

Shyheim

"Carry On"

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[Intro: Shyheim, sample]

"Is that any way for a man to carry on, carry on
carry on" - sample repeated throughout intro
Mister education, I'm on my way, let's go, uh huh
Ask yourself, if you was me, yeah, carry on, but you
ain't got now

[Shyheim]

Layin' in my cell, starin' at the ceiling, oh what a fucked
up feeling
The things that I used to adore, I no longer find
appealing
And the girl I loved so much, she started exhaling
While I was jailing, my niggaz turned the other cheek
So I stopped calling, I sensed they ain't wanna speak
I couldn't go to sleep, no one to hug but my sheets
Kept bangers for the beef, that follow me from the
street
Dear mama, I wrote you a letter, why you ain't write
back?
Must of went right back, to the pipe and crack
If it wasn't for grandma, I would of been hung up
But I heard her voice in my head, tellin' me to be tough
I put the sheet back on the mattress, where the fuck is
my matches
When I need a cigarette, you ain't feelin' my pain yet
So, anybody, everybody, somebody, please
Tell me, is this any way?

[Chorus 2X: sample]

"Is that any way for a man to carry on, carry on carry on
Oh oh... yeah..., carry on"

[Shyheim]

Last night I couldn't sleep, I tossed and turned
Heard hell was hot and dark, and the fire really burns
My lawyer firm, couldn't get this day to germ
So I'm sittin' on the edge of the bed, I lit a C, I journed
Took a deep inhale, blew out the smoke, like fuck it kid
It is what it is, I'mma die in jail
And for my last million, you know the God, from the

mob ate spaghetti
Soon as I birthed, the C.O. jerked "Franklin, you ready?"
I guess so, he like 'let's go', my comrade next go
Scream "hold your head, babe bro", Yeah yeah
See you when you get there, I'mma have it crackin'
For every G mackin', in this sad fashion, we started
laughing
The funny thing was, it wasn't nothin' funny
At the end nothing matters, the God, drugs or the
money
I'm shackled bashful, walking down the corridor
Chains draggin' on the floor, I said a prayer for all of
y'all

[Chorus 2X]

[Shyheim]

Seven four pound, I'm wakin' up to a count
Washed my face, brushed my teeth, rinsed my mouth
My super three, blastin' ODB off the meter
And I sip a cup of Folgers, fresh off the stinger
Got my greens on, sittin' with my feet up
Waitin' on the porter, to bring my feed up
Cuz yesterday, in the fish tank, a bitch nigga got ate
And beat up, I'm blowin', stick after stick
But stayin' on my water game, avoiding the dirty dick
I ain't rich, I don't spit on no home for nigga's chicks
Stay in my gangsta pose, like every move I make false,
click click
You can catch Shy in transit, with my eyes open
Scopin' out for my bandits, it better be more careful
Like the book written by Shannon, I never signed in
Got disciplinary record, that Flex can't even split
I'm a soldier, I thought I told ya
My rep rap in the kept, like seven up, not the soda
I stopped at Wendy's, but it wasn't for a burger
I'm a Clinton hub thug, and the green bloods get no
love
And in Marcy, I really see niggaz cough up a lung
But I'm really tryin' to chill, get closer to home
And God forget, the fish kill, yea, I'm that real deal

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