

## Carry On

Shyheim

"Is that any way for a man to carry on, carry on  
carry on" - sample repeated throughout intro  
Mister education, I'm on my way, let's go, uh huh  
Ask yourself, if you was me, yeah, carry on, but you  
ain't got now

Layin' in my cell, starin' at the ceiling, oh what a f\*\*ked up feeling  
The things that I used to adore, I no longer find appealing  
And the girl I loved so much, she started exhaling  
While I was jailing, my niggaz turned the other cheek  
So I stopped calling, I sensed they ain't wanna speak  
I couldn't go to sleep, no one to hug but my sheets  
Kept bangers for the beef, that follow me from the street  
Dear mama, I wrote you a letter, why you ain't write back?  
Must of went right back, to the pipe and crack  
If it wasn't for grandma, I would of been hung up  
But I heard her voice in my head, tellin' me to be tough  
I put the sheet back on the mattress, where the f\*\*k is my matches  
When I need a cigarette, you ain't feelin' my pain yet  
So, anybody, everybody, somebody, please  
Tell me, is this any way?

"Is that any way for a man to carry on, carry on carry on  
Oh oh... yeah..., carry on"

Last night I couldn't sleep, I tossed and turned  
Heard hell was hot and dark, and the fire really burns  
My lawyer firm, couldn't get this day to germ  
So I'm sittin' on the edge of the bed, I lit a C, I journed  
Took a deep inhale, blew out the smoke, like f\*\*k it kid  
It is what it is, I'mma die in jail  
And for my last million, you know the God, from the mob ate spaghetti  
Soon as I birthed, the C.O. jerked "Franklin, you ready?"  
I guess so, he like 'let's go', my comrade next go  
Scream "hold your head, babe bro", Yeah yeah  
See you when you get there, I'mma have it crackin'  
For every G mackin', in this sad fashion, we started laughing  
The funny thing was, it wasn't nothin' funny  
At the end nothing matters, the God, drugs or the money  
I'm shackled bashful, walking down the corridor  
Chains draggin' on the floor, I said a prayer for all of y'all

Seven four pound, I'm wakin' up to a count  
Washed my face, brushed my teeth, rinsed my mouth  
My super three, blastin' ODB off the meter  
And I sip a cup of Folgers, fresh off the stinger  
Got my greens on, sittin' with my feet up  
Waitin' on the porter, to bring my feed up  
Cuz yesterday, in the fish tank, a bitch nigga got ate  
And beat up, I'm blowin', stick after stick  
But stayin' on my water game, avoiding the dirty dick  
I ain't rich, I don't spit on no home for nigga's chicks  
Stay in my gangsta pose, like every move I make false, click click  
You can catch Shy in transit, with my eyes open  
Scopin' out for my bandits, it better be more careful  
Like the book written by Shannon, I never signed in  
Got disciplinary record, that Flex can't even split

I'm a soldier, I thought I told ya  
My rep rap in the kept, like seven up, not the soda  
I stopped at Wendy's, but it wasn't for a burger  
I'm a Clinton hub thug, and the green bloods get no love  
And in Marcy, I really see niggaz cough up a lung  
But I'm really tryin' to chill, get closer to home  
And God forget, the fish kill, yea, I'm that real deal