

## How It Goes

The Alchemist

Yeah, come on  
Life, yeah  
It's real, yeah, come on  
It go down, yo

Who the fuck said life was like a bowl of cherries?  
My life was like every year somebody buried, yeah  
My youth hurt me, ice cold from it all (From it all)  
My vision blurry, couldn't see past the corner store  
If you from that hood, I ain't gotta say no more  
Summer job, first paycheck, copped raw  
Quit the summer job, fuck that, these jumbs gettin' off  
And grandmoms flippin' when she saw the new cloths (Yeah)  
I'm walkin' with a knot, every day, new drawers  
Who could pump over here, who couldn't, them hood wars  
A basehead came through with some Army gats  
Half-price with the serial scratched  
And life was hard, anything easy wasn't worth havin'  
Money aside for re-up, now we in the kitchen baggin' (Yeah)  
Pot on the floor make for the perfect cookie  
Y'all don't know nothin' 'bout them real Champion hoodies

"God forgive me"  
"Livin' wild inside of New York state"

This is how it all go, how a hustler get dough  
When the streets get hot at night  
They be huggin' them blocks  
On the low from the cops when them guns go pop at night ("Livin' wild")  
This is how it all go, how a hustler get dough  
When the streets get hot at night  
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Ayo, see, we gon' do the right thing, and get this money like Vikings  
We animals about paper, it's real frightening  
We cannibals for dead presidents 'cause we like it  
Watch us caveman your women, and she like it  
Never stop gettin' that scratch, I'm clickin' while I rip  
The Virgin close at 2 a.m. in New York, kid  
We gettin' Internet money 24 hours a day  
Overseas cheese, different shapes of the chips  
Change in emissions on exotic whips  
You gotta feel the ignition on his Honda, it's a trip  
We come on home with Mercedes dirt bikes, that's two stroke  
Those is race bikes, y'all niggas don't even know  
We grew up on rap, it spoon-fed us slow  
But the real world shoved the streets down our throat  
We grew up on guns with the silencer potatoes  
Now we only want the green with the zeroes

"Mobb Deep and all that"  
"Livin' wild inside of New York state"

This is how it all go, how a hustler get dough  
When the streets get hot at night  
They be huggin' them blocks

On the low from the cops when them guns go pop at night ("Livin' wild")  
This is how it all go, when you headline shows  
And you M-O-B-B for life  
Been around the world more than twice  
And it's on me all my life

And I'm still shinin'  
Let me see if I've got this right