

Drag-on "The Way Life Is"

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Listen up, yo, shit, I get upset if I see a nigga, layin' in
his sweats
With blood comin' out his head like sweat, knowin' I
could be next
So, what about all the babies that ain't fully born
That's less fortunate like that man walkin' with one arm
They tried to throw me up in a orphanage with all the
kids
But I stayed up in the offices 'cuz they couldn't get me
off a kid

It's sad when a good mother put hard work
Like wash clothes, off the shit we played on and got
hurt
Why she gotta pay for the dirt?
'Cuz her only son is up the street with the whole block
sour
'Cuz you know bodies lay for 'bout for eight hours
Wanna talk about our chrome whips

There's niggas out there don't own shit
While we sit at home and bone a bitch while niggas is
homeless
See niggas get piped over dice, wiped out, over 4 digit
price
Damn near broke my heart, made me so sick, I had to
go shit
Found her up the steps a bloody mess, hopeless
It wasn't cops 'cuz only street niggas empty the whole
clip
Ya know this

People come, people go, that's the way life is
(And I heard that)
I don't know what to do, guess I'll just handle it
(And we heard that)

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Yo, bullets don't have no name
Or maybe y'all niggas should get better aim
And stop puttin' these innocent people in pain
It's a damn shame that life ain't, nothin' but a game
And we all at the 4th quarter, 'cuz our time is shorter
and shorter
'Cuz y'all got time to tap our phones and hear the
orders

And stop the coke from comin' across the waters
But y'all can't stop the slaughters or the people from
starvin'
The guns is not standin' still, they still revolvin'
Uptight and still mobbin'
Blacks still sling cracks and I know why they call it fish
scale
From Colombia to New York on a boat the shit sells

Tell a weak sore, and when I score
I'ma open up my door and give to the poor
'Til they tell me they don't even want no more
Y'all keep raisin' the rent, then tell us how to raise our
kids
And categorize us on, where we live like by on
broadway
It's all Dominicans and blacks that's packed in projects
serious
And why y'all call it a project, are we an experiment?

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Yo, I wasn't tryin' to be a slave or engaged up with
braids
I was saved by a guy with a older age with grades
Told me the other ways to get paid, than lettin' my gun
wave
We know you brave, get yo' shit tight and here's a pen
It's much lighter, like click click, that's a gun sound
Blau, that's a round now hit the ground

That's what Drag learns 'cuz his pop's back was turned
Now call the cops, what about that gat that just got
pungin'

Or that kid that got it 41 times, you call that justice?
If it is, then what the fuck is this
Somethin' I must have just missed
Maybe Christmas and get a nut off, we get our hot
water cut off

Off my Timbs I wipe the mud off, 'cuz I put the stomp in
it
Pretty rivers and lakes and ponds, Drag was in a
swamp in Bronx
Well, death is where I coulda gone
'Cuz where I'm from the bullets long
Y'all see the news, but why my block gang got no
footage on
'Cuz my life is like a movie, when you die, ain't no
comin' back shit
So if one of y'all get shot, nigga handle it

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