

Ghostown

"My Way"

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Cig: Tupac Shakur said he's gonna spark the mind
that's gonna change the
world, and guess what? He was right. What if it doesn't
work out you know? When
all along you've been sayin' to yourself "Wait, I'm
gonna show everyone". What
if I don't make it you know? Like, rap is my life, and I
don't know where to
go from here man. Just listen, it's the kid who haters
hate harder, and it's
all real, you know that. Let's go

[Cig]
Enough is enough, I'm frustrated and rejected
I keep fightin' on but I feel so neglected
Cause none of my dreams ever seem to surface
So with nuthin' goin' my way, I feel so worthless
I want what I can't have, and when's it my turn?
And every time I give it a shot, I get burned
Companionship, affection, a wish that I yearn
I can't find perfection, so when will I learn?
One minute you're high, the next minute you're low
Imagine dealin' with someone so demandin'? no
So you persist to look around like she exists
But in reality you miss all the girls that you missed
Won't leave yourself open cause you've been
heartbroken
And you won't be happy until your ass starts smokin'
And you don't know what's wrong, but you need some
help
And if you're real like me, you should ask yourself...

[Chorus]
Do you know what it feels like just to feel like it's worse
and worse each day
When you addicted to drugs, young and in love, all
those foolish games you play
Cause it's the same fights, each and every night,
there's nuthin' left to say
But just for once I'd like to see things just work out my
way

[Cig]

AC said I'm nice and the hard work will pay off
I'm on my grind like "When's it all gonna pay off"
Cause rap's a job dog with no days off
Piece of a piece and I'm ready to spray off
Cause the haters hate you and they say that you soft
And then they go buy your shit and they won't lay off
Fellin' like JoJo, runnin' Out of Options
Staten's got talent, let's get this shit poppin'
My ode to all those who never made it
Cause this is my life and every choice that I take it
So turn this shit up if you hate it yo
That all they play is bullshit on the radio
And with shit not workin', my drive is gettin' faded
Cause the labels is feelin' us, but it's gettin' dated
And to be honest, it's the truth and I hate it
But you might have to add me to the list who never
made it

[Chorus]

Cig: Yeah, and that's it. So if this rappin' shit doesn't
work out, it's
been real. For all those who supported me along the
way, good looks to everyone
To all those who said they was down and really wasn't,
fuck you. I ain't even
gotta give shout outs, you know who you are. Cig,
Ghostown. Don't forget it's
that kid who haters hate harder, and we out. In the end
we all die alone
and that's pretty miserable ain't it? Ghostown, yeah...

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