

## Fashawn f/ Evidence

### "Our Way"

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[Verse 1-Fashawn] Cen Cal terrain, soak up game  
Where graff writers bomb trains and poets is smoked  
out wit dope in they veins Need a toast to the post  
where we hang Dialect unmatched Gotta adapt to the  
slang that's spoke A West Coast thing Out of town  
niggas get took out the frame Just for thinkin' every  
hood's the same Especially where I'm from We live by  
the gun Put money over bitches, and die over funds  
You could lie in the trunk or at the blink of an eye get  
jumped Can't say we seen it all But we can say we saw  
enough Survive when the times got rough and the  
money got low, houses got raided We was at the park  
gettin' faded Not a care in the world [Hook x2-  
scratched samples] "West Coast in ya area" "From the  
streets of the 'No" "5-5-9" "My birthplace" "L-A" "Where  
I'm comin' from" "The Coast of the Pacific" [Verse 2-  
Evidence] Another two days, the sun set, they lose like  
touche Too bad, I was off the head like toupees Got  
home off two planes, toothaches To-day, myspace,  
two-thousand plays Last call for alcohol's two AM On a  
Tuesday night, we was sayin' Know this our way, LA  
party crashin' We from here, y'all talk funny, y'all got  
the accents East slopes to the beach, post up each  
Every day, new trees, Cali green Green leafs, weed  
medicine cards Streets got eyes in 3D Still peep,  
polluted air when I sleep Fuckin' up the count in my  
sheep The far left, I'm part of the next Shine different,  
work hard, not gonna bottle the stress [Hook x2] [Verse  
3-Fashawn] Skate parks jumpin', one-time focus Young  
niggas pumpin', hoodrats scopin' At the bus stop,  
brothers might slide through dumpin' Broad daylight  
outside like "fuck it" Hood rich, we drive-by in buckets  
With chrome 22's on the side, call it stuntin'  
Flamboyant young hustlers and Couch bums who  
amounted to nothin' Mouthpiece help me get dough out  
a chick in the mall buyin' fresh clothes Some broads  
got burned out Erica turned 17 and got turned out  
That's how we live in the streets of the F Paranoid so I  
sleep wit a Tec, valley of death I'm from the Sunshine  
State, but we livin' in darkness Be smart, nigga, enter  
with caution, it's F-C [Hook x2]

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