

Young Guns

"The Way It Goes"

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(Young Chris talking)

G - I - F - I

Get In Where You Fit In, baby

You know, roll wit ya boyz

Gunnaz!!

(Young Chris)

Honestly, my favorite type of gear

A scrunchie for a hair, LaPerle underwear

Bang her from the rear

Baby girl don't care who there

All i know she don't care who here

That's what i love about her

Make the thugs bring the love up out em

She know you comin, she gon stop and get the nut up
out em

They learn enough about 'em

They get enough up out 'em

Just like a nigga that soon she fuck give a fuck about
em

That's my type, baby

No disrespect to tha bourgeois and too polite ladies

I'll do tha wife, maybe

Maybe later when a player in his thirties

Man i can't afford these young'ns tryna play a nigga
dirty

Have me up all night talkin bout i can't sleep

Too hurt to eat, baby girl neva see, that be he

Not me i'm way a better cheat

You know me better, b

We just fuck em and duck em and leave em..

Chorus(2X)

All night can't sleep too hurt to eat

That's the way it goes

That's the way it goes

(Pooda Brown)

See all my life i've been the type to keep a lil bitch

Fresh in the mornin put it on me , cook a lil grits

She like to touch my lips

Yea i like to touch her hips
Then we get it poppin when a player get enough to split
Back to that block where i be
I'm on her mind though
I wanna call her and ball her i'm on my grind though
She wanna ride on the love train
But love man, aint what i'm here for
That's not what i care for
I'm in and out when i wanna
Don't wanna one-a
We could kick it in the winter
But i'm cool in the summer
I rather go through my act
With them packie packies on her lap
We on the corner, nigga heavy and he packin stacks
Quality time, you outta ya mind
You steppin over ya line
I know that you fine, girl
But all i do is fuck em and duck em
Pops told me don't trust em
Every night is another one
Pooda got em up....

Chorus(2x)

(Neef)

Baby girl, don't act foolish when you know that you
know betta
I keep you fine cuz you a dime but you gets no cheddar
Its hard to show feelings when you know you aint got
none
I aint the type of brother that'll bail soon as ya drop one
I'm in the crib yea soon as tha block done
I lay pipe all night so let tha bed bugs bite
She grippin the sheets tight
I came when she came twice
Oh you got the right one
We sex till the sun come
Good thing i brought a box of them Magnums
Or nine months later she pop out wit a bad one
And everything change that a chicken be naggin
Listening to her girlfriends, now she want more ends
Taking out my benz, scraping up my rims
Every other weekend she out, girlfriend be clubbin
Went from somethin to nothin now she huffin and
puffin
Cuz a nigga be frontin and i got her up....

Chorus(2x)

Fade to end.....

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