

Kanye West

"Have It Your Way"

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Hook:

Don't want nobody to die, don't wanna have to vibe
But in this game I guess that's just the way
Oh yeah, I guess that's just the way
Have it your way!

It's gonna be a lot of ' in your flowering
And gat clinger, bat swinger, bullets flying,
Niggas dying, moms crying
Faggots really don't want it, they're coming
Blood pressure from their arms, legs, head and'
I feel the hatred,
Cause when I turned around like the Matrix
Coming for me, and a ray of bullets headed dead for
me
First the one, and then came the 2 and 3 and 4
5, 6, 7, shots from a Mack 11!
Platinum producer killed by haters and now you on
Channel 7
You do peace for 2 Pac, now coming out to spring from
Heaven
You know my piece is harder than grease is,
With no wrong way to eat you face like a reset, Jesus!
Soon as the second I get some shine
Niggas quit they're fucking jobs and they could hang
full time
So give me the gat, I hit 'em with that,
Cock back, pat pat,
Let me tell you niggas something familiar
Broke niggas don't want your cash,
They wanna kill you!

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Oh, oh, oh I get it, this year niggas don't dance
They just rock bulletproof pants and steel pants.
Now everybody got a gun in they hand

Yeah bitch nigga, run to your man!
Streets, with them, you try the area, fuck where they
land
Niggas close they eyes and don't aim
Like my bitch when she pop champagne bottles
I tell you about them damn models
They can't cook the lick but they'll lick a dick and
swallow!
Look out to living my life, bro
Bullshitting when I write songs
But she talking about having ice on
And I could barely keep my lights on
Niggas play me like Tyson, tryna take my life songs
Cause they knew there are not nigga to fuck out the
box,
Full', forgot the box, cock, who the fuck tryna box right
now?
I feel like my old city on my back
I feel like next year my whole city on the map
For the name!

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I'm from .. town where the rap's the realest
My crack's gorilla, we got the' and we'll be at your'
Close your doors, lock your windows
We'll be at 'em exits for them, back in and checks now.
We're on your court and we got next' about to stumble
We got bandz, we got next'
It's kinda like trading places, huh?
I never' but I'm guilty by association,
The gangsters show me love, for that track I did, yeah I
know
The rest of album whack and shit
It's Kanye to that with that platinum shit, ya punk bitch

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(I guess that's just the way
I guess that's just the way
I guess that's just the way)

