

## Paris "How We Do"

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Yeah

Welcome

You are now in tune to the real

Hard truth - Soldiers

In about 2 seconds a soldier will began to speak

Welcome into Cali where we strong like that

We struggle with the struggle and it's on like that

We guard the gate, separate these boys from men

In the cities where too many take your life for granted

Stone cold with the message, it's on and crackin'

Niggas trifilin' ya quick lose ya life from scrappin'

Happens all the time see us dyin' playin' for keeps

Many fallin' to the callin' of these murderous streets

And the world keep spinnin' ...no stoppin' the rain

Seem everytime we happy come the trouble and pain

Even marks playin' heartless - who the hell could know

In a twist he resisted now he stiff in the cold

And we still ain't got no love for no po-lice

How many killin' niggas murder in these City Streets

Fuck a Pig and these busta ass nigga beats

It's Black Power on the map, blow the back out your

coward-ass rap

Who could match when we spit bricks

See 'em scatter when I call blitz

Nigga scratch 'em out the mix

No matter what you been through

We still comin' with that

Bomb bomb biddy in the city when we bring truth

And that's how we do it when we (bomb like that)

And that's how we do it when we (come like that)

And that's the way we do it cause we (strong like that)

See I'mma blast the Devil, the rythmn is the rebel

(we roll like that) (we cold like that)

And that's how we do it when we (walk like that)

And that's how we do it when we (talk like that)

And that's the way we do it when we (come like that)  
See I'mma blast the Devil, the rythmn is the rebel  
(we bomb like that) (we strong like that)

Still wanna cap those - coward ass rap hoes  
Niggas can't match flows - Even when I rap slow  
Still got the pill - when I spill over beats  
And still comin' real never yield sayin' fuck peace

I bitch slap fairy tales of straps  
What the hell happened to rap? It just collapsed  
Perhaps it's ways of the paper chase clones  
Niggas far gone from the sellin' of the soul

But I'm grown so check the essay, we deep as eses  
Blaze, make these haters behave, we on that Che  
Guevera seen the fear in they eyes, we world - wide  
Swat these phony niggas like flies, who wanna ride

And vibe off my serenade, terror made  
Jiggy niggas raise afraid, we finna raid  
And blaze when we come around, The black fist  
Amazed how we turn it out - it's like this sayin

And that's how we do it when we (bomb like that)  
And that's how we do it when we (come like that)  
And that's the way we do it cause we (strong like that)  
See I'mma blast the Devil, the rythmn is the rebel  
(we roll like that) (we cold like that)

And that's how we do it when we (walk like that)  
And that's how we do it when we (talk like that)  
And that's the way we do it when we (come like that)  
See I'mma blast the Devil, the rythmn is the rebel  
(we bomb like that) (we strong like that)  
Got my attitude from adolescence - nothin' changed  
Gotta say my prayers count my blessin's - what a  
shame  
In this game of life nothin' promised - another day  
Got me packin' heat avoidin' drama - who to blame

When we all guilty doin' dirt  
In the community too many of us in up hurt  
No love for life in this complicated paradox  
How many of us gotta die for the madness stop

I look around and all I see is these influences  
The hard times in the eyes of the ghetto ruined  
So hard to do it when you looked upon as second class  
Another chapter for Amerikkka's ill-gotten past - you  
never last

If you don't hold your head high - keep strivin'  
Brothers gonna get by - we keep risin'  
Even though they want us dyin' - we still thrive and  
Believe Imma keep fightin' - we street soldiers for life

And that's how we do it when we (bomb like that)  
And that's how we do it when we (come like that)  
And that's the way we do it cause we (strong like that)  
See I'mma blast the Devil, the rythmn is the rebel  
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See I'mma blast the Devil, the rythmn is the rebel  
(we bomb like that) (we strong like that)

Yeah, Get ya mob on  
Get ya mob on  
Street soldiers  
Hard truth  
Yeah

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