

**Kurupt F/ Latoya****"Two Roads"**

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**(Verse One)**

It aint but two roads that you can take  
When you doing dirt to get the money that you make  
I aint going to knock you, for tryin to get your mail  
But all the true gangstas is dead or in jail  
See boy, you'za fool, 15 years old  
Thinkin you gonna stack you up and killa bank roll  
You used to have to scrape, now your krib is straight  
layed out  
Started sellin dope cuz them Ku Klux done played out  
The home boys told ya but ya didn't learn a thing  
An OG, even took ya up under his wing  
He said "the dope game is like a basketball team  
Everybody gotta role, we can't all be a king"  
Got some king pins, you got the little g's  
Some people sell rocks, while others move keys  
You work your way up, and now you makin all the bread  
But you might meet the feds or some bullets to your  
head  
cuz it aint but two roads

**(Chorus)**

The game is sweet, but sometimes it's sour  
High cappers getting bumped off by the hour  
You take the high road, you take the low  
You'll end up dead, but you'll be on death row

**(Verse Two)**

I gotta friend who started strugglin, hit some hard  
times  
Never been the type to indulge in petty crimes  
Anywayz I saw him, most likely you can find me  
I graduated 1989 he came behind me  
But when he graduated, he started getting nervous  
Mama said "you gots to get a job or join the service"  
He thought to himself, "should I push up on KFC  
Or join the army, and be all I can never be"  
Then he remembered that his partna said "holla  
At me anytime you wanna make a quick dollar"  
He kicked my boy down with a small lick to start with  
Said that he would stop when he moved in his

apartment

And get himself a ride, but yo, something happened  
He started makin bank, putting freaks, and high cappin  
He got to acting shife and people's dope he started  
taking  
Now he's in the grave cuz he crossed that Jamaican

(Chorus)

The game is sweet, but sometimes it's sour  
High cappers getting bumped off by the hour  
You take the high road, you take the low  
You'll end up dead, but you'll be on death row

(Bridge)

I aint but two roads, that you can take  
One is the jail house, the others the grave

(Verse Three)

What ever happened to the days, when a brotha used  
to scrap, with hands  
And when it's over, gave eachother dap  
Aint no such thang as a one on one right?  
A one on one is now a gun on gun fight  
Ya had to get your strap, and blast 'em in the chest  
maan  
Because your pride couldn't except, the fact, that he  
had the best hands  
Now what's up with that? How we gonna stand?  
Killin a man over a women, killin a women cuz she took  
your man  
It's not that, it's some dope that'swhere our mind at  
Time is runnin out, so really the bottom like is  
Smokers gon' smoke, gangstas gon' shoot  
But you can't kill a tree by cuttin the branch, you gotz to  
get the root  
And that be the media on TV, tryna blame the blacks  
for all the problems  
that they see  
Yo, the politicians you know we can't trust  
Cuz guess who they makin all them new laws up for  
Yeah, I see you blind but you can see  
I'ma tell you, just like L.V. told me  
You got to cherish your old folks and kids too  
Cuz you can teach the kids and old folks can teach you  
about the roads

(Chorus)

The game is sweet, but sometimes it's sour  
High cappers getting bumped off by the hour  
You take the high road, you take the low  
You'll end up dead, but you'll be on death row

(Bridge)

I aint but two roads, that you can take  
One is the jail house, the others the grave  
No I don't wanna see my people dying  
No I don't wanna see you crying  
Things are gonna get better  
We need put ourself together, yeah

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