

Same Way

OMB Peezy

Look

Same niggas that'll smile in your face be the same niggas hatin' (Yeah, yeah)
Same bitches used to salt me down be the same bitches wanna taste it, yeah (Oh)
I can't let a nigga cross me over, gotta get 'em the same way (Same way)
No, I can't wait (Uh-uh), I gotta get 'em the same day
No, I can't lose, I gotta keep my tool, where I'm from, we don't play by the rules
My city need help, feel like I'm surrounded by death, where I'm from, everybody gettin' blew
You don't know how it felt, locked in the cell, can't do shit but think, that shit ain't cool, dog
He ain't worried 'bout jail, my youngin ain't got shit to lose, dog (Look)

One phone call, my lil' nigga gon' spray somethin' (Gon' spray somethin')
No rush, we gon' get him when the day come (When the day come)
Seen that boy outside and he ate him (Ate him)
Send a hit, nigga, I ain't gotta pay nothin' (Pay nothin')
I ain't gotta give my nigga shit, but I'ma pay for it (But I'ma pay for it)
Thirteen years old, robbin' niggas with a fake gun (With a fake gun)
Bitch kept beggin' for the dick, made her pay for it (Made her pay for it)
Sittin' on your ass, boy, you're actin' like you hate money
I can't slow down, all I'm knowin' is the fast lane (Fast lane)
Street cred don't mean shit, get your cash, man (Cash, man)
I know a lot of niggas that done died for the cash, gang (For the cash, gang)
Call a nigga brother, but don't know a nigga last name (Last name)
The same niggas smilin' in your face be the ones hatin' (Be the ones hatin')
Should've never let them niggas close in the first place (In the first place)
I kinda miss my old ways, but I don't miss the old days, lil' nigga

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Uh, sticks (Sticks), cutters (Cutters), blitz (Blitz), fuck a huddle (Fuck a huddle)
Just like a bitch, you ain't got no muscle
You got a clique full of busters
How you ain't got shit, but won't hustle? (Oh, no)
Why you chasin' a bitch, not a duffel? (Oh, yeah)
On a lick, we just hit for a couple
And it's still M-O-B, but I love you, uh

And my dog got a good aim
Youngin hold the strap like the long-range
Big dog, send a hit, I'm in Spain
We do walk-ups, ain't got long range
We do walk-ups, ain't got long range
We ain't never gotta mention no name
Put him on the rope, let himself hang
I can get a nigga Kurt Cobain'd

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