

Sonya Kitchell

"That Way"

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[Soopafly:]

I was the child of a general, son of a preacher man
Grown actin', there was nothin' you could teach a man
Hard headed young nigga, blessed with the gift of
music

Held it tight so I best not lose it

I was ready for the fast life, watch me prove it

Nothin' can stop me, head strong, awfully cocky

Ha, I was my own man, I'm not like Rodney

But the fact yet and still the game was not Monopoly

Kept me on my toes, I chose to open the door

I'm not like the rest, I was chose to rock the West

Back to a land where glocks and teflon bullets were
active

Could it be the fact the streets were attractive?

Pullin' me closer, I've been used to broke but

Now I'm needin' somethin' more than that, fuck bein'
poor and black

I could have sworn that I was livin' a dream

Cause I woke up to a blunt and a nine where I post up

Ha, like what the fuck is goin' on?

I wake up to a big ass house, nigga look outside

I got a driveway full of nice cars and shit

Ha, then I go to the bedroom

I got a closet full of fly ass clothes and shit

I wake up like what the fuck happened?

You know what I'm sayin'?

Come to find out I've been down 10 years with a

All around gangsta click, Dogg Pound Gangsta Crip

First Platinum cut, "Who Got Some Gangsta Shit"

Thought I had a child by a scandalous ass fake bitch

Hard to say I made beats with Dre

But it's true, Soopa' really did what most couldn't say

When I took my gift and worked my hands like magic

Didn't hang with no bustas, didn't hang with no faggots

Makin' cash, life good, movin' it fast

With a down nigga, had my best friend named Daz

Worked on a masterpiece from the minds of two

Shit was dope like heroin, we called it "Dogg Food"

I was standin' next to Snoop when they shot up the
trailer
In New York doin' the video with snow on my Chuck
Taylor's
It was crazy, bad things I thought was good
I was at The Source Awards lookin' up to Suge

Ha ha, now if that wasn't some dumb ass shit
But that's alright though, nigga was young
Nigga was dumb, you know what I'm sayin'?
Livin' that fast life, yeah
I was havin' money, I was fuckin' bitches
Ha, smokin' the best weed, y'all know how it is

I take myself back in time when I smoke on weed
I remember dinner with Pac the night he got free
On stage sayin' fuck a cop, workin' on albums
I could go to Snoop Dogg house 'cause I knew Calvin
Playin' ball with Nate Dogg, smokin' weed with Crips
I worked with one funny ass nigga but he was a bitch
I remember sayin' so the day Dre left the Row
I was just hurt and shit was gettin' worse than before
Then the next couple years got crazy as hell
Pac got shot, Snoop bailed, Suge is in jail
Could have went to Loud Records but I signed to the
Row
At first it was a money move, turned out a dummy
move
Ha, from a pimp nigga, now I'm just a nothin' dude
Fuckin' with the Devil had me back to broke
But the same nigga wrote "Deep Cover", that was my
loc
Looked out for these smooth hands, now I got new
chance

Yeah, and I'm Dogghouse'd out now
Yeah, Soopafly back in that ass
2005, y'all thought I was gone, but I'm back
Last nigga standin', West Coast to the fullest
Ha, Dogg Pound nigga, yeah
It don't stop, it don't quit
Ha, bitch!

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