

## Beanie Sigel

# "I Can't Go On This Way - Freeway"

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[Beanie Sigel talking]

Honor (honor), Trust (trust), Respect (respect)

Devotion (devotion), Friendship (friendship), Loyalty

(loyalty), Karma (karma), Team (team), Us (us), ROC

(roc), Silence (silence), tha 'eagle, bang

I can't go on this way (sung overlapping last line)

[Beanie Sigel]

Wit no union, and no benefits no dental plans

I can't eat off no hundred grams

I got cavities dat need fillin'

You can't feed a nigga peanut juice

Now put ya feet up in a nigga' shoes

A lack of green'll give a nigga blues

A sip of purple make a nigga rue

Nigga drunk person speak a sober tune

\*I can't do on this way\* (sung overlapping last line)

(Fuck dat, I can't do it man)

We make these tips off dis gift dat we cursed wit

But den my mind drift, am I defeatin' the purpose?

Could you feel like shit when you miss yourself 1st? shit

But who gon pay the bills? supply the mills? no surplus

My baby mama give me drama on the daily

Like she, makin' it barely and my kids is eatin rarely

\*I can't go on this way\*

(I'm stressed out gon' the what I can't do it)

If you put puppies in the oven, do dat make 'em

biscuits?

Put hungry dogs in the kitchen, will dey eat the kittens

Do you hear me or you listenin'? Ders a big difference

Do you catch the lines and the hooks or are you still

fishin'?

Des a couple questions dat I, need to be answered

Like, is dey backwoods and weed givin' me cancer

\*I can't do on this way\*

(I'm stressed out gon do what I can't do it)

My momma say I got a nerve stress

Got her wakin up in cold sweats

I'm hard-headed and iron

What make it worse my lil brother behind me

Blood pressure runnin like Harriet

She can't handle it

I got her screaming Lord Jesus like Nahalia  
Son I'm tellin ya please don't let me bury ya  
\*I can't go on this way\*  
(I'm stressed man, I'm goin thru it)  
I was taught trust in the law but still tie up your camel  
Use your tongue as your sword and your books as your  
ammo  
But when dem bullets start flyin and you got pussies  
around you  
And who you rely on, got dem niggaz surround u? shit  
And make me feel like young Tinner, from the start I  
was finished  
How niggaz start wit a finish and begin wit a endin'  
\*I can't go on this way\*  
(I'm stressed out, I can't take it no more)  
I'm movin ass backwards wit no forward progress  
Feel asthmatic like kept mills keep joggin \*Heavy  
breathin\*  
Stagnant, runnin in place is tragic  
My heart in the faith I don't practice  
I still pray along, forgive me for my actions  
Cuz I still spit gangsta think Muslim and act Catholic  
\*I can't go on this way\*  
(I gotta still feel feed my young'n's, so keep huggin)

[Freeway]

I can't wait until the rain turn to sunshine  
Cuz I hate to spend my life, my life, my life, my life  
Stuck in one time, Free pat-rol the block  
Get avoided by the government avoid the spent  
Can't wait til rain turn to sunshine  
Cuz I hate to spend my life, my life, my life, my life  
Stuck in the box  
\*I can't go on this way\*  
Young Chris: (I feel you big homie, Young gunner)

[Young Chris]

Straight from the ghetto to ghetto  
I'm from the youngaz be the ghettoist ones  
Tryna make just as much as we could  
Tryna make it but dey gon make it hard as much as dey  
could  
Dat's why, dat's why  
Dat's why I hate 'em man dey crackers ain't nothin  
without paper  
Dey look at us it's nothing  
\*I can't go on this way\*  
(Came too far and I ain't goin backwoods for nothin)  
I ain't bein distracted by nothin  
Midget-size to Dikembe, I ain't back up from nothin  
Ma I'm still stressin

It ain't the kid it's the bills stressin, she hold it down on  
her own  
She hold me down at the crib, hold me down while I'm  
gone  
She hold me down as a kid, hols me down while I'm  
grown  
\*I can't do on this way\*  
(I choose not, refuse not, down on my own)  
Now off the streets, runnin wit the hottest label in the  
label in the industry  
Da hottest label got a nigga 'lotta enemies  
So now when I go in baseline  
A nice-size ratchet to throw in wasteline  
I gotta make mine  
My bills ain't gettin paid in, kids ain't situated  
\*I can't go on this way\*  
(Ya'll better make a decision before us)  
(B. Sig) Cuz the way dat we livin ain't all good  
Ran away wit dem hatin ass niggaz don't like us  
Despite dem, we gon do it regardless  
But all dis comotion dey causin I ain't it wit  
(We ain't wit it)  
Dey can get it all it take is a column  
My dogs'll be down if the rounds gotta unlit tho  
\*I can't go on this way\*  
(Someday gotta forget it tho  
Consequences for my sentence gotta forgive us tho)  
\*Fades out\*

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