

Souls of Mischief

"What a Way to Go Out"

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I wanna join a gang
They'll have my back with gats
We'll walk in packs and stack g's
But yo, I lack these qualities
I gotta kill a fool, steal his wallet, key, and id
But I need encouragement
Initiation ain't enough for me to snuff an innocent fool
Yo I got school on monday
So one way, or another i'ma fell bad
I need to gain acceptance 'cause my reps' been in the
trash can
I'm blasting, asking can I join, 'cause the big night's
here
I got a slight fear I might hear gunshots in my direction
'cause the slums got a ton of niggas flexing
I started stepping and there stood this young girl
Loaded my hollow tips and followed the dip
Pulled my shotty on the hotty and I blasted the bitch
Wish I woulda known it was my little sis

Niggas wanna step, let 'em, I'm gonna get 'em
Pull the trigger finger then I wet 'em
I learned that from my pops, now I wanna pop cops and
shit
Slang hots and rocks to hit
Get mine the only way possible
I gots to pull some starts, but niggas starts some bull
Cool, can I kill him? of course I can
I know I can, because I call myself the man
I'm out cruising the block that I own smoking a swisher
When all the rocks are gone, I will be richer
Fiends keep me paid, each day is mine to lounge in
To broke niggas how's that sounding?
Niggas wish they had my ends- even my friends
They look with envy as I step out of my benz
Here I am, then they sprayed me
Hey, g, I never thought nobody'd fade me- yo I went
out

[chorus:] "what a way to go out, out like a sucka"

My man, peep it, I used to keep this

New shank inside my bomber for drama
On the ave, my boy checked me
Let me know he didn't see me as a v-e-t
Nigga, I said see that bitch at the ready-teller getting
cash?
Bet that ass i'ma kill her
Gotta let these niggas know I ain't no sucka
Pulled out the shank, grabbed the bank, then I stuck
her
What the- why did I fade her?
I shoulda saved it, put it in my pocket for later
But hey, the crew knows I'm true, though- that counts
Plus I got back when I'm out
Chillin
I get top b-illin
Until with my li'l friends the cops caught me
God-damn, the sentence they gave me
I'm in the pen with no clout
But yo, I didn't go out

Holy mackerel, that girl got the fat booty
Like pam greer, these niggas is square
So I stepped near with no fear
I drive a lexus, she got the nexxus flowing hair
To make a nigga wanna stare
Kicked the cassanova then I drove her to the castle
Got the freak undressed with no hassle
The butt was firm, made the funky worm stiffen
Reached for my condom, damn, a fat rip in
The packaging, the lubrication was all dried up
Hope that the rubber don't ride up
Posted in the wallet for eons, the neon green was
faded
Broke on the first stroke, I shoulda waited
A year later, caught the flu from sonya
Shot through the clinic, they said it was pneumonia
Caused by hiv breaking down the immune system. . .

Casual: (that was my motherphuckin man, damn I miss
him)

[chorus]

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