

Doja Clik "6 Million Ways To Bubble"

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Shits all fucked up
This shit gets deep
6 feet deep
Life is straight, strugglin', this shit strifin'
Just try to make a meal ticket

I never fucked off anyones paper
Stayed away from captain save
And I'll be down if I'm a busta perpatrator
Anyone fake
I gots to be major
But why in the fuck I got no luck
I pray to my maker
But I still end up gettin' stuck
But I ain't no punk
I have to maintain
A fat ass status, gots to have it
But I reach into my pockets
Blowin' out raps
God damnit I need to be lavish
But the system ain't feelin' me
They rather be killin' me
For some ol' bullshit in the first degree
Now really
I can't fall into trap
Or lose my life over snaps
So peep game
You mark ass langs
Find out what you bustas lack
The game is hard to find
When you imitate and fakin'
Lettin' the hood take you under
This shit be takin' and breakin'
Cause suckas say that they hard
Hard to recognize game
Wavin' that gat in my face
But you the one in the rain
I mantain to stay the same
Defend my life for my kids and wife
A squirrel ain't nothin' nice
You fumble you payin' the price
I smell the refers breathe

When my face is fat
That's why I need a gat
For the fact that possible lacks I have to adapt
Shit like that
Got a motherfucker on paranoia
But some killas got a remedy
Old English and the Doja
Like nowhere this surround a fool
You won't drown up in a sea of no-nos
When you can get caught up by hobos
Playa hatas and po-pos
You can't hear
When your head is underwater
Wake up motherfucker
Pull your suds and your dark
Life is strugglin'

Chorus x4

I know life is a struggle
But you still gotta hustle
6 million ways to bubble

I have to struggle to succeed
In a city that wants to take me
It's like they got the silver spoon
And them suckers they wanna take me
Go to jail or work for you
What else can I fuckin' do
Force me to deshrunk my side of ten rods
Then devils live cool
Ain't givin' a fuck
Ain't givin' a back
That's why they devilish
Sometimes I grab the gat
Cause all they do is make you wish
You wonder why
The liquor stores surrounds the fuckin' pole
So you can't think I'm all shit
Like that makes Young Ren wanna even the scores
But if I fuck with them
What they gon' do to me
Clear the dirt on my name
With they authority
Just another ghetto story
Straight lost in the system
You can't afford free speech
So you better pay attention
Listen to the game I'm speakin' in your big ass head
Before life expectancy pronounces you dead
That's real with Doja Clik
Can't you feel

Chorus x4

Six million ways to get paid
And I ain't gon' break my back
Just know your gettin'
You know what I'm talkin' about
I don't know
But I got all just about to sport mine
Just be our for yours
Stop trippin' ex man
They mad me get all you paid
Na'ad mean
Straight business shit
Young Ren
Doja Klik
E-D-C

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