

Kany García

"My Way"

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I've lived
Yes I've lived a life that's full
I've traveled each, and every highway
What more, and what's more than this -

It go my way, Chi-Way
This way or the highway
Shots'll lay you off on your day off, like Friday
The ROC got "-Ye" but they ain't snortin' it
They just got him up the base line recordin' shit
Yeah I've been broke
Now I'm good bitch
I ain't no Kennedy
But I'm hood rich
So I say my way to thank you to the ghetto
And everybody else, thank you very little
I took the road less traveled, the unbeaten path
I've been beatin', but never brokin' through the darkest
past
It's sort of like when King spoke and said we free at last
Ain't nothin' free from that point, though
We needed cash
And we need it fast
We broker than Ethiopians just tryin' to eat at last
Now all the blacks cookin' up, they're almost white
'Cause gettin' green makes 'em treat us treat us like we
almost white
Almost

I've lived
Yes I've lived a life that's full
I've traveled each, and every highway
What more, and what's more than this -

It go my way, Chi-Way
This way or the highway
Niggaz wanna diss K
On they're local mix-tapes
There they go again, lyin' to consumers
Get their hair cut in the little shop of rumors
Your lil' sloppy with your cockyness ain't ya

A little arrogant with all your compares
'Cause as far as the Chi
I got the most plaques since the beginnin' of rap
And nah, I ain't mentionin' that
Y'all just talk about my dough
How I left Chicago
How I'm the only one eatin'
Shut your pie hole
And wanna figure out why I'm gettin' it high though
Why? 'Cause you need fire, and I'm a pyro
And you a parrot, you copy what I do and say?
Only difference between you and me, you were gay
Ahhhhh, did he get his feelin's hurt?
Nahhhh, he's got titties under his shirt

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I've traveled each, and every highway
What more, and what's more than this -

It go my way, Chi-Way
This way or the highway
When you walk straight, niggaz tend to look at you
sideways
I say, Fuck that dog, I get my own way
Niggaz ain't believe me 'till they see me on t.v
And seen K freely, gettin' head on the freeway
Then passin' up Freeway, just like it's a relay
We stay 4 stars, all better
'Cause the couches in the rooms got, more leather
And we gon' flip Carter, when we could afford better
And back, before Benzes, when we could afford Jettas
You still dress (Ardjo), but only pay partial
Stay gettin' somethin' off lay-a-way at Marshall's
Polo and (Carbesh's), we into them things dogg
Back in '96 we was livin' like kings dogg
40 cal's or better, tottin' them things dogg
So up the turkish snake, and take them rings off

I've lived
Yes I've lived a life that's full
I've traveled each, and every highway
What more, and what's more than this -
I did it my way

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