

**Dougie D f/ Russell Lee****"My Way"**

Visit "[My Way](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

[Hook: Russell Lee]

See me I'm from around the way, but everyday is gun  
play

But if I had it my way, we would see mo' brighter days  
I'm just another nigga from the hood, trying to live my  
life just like I should  
I'm out here trying to stay alive, in this life of crime

[Dougie D]

Heavenly Father help us, and help us all  
Fight with my back against the wall, is like giving my all  
Dougie from round the way, in the mist of all of this  
drama

Do my best to be a good father, and a son to my mama  
All these fucking problems, partnas killing partnas for  
dollas

If I handle it my way, it be brighter days for tomorrow  
But I'm just another, nigga product made from the  
ghetto

Trying to survive in the ghetto, gaining stripes and my  
medals

Always on my mission, niggaz pay attention and listen  
In this life of high crime we living, our future is prison  
Tell me can you see it, are you that ignorant and blind  
Must you sleep in the coffin, before you decide to mind  
Can anybody hear me, open up your soul and just feel  
me

This is my reason for giving it to you, like I give it  
Heaven just hold me, continue to mourn me till my time  
And guide me with your precious hand, as I struggle  
and strive

[Hook]

[Dougie D]

Jesus oh my God can you hear me crying, everyday we  
live we closer to dying

Feeling the power of the fire, that's burning inside  
I'm on my grind, in a savage land where savage  
survive

Only two options for your ass, is you live or you die

Niggaz die, on a daily basis constantly frying  
Victims of pistol play, and mishabit happy I'm not  
Punching the clock, as the world just spin a tying a knot  
People lose focus, and they end up in burial plots  
From K's and glocks, only utilizing tools for the devil  
Straight and it's busy yeah, this working we killing  
eachother  
Help my brothers, do my best to try to be humble  
But I'm protecting myself, if they approach me with  
drama  
Not your average man, live my life on faith in this land  
Keep my eyes open for snakes, and fuck what a nigga  
saying  
I am a grown man, keep your fucking games I ain't  
playing  
This is my reason, for telling you everything I'm saying

[Hook]

[Dougie D]  
Do guerilla niggaz ever see heaven, when I die I hope  
you accept me  
I been dealing with so much stress, when this earth is  
unhealthy  
Trying to get wealthy, in a world where helpful is  
helpless  
Niggaz won't hesitate, to bless your head with Smith-N-  
Wessins  
Gotta get money, is the only motto I know  
Live the code of a G, in the streets with heathens and  
hunters  
Grinding and pumping, on my focus keeping it coming  
Mashing the gas on these bitches, I ain't doing this for  
nothing  
I'm everlasting, setting fire to all the gases  
Setting slash in my stashes, all neatly buried or  
bagged  
Crime ain't a option, most of us usually born into it  
Not saying it's righteous but shit, it's justified when we  
do it  
All of my niggaz, lend me your ear heart and your hand  
Spare me a piece of your mind, to feel what the fuck  
I'm saying  
Hoping you understand, feel my passion pain and my  
plan  
This is my reason, for giving you everything I am

[Hook]

