it's left all over a fiend's mattress
Bastard, we cock and squeeze after we leave our ratchets
We keep the hood cryin' for massive havoc
No Trix we take from silly rabbits, yo feed them lead carrots
The little mans'll connect and they touch that fabric

The only thing that can stop 'em is that tephlon phat shit
Maybe artillery's heavy like a bunch of fat chicks
Baow! Ain't no comin' back bitch!
"Ways... be this way!"