

Tool F/ Maynard

"That's the Way"

Visit "[That's the Way](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

This is for the hustlas, hustlas
This is for the hustlas, hustlas
This is for the hustlas, hustlas
This is for the hustlas, hustlas
This is for the hustlas, hustlas
This is for the hustlas, hustlas
This is for the hustlas, hustlas
This is for the hustlas, hustlas

Chorus:

That's the way that we hustle
cause we struggle everyday, everyday, pain - So much
pain
That's the way that we hustle
cause we struggle everyday, everyday, pain - So much
pain
That's the way that we hustle
cause we struggle everyday, everyday, pain - So much
pain
That's the way that we hustle
cause we struggle everyday, everyday, pain - So much
pain

Come follow me now
Back in the day we still was thuggin
Nothin changed
Always into somethin
Whatever you name
A young thug with my niggas it's one love
Little bad ass niggas sneaky
A calm collected slickster
I might not have been on the scene
But you could believe I was in the picture
In the mixture selling llello
Scrapping, car jackin, gun packin
I'm lacking everything you can't imagine so I'm praying
Rapping can get me up out this jam
Damn, just gimme a chance
I'll keep 'em dancin, dancin, all night, all night
But times got harder and harder
My dreams got further and further away

And nigga I chased them but couldn't catch them to
save my life
So now I'm thugging on this corner
I gotta increase my financial status
I chance it fucking with these rollers when they roll up
Yeah don't wanna be locked in no cell
But I also can't take strippin's and be broke with no mail
Ohh yes, it's hell
And they say that gets easier
But to me it only got deeper and deeper

Chorus

Just turned eighteen and caught my first case
Incarcerated, caught with a twelve guage
Trying to come up with some money and made a
stupid-ass mistake
Could have been my niggas fate
Fucking with shotguns
We out to rob some niggas I'm drunk, I'm pumped
I made a mistake and popped him, now he bleeding
I see blood, damn, get to the doctor, Nigga don't rest
in peace
Doctor's took him to emergency
Copper's came and arrested me
Not knowing if my nigga had made it alive and was well
I tossed and turned in my cell knowing he's sweatin like
hell
Praise to the Lord and I hope you hear me
And I hope you feel me
I ain't mean to, really, really, I ain't mean it
I know you seen it
I finally spoke to my nigga
He lifted up and recovered
And pressed no charges
Wait the state done picked it up and I gotta trial in a
month
Fuck!
And the judge ain't trying to give me no love
Cause it was my first offence
But he just thinkin he lockin up a thug
So now I'm cuffed up on the bus
And ridin' down 71, ain't no fun

Chorus

Now I'm locked inside this prison system
Biddin and count days left before my sentence
Now I can say that I've been here
But I sure ain't gonna come back here
Uh-uh!

The day they release me I'm going home
I can cope but I can't adjust
These fucking steel doors drivin me nuts
My last month and I'm ready to move out
I'm sure, stay on the low
I listen to thug stories
And be trippin on niggas love stories
I'm finna get out of this motherfucker
Heard them call out my name
Two fifty two two fifty
Pack up your shit it's your day
Jumped out my bunk, gave all my shit to my niggas
In fact I left everything that I had back in jail but my
raps
I'm on the streets now
Scene unchanged
Niggas still the same
I ain't fuckin with you bustas cause I'm tryin to make a
change
I got with the real dogs and we was schemin on the
mill' ya'll
So we had to chill on ya'll
Get out of Cleveland if we plan to achieve it
So we plannin it with Eazy on Greyhound and now we're
leavin

Chorus

Visit [Tool F/ Maynard](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.