

# The Way It Goes

Jarren Benton

East Side 'til I die ho, fuck you to my rivals  
Holy Bible, assault, rifle  
I'm high as hell like Micheal  
Jackson on propofol, Tylenol, howdy y'all?  
Hatin' niggas I'm ridin' off  
In A spaceship on gold D's  
I freebased then OD'd then I wake up in the ER  
Why am I such a retard?  
Your girlfriend such a sweetheart  
She gave me head in a cheap car  
In the back seat, we are not alike  
I'm a monster with a gun sir in a trench coat  
Say one word to me wrong, then  
It's click-clack, pow-pow, 6 feet under  
Yup, put a little coke in my nose  
Okay, I wanna fuck Marilyn Monroe  
If I can't get the pussy I'll be satisfied if she  
Let me put my dick on the side of her toes  
M.O.B., no time for hoes  
Dick hang like no time for clothes  
After I bust, vamonos then I'll take these hoes at the Domino's  
I crumble those pussy rappers then stuff his ass in an envelope  
Shout out to my homeboys who can't smoke because they're on parole  
Pour beer on the bitches head while gettin' head  
Get so high, forget my name  
She called me Jarren, I slapped the ho, bitch this is Fred  
I'm gettin' bread like Pillsbury  
The pussy can't be real hairy  
If she looks like Chewbacca with no clothes on, that's real scary  
I put the beat in a body bag, then throw that shit in the crematory  
Mr bartender I'll throw a Molotov cocktail at your green Ferrari  
My brains on the back of a milk box  
Fuck y'all, kick rocks  
The way that I murdered these verses  
Fuck it, you might as well say I killed Hip-Hop

So tell that hatin' nigga he can go and eat a dick  
Cause to be honest really I don't give a shit  
I got a burner for my enemies and foes  
Cause I know I know I know just the way it goes  
And if you see me pullin' up in with my clique  
Just know we came to go retarded in this bitch  
We got no manners, no respect, well I suppose  
Cause I know I know I know just the way it goes

Thank God for My Grandma's Basement  
I coulda been livin' on the pavement  
I woop a nigga's ass like Texas Walker and spaz on hoes like cavemen  
Nah nigga these ain't Ray-Bans  
I'm throwed off bitch like Rainman  
Made a pussy pop then breakdance  
'Til my dick kiss the Holy Ghost, bitch Amen  
Christian Dior my fragrance  
America caucasians' favorite  
Nigger, put a fuckin' rapper on a grill with a side of collard greens and at  
e 'em  
I'm still tryna fuck Candy Latham, now I can probably fuck Raven-

Symoné, show up at her house at night with a side of that Canadian bacon  
Yeah, As-Salāmu 'Alaikum, Rambo gun bitch, spray 'em  
Fuck y'all niggas still hatin', fuck these hoes don't save 'em  
I keep a hat low like Raiden, get blown with Eddie Van Halen  
Knock-  
knock, anybody home in my head, y'all hoes know my fuckin' brain's vacant  
Bitch, I came off of a Wu-Tang, gettin' paper like Bruce Wayne  
I got an Asian ho that suck dick and do Kung-Fu like Liu Kang  
Blowin' gasoline and butane, my last album had 2 Chainz  
Yeah I'm tryna eat every rapper, I'm a fuckin' beast on that food chain, bit  
ch!

It's Planet VI in this b-i-t-c-h and I see why I receive hate  
Cause even back when I was me how they couldn't see  
May ironic, so sick that it makes ya vomit  
Ladies wanna fuck my pockets to make love to my wallet  
Instead they said if I hoppin' on top of my dick like a rabbit  
Pull my plug in her socket sit back I just let hot rocket  
And you don't know how we to drop it  
Is it a bird or is it a plane  
Bitch, I'm more like an unidentified flyin' object, I'm alien fresh  
Now you can see how an alien dress  
Ain't no time for takin' a rest  
Cookin' up raps when I'm in the both  
I might as well put my hair in net  
But I don't think that they hearing me yet  
Should I yell, should I scream  
Just so you could know what the fuck I mean  
Didn't nobody tell you that I'm crazy  
And I'm insane at the same damn time  
Since I was a baby it was my plan of makin' the game mine  
Throwin' up V-I, please do not mistake that for a gang sign  
And I'm a P.I.M.P., so you know that I only attract dimes  
I'm number eleven on top of the Richter scale  
I'm killin' the game and spittin' them bars  
So I should get sent to jail  
I'm out of your league ho  
Now all I see is green, pockets on Cee-Lo  
Ballin' on these foul ass niggas, fuck a free throw