

K-Rino

"Two Roads"

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(Verse One)

It aint but two roads that you can take
When you doing dirt to get the money that you make
I aint going to knock you, for tryin to get your mail
But all the true gangstas is dead or in jail
See boy, you'za fool, 15 years old
Thinkin you gonna stack you up and killa bank roll
You used to have to scrape, now your krib is straight
laid out
Started sellin dope cuz them Ku Klux done played out
The home boys told ya but ya didn't learn a thing
An OG, even took ya up under his wing
He said "the dope game is like a basketball team
Everybody gotta role, we can't all be a king"
Got some king pins, you got the little g's
Some people sell rocks, while others move keys
You work your way up, and now you makin all the bread
But you might meet the feds or some bullets to your
head
cuz it aint but two roads

(Chorus)

The game is sweet, but sometimes it's sour
High cappers getting bumped off by the hour
You take the high road, you take the low
You'll end up dead, but you'll be on death row

(Verse Two)

I gotta friend who started strugglin, hit some hard
times
Never been the type to indulge in petty crimes
Anywayz I saw him, most likely you can find me
I graduated 1989 he came behind me
But when he graduated, he started getting nervous
Mama said "you gots to get a job or join the service"
He thought to himself, "should I push up on KFC
Or join the army, and be all I can never be"
Then he remembered that his partna said "holla
At me anytime you wanna make a quick dollar"
He kicked my boy down with a small lick to start with
Said that he would stop when he moved in his

apartment

And get himself a ride, but yo, something happened

He started makin bank, putting freak

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