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Layzie Bone "On My Own"

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This is how it is, this is how it has to be No matter what they say, you know I'ma keep it street I'ma do it on my own, even if that mean struggling I'ma do it on my own, now I'm grinding and hussling, just hussling Been chasing this paper, bee out in these streets And I'll be thugging for eternity You know I'ma do it on my own, I'ma do it on my own, on my own, Want something done? Better do it yourself cause Won't nobody do it quite like you, I play the whip with this hand I deal I make some deal with this high ig I see from a sky view high, to I do eagle eye you mind You I got means to find you blind, You sneak up from behind you like Watch out, little luck on the road, 7 11 and I'm serving them niggers An one man army, for, ahead of the, I'm burying niggers Roaches, call them, niggers, scary ass niggers be aware of them niggers They hurry and try to compare for a nigger But worrying I'ma just pray for them niggers Hey, cause god bless the child that got his own That begin his own I never worry about what the next nigger do I'm too true, , to the bone , won't match up Trying to get at me, I get right back at you Better call help, cause you gonna need backup Bag it, little niggers, take what's mine boy, yeah I'm a ,fighter Maggots, shouldn't have tried to act up, act up , my desire on fire, still thugged out my grind is required Free my mind, I'm trying to reach higher Little Layzie Bone, reminiscence,

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Never been a task that Layzie can't handle Smash for the cash I lead by example Blast on the past jumped in my time capsule Came to the future now I'm the new asshole They like, what you do that for? Turn quick, pick up the new capsule And my book, they got what they asked for I collect the dough when I pass go, hey They never met a nigger that can get up on the grind And I hussle till the break of dawn, make a nigger wonder What the fuck a nigger take me for Time ain't money, what the fuck a nigger waiting on Get going, get my motherfucking paper on I sit up high, my Bentley, I holler at the motherfuckers later on No time for, I'm too bizy I'm on the race with this clock and Every single day you gotta be popping Rip is , I represent Compton Worldwide stomping, neighborhood mobbing I'm just too major for they problems Call me solution I solve them I'm, plus I make the rules so we all win Hold on I answer my calling, on the road to bring back the life Real soldier, they hear it and they fall in No wrong, you gotta go right This game was made for real balling I make the place, Raise up your fist if you all in, These are the days of my life

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