

DJ Quik "50 Ways"

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DJ Quik

Why you keep givin me cards I can't keep?

I throw these two back, you throw me two more, they're
so cheap

I couldn't get the winning hand that I wanted in my
sleep

Cause when the dream get good, I get trampled by
sheep

Nightmares, even when I'm walkin in day

I'm havin dreams that I'm runnin but there's smoke in
the way

And there's this man in a suit, he take a toke and he
say,

"You have a promise that you made and you broke it
today."

Now which part of this movie here did I just miss?

Did I really sell my soul to this big red bitch?

I don't think what you got to offer is really enough

For cars sex and houses, money and stuff

I'd rather be broke and own nothin but piece of mind

and a Benz, and a house, and a nine-deuce-nine

on top, help me out before I sink the boat

There's gotta be more than 50 ways to keep afloat

Cause I feel like I'm suffocatin, I can't breathe

I wanna go, but I'm too afraid to leave

Take me with you Mausie, I know you're seein somethin
grand

as you fade away, and you gently release my hand

And it shook my balance, cause you ain't no more alive

You think I'd see you, if I chewed this 45?

Oh I'd be the first person poppin three, droppin me

to the abyss, but I miss, what's stoppin me?

I got the pressures of the WORLD on my little back

My nerves are turnin into jelly and I'm bout to crack

You think I'm cheatin on my homies, by holdin back?

No I really protect them all because the truth is wack

Forever bars and forever scars

Bein trapped and dyin young makes forever stars

Tell me why am I so hesitant?

And the way life's goin, looks like when hell comes,

I'ma be a resident

Chorus 2X: Wanya Morris

La, la la-la - la, la la-la

La, la la-la - la, la la-la

DJ Quik

They tell me Quik, suck it up, I'm supposed to

But me and Mausberg was closer than most knew

It ain't dramatized, and it ain't a fuckin act

when you're traumatized, and it ain't no turnin back

When you're so connected, and it's hard to keep your
focus

When you're so affected, and it's hard to love again

When you're so neglected - suck it up, I'm 'posed to

That ain't easy for somebody you're close to, shit

See your homey in a coffin is so wicked and vivid

It's gon' be harder on all of us, cause we gon' relive it

Over and over, drunk or sober, from October to
October

I steadily feel like I'm gettin knocked over

And all the money in the world, don't make it better

And a whole bottle of alcohol, don't make it wetter

With a blur and a slur I'm still callin ya name

And on top of this drama you add fame? Wild

But when you start to bubble then your friends they
spite you

And if you go to church, then hip-hop won't like you

I feel like a giant on a worldwide stage

but at the same time trapped in a real tight cage

With no way out, I play out, then I come back

Cause there's an unwritten law that says I can't be wack

So I put on my game face, go back to the same place

Only to realize that y'all ain't got the same taste

Even with somethin new, they look at you cold

And without a hot face, consider you old

And leavin me stressed and broken-hearted

How could I be finished with West coast rap? I helped
start it!

[Chorus]

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