

# Big Syke

## "On My Way Out"

Visit "[On My Way Out](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](#)

Intro: Syke

If I die right now there somethings I want to say  
Don't plan for the future cause the future is today  
Live ya life like ya dying, cause in reality you are,  
Sometimes sacrificed, but keep praying to the stars

Verse 1:

Stay focused, they say the loc'est will die first  
But the calm quiet type seems to be the worst, since  
birth  
Off from the basket to the casket was obituary  
To fulfill yo life is necessary, it's scary  
That you gotta live to die, why ask why?  
I need fortification in this situation passing by  
Cryin' inside as I get high, as I ride  
Through the Southside wonderin' when I'm gon' die  
Fuck a try clock tickin' when ya born  
When a baby enter this world we need to mourn  
My heart's torn apart from the start  
Things are never feelin' right,  
Runnin' in the night tryna beam up satellite  
Shot a kite to that homie feelin' lonely out here  
It seems done into things dreams, and nightmares  
Trapped in darkness regardless my mind's touched  
Ambushed in poverty so life don't matter much  
Such envy and misery surroundin' me my destiny,  
Is to ball outta control,  
Want a leader follow me on a illest journey searchin'  
for Yahweh  
I'm campaigning for him nigga

[Syke sings along with the Chorus]

I wanna lay in a far deep away seclusion  
But I can't get away it's an illusion  
I'm falling further into darkness,  
That's why we heartless  
(2x)

Chorus:

Nobody knows what the future holds for you

Don't hesitate do all the things you plan to do  
Life's too short, time flies as you grow  
I know you don't wanna die,  
But one day you have to go  
(1x)

Verse 2:

Once told time prosperity's not clear, no fear  
My prospective can't find it but it's so near, reappear  
Cause I'm almost dead steady dodgin' lead  
Wanted by the feds, take me dead, feel what I said,  
Step in this world die forever tryna make it  
Make a plan get what you can cause niggas fake it  
I had to take it cause I see you can't see me wid it,  
Searching for greater days, are the ways to get it, shit  
it's,  
Gettin' crazy in the land where nobody cares  
A ?placebo? in the mist of the night air  
Prepare to get yours, open doors to a money journey  
Niggas is counterfeit so bullshit don't concern me,  
Follow me and I'll take you where the Gs hang,  
Where authentic hogs made it off the street fame  
Check game I been and evil mind since '79  
Now niggas want me to rewind,  
On my way out nigga!

Chorus (along wid Syke)

Verse 3:

I know thugs that'll bury ya  
I live in a drug area  
Outta sight some nights'll get scarier,  
Drivin' on a murder course, no remorse, can't feel,  
Even through the pain and sufferin' we keep it real  
Let's make a deal I get killed, by a black  
If I do, gimme my life back,  
On the attack mode, ice cold as I dip ghetto block  
Blunt in my mouth, hand on my glock  
Poppin' rocks is a past time hobby I take serious,  
Some disappear it's mysteriously funny  
It's about money where I live and stay  
But still ain't got here to this day  
I wanna lay in a far deep away seclusion  
But I can't get away it's an illusion  
Nigga prostitution are the drug trade in the States  
Like devil case, they all perpetrate,  
I'm on my way out

Chorus (1x) (w/o Syke)

[Syke sings solo]  
I wanna lay in a far deep away seclusion  
But I can't get away it's an illusion  
I'm falling further into darkness,  
That's why we heartless  
(1x)

Chorus ('til fade)

Visit [Big Syke](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.