

How It Goes

King Los

Yeah

Ridin' everyday in the streets with my niggas like
We give a fuck about a crooked cop like [?] for them niggas like
Yeah-ah-ah

Watch out for the one time, for the one time [?]
Growing up on this side, nigga, you know how it goes
This is how it goes

Little black boy dribble ball, chase dream
A little black boy, pitching raw, chase cream
Little black boy love mama, got papi
A little black boy love drama, pop shotty
Little black boy need fun, need pain
To grow like a flower, need sun, need rain
A little black boy turned a little you man
That's a mighty big gun for them little young hands
He said, 'This is for my enemies. They might just saw it come'
When the beef is this fresh, plus the night is all young
Yeah, they might be [?] up, yeah, they might be off one
Catch me slipping, rather take a fucking life like your last one
That's a mighty deep perspective, that's a mighty sharp tongue
You could be [?] on the beat just like a sharp tongue
Tell your people 'bout it, help your people out
Several people doubt it, I believe in [?] every evil [?]

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Yeah, bless that little black boy, life for him's so hard
Teach him how to paint, write poems, no God
Teach him how to pray, show him how to ball straight
How we're talking positivity and never talk hate
Take religion as a chance to build relationships with God
Pray for wisdom, make decisions then have patience in heart
Kiss your momma, hug your daddy, give the hood your testimony like I do when
I'm back home and niggas [?] the question from me
Ask that little black what his little life like
Help him out, you could be his little bright light through a dark time
Hard times turned me into man
Went through failure, but ain't failed 'cause I turned it into a plan
There's a wrong path, there's a right path, pick one
Right path doesn't tend to be a quick one
See a black boy, it's my job to help one
Poppas living here prolly tell me, 'Well done'
Little black boy

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He said, 'Little black boy ride for his big homie'
This little black boy ridin' for a big Rollie
Little black boy had it rough, played rougher
Jail was the pattern for his dad along with eight brothers
He said, 'Big homie, you the shit. Hope you know that
Ain't where you from, it's what you do when you go back
I went back, told them they could make it, and meant that
The ones that needed shit, that's incarcerated, I sent that
Took flicks for 'em, I took the advice when life took this for em
See little black boys and do good shit for 'em
'Cause the hood stick to 'em
Tell 'em they could make it and how it could switch for 'em
See, little black boy need rules, need guidance
Or little black boy be a fool, be defiant
Little black boy, be cool, be reliant
'Cause little black bot, you the true sleeping giant
Wake up!