

## Trick Daddy f/ Big Boi, Cee-Lo

### "I Did it My Way"

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[singing: Paul Anka] + (Jay-Z)  
Now, the end is near (Can you believe this shit Guru?)  
So I face (I'm from the hood man) the final curtain  
(No the REAL hood the hood, not the RAP hood)  
(The REAL hood, like three pair of pants)  
My friends, I'll say it clear (pair of sneakers)  
(My moms is bustin her ass) State my case  
(Nigga I'm goin to Japan tomorrow!) Which I'm certain  
(You understand what I'm sayin? Can you believe that?)  
I lived a life that's full (They have people, waitin)  
(at the airport like five days like I'm a Beatle or  
somethin)  
(That's really somethin!) And I travelled each, and  
every highway  
(Seen the best of the best, the worst of the worst) and  
more  
Much more than this (still here) I did it myyyyyy  
wayyyyyyy  
Let's try this one

[Jay-Z] + (singer)  
Uhh, yeah... gangsta nigga!  
Put my hustle down, tore the game up nigga  
Took your high score down, put my name up nigga  
Tore the doors down 'til the Hall of Fame is Jigga  
I did it my way (and more.. much more than this)  
That's right, it's a beautiful thing man!  
(I did it myyyyyy wayyyyyyy) I did it my way -- Hovi  
baby!

Momma's youngest and strongest, survived summers  
like saunas  
Mastered a corner like Deion in his uniform  
Pop hurtin assertive, flirted with death  
Damn near murdered before my first album hit the  
shelf  
Grandma's favorite, she could not understand  
how there's people in the world who wouldn't want me  
as a neighbor  
Has to explain to her, you think these folks want me in  
the penthouse

as a reminder that I make top paper?  
Black entrepreneur, nobody did us no favors  
Nobody gave us shit, we made us  
The Rap Pack, I'm Sinatra, Dame's Sam Davis  
Big's the smart one on the low like Dean Martin  
We came in this game, not beggin niggaz pardon  
Demandin y'all respect, hand over a check  
And while y'all at it, hand over the jet  
We the reason they ain't hand over Def Jam so quick  
They new every year I was droppin new product  
I was raisin the stock up, while buildin the Roc up  
But that's alright, cause they knew they had to see us  
When it was time for us to re-up, make us multi-million-  
ires  
Je-je-yeah!

(And more, much more than this; I did it myyyyyyy  
wayyyyyyy)

Yeah! "In My Lifetime"  
I caught smaller cases, but I had capital  
Hypocritic system let me right back at you  
You better hope a rich rapper never attacks you  
Not even that scratches you, 'specially if you black  
dude  
They don't give a shit unless the accused just happen  
to rap  
And they can look good by paintin him as bad news  
Cause in my past, I seen dudes get half of they views  
exposed to the curb and nobody said a word  
So imagine how disturbed I was  
When I seen how big they made my fight scene at the  
club  
Let me explain exactly how this shit was  
This nigga Un yo I scratched him, he went home  
without an aspirin  
But it's cool cause he's back friends, and half-inning is  
over  
It's in the past and I'm glad, now I'm back to bein Hova  
Me back with the chaffeur, laid back  
Helicopter seat, feat inclined, shit feelin like a sofa  
Helicopter meet me, Teta Vero(?) take me over  
somewhere peaceful for the weekend now it's back to  
speakin of vultures  
So the next time that page six approaches us  
Here's a quote from Jay, nigga I did it my - way

(And more, much more than this; I did it myyyyyyy  
wayyyyyyy)

