

## 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  
This is how it goes  
This is 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

Yeah

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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!