

XTC

"My Way"

Visit "[My Way](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Nas]

Word to Will, buried in his fila suit and heavy chain
I wanna be iced-up nigga, bury me the same
I live for street glory and I die for ghetto fame
Respect all, fear none, my pride is everything
Initials in swimming pools floors, women lose draws
A true boss, never lose wars, got cheddar to floss
Guns under beds, mask and a flashlight
Living my life like everyday's my last night
Alcoholic on toilets, I shit blood
Foreign cars, models and stars, life of a rich thug
Mama told me from weed, I would switch drugs
To cocaine and hit clubs and deep-dish dubs
How would she know unless she hit the clubs, got her
mack-on
Back in the 60's with an afro and her platforms
Bopping to the supremes, smoking joints
That's cool, but I'ma live how I want

[Chorus 1]

I did it my way, from crumbs and roaches and rats
I did it my way, converted in from hustling to raps
I did it my way, from break dancing, back spins on the
cardboard
I did it my way, to bullet proof bentleys, gats in the
car's door
I did it my way, never gave a fuck what nobody said
I did it my way, they hope that I fail and wished I was
dead
I did it my way, if I fucked up it falls on me
I did it my way, I'm lucked up and struck rich, now we
all can eat

[Nas]

Gateways, marble floors, chandeliers
Juzzi's, gucci soap, throwing cash in the air
Though I, still feel broke with millions in the bank
And deals on the table, I focus to stay afloat
And just to think some would die to get with I got
They think its alot, the blink of an eye, you could get
shot

Niggas is wolves, coming if you ruthless or not
But i be on point, put you in places where bodies rot
Never knew murder till I seen my man get popped
No blood soaking, laying there, eyes still open
I got a little closer, put my hand in his palm
He was looking right through me, Yo staring beyond
I wonder what he saw, the limoes, movies and tours
Did he die in vain and represent for the cause
Now I put his name on everything I'm involved
And that's the game, Ya'll can't relate, fuck ya'll (Ill Will)

[Chorus 2]

I did it my way, from crumbs, roaches and rats
I did it my way, converted in from hustling to raps
I did it my way, I call it how I see it niggas
I did it my way, if you don't like it so be it niggas
I did it my way, I make my own rules, I do my own plans
I did it my way, gangstas do what they want
Suckers do what they can't
I did it my way, taking sacrifices kid
I did it my way, but now you only getting one life to live

[Nas]

Yo, hoes in my fold can slow me, roll with the brokest
homies
Cold and we hopeless lonelies, scolding my foes who
phony
From blocks where coke can feed you and cops are
over evil
They know some people who tell on felons who sold
some diesel
Here on and blow it rurals, its mine, knew a crew one
time
'89, they took work to Caroline and blew big time
In just two years, their crew disappear
Snitches and bitches, smeared the paint on their
pictures
Years back, I reminiscence and remember, sitting on
wood benches
Gave me splinters, just a baby nigga thankful
When them killers came through, guns out, moving
I think the ones who said shorty go home, we about to
be shooting

[Chorus 1]

Visit [XTC](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.