

# Next Shit

## Smif-N-Wessun

[Tek]

Blaka! That's my alarm clock a-shot  
Empty out the clip, of a hooded kids glock  
Out on a mission, for the green, wit his team  
Twistin up buds, puffin on, bloods, I mean  
Always red eye wit an evil schemin mind  
Pullin off things wit his partners in crime  
Not a care in the world, he's seen plenty sniff riders  
Runnin up in spots wit the calico and shotties  
Loungin on his strip wit his Timbs and his meth  
His right hands man, on his side, to the left  
Never leave the drink without packin the burner  
Got the streets smart, seen for killin be murdered  
It's, no relaxin, just taxin

Stoned Is The Way Of The Walk, when you black and  
Supportin habits is gettin too hectic

Gotta kick it wit my son about some ol' Next Shit(talking on phone)[Steele]

Pressures be buildin in my mind sometimes and ways  
That have me countin the many reasons why crime pays

I think about the hustlin games, should I maintain  
Or flip and di-shift to the fast lane?  
We got a mind, but it takes dough to make bread  
We workin wit cement try to make bricks  
Time to make a call and get on the ball  
(Can't front G 'cause we won't be ones to take a fall)  
Heads recognize me, so they might supply me  
But if they try me, that wouldn't surprise me  
But I & I keep eyes open, for those who lie scopin  
Me, hopin, we won't survive, whatever  
We can do this for worse or for better

Me and my Partner N Crime, is going thru this together  
So, knowin we can't avoid all snakes, we gon' do whatever we gon do  
To set this shit straight[Tek]  
And that's word to my breadwin Madman  
Give the left hand, and in response, say hello to my Timberland  
Rack emcees up, and I crack emcees up  
Pass the owl, so I can twist these trees up  
Boot Camp Clik sick entire loose click  
Snooze while me and my crew do some Next Shit(talking)[Steele]

Big up original crooks from the side of the earth  
Where you take all your stakes for what it's worth  
We represent the hearts of the criminilistic,  
flippish, prepare to draw your biscuit  
Fucked up before shit, let's get wit the now  
Is you down, or is you just gon lamp in the background  
If so, let me know, 'cause I gotta keep a steady flow  
Step to my biz like so,  
when I show individuals skills on the battle field  
Any muffie test, see we out for call  
'cause each and every soldier holds the name of the Camp  
Blue chip on his show, get trampled  
Another villain is planned just banned, dead  
We take the banner and wrap around the head of an  
original dead boy down wit the Devil  
Snooze, as me and my crews, move to the next level[Chorus: Buckshot]  
Stoned Is The Way Of The Walk, Stoned Is The Way Of The Walk, yeah  
Stoned Is The Way Of The Walk, Stoned Is The Way Of The Walk, my nigga  
Stoned Is The Way Of The Walk, Stoned Is The Way Of The Walk  
Stoned Is The Way Of The Walk, Stoned Is The Way Of The Way Of The Walk  
Stoned Is The Way Of The Walk my nigga...  
Stoned Is The Way Of The Walk in New York,  
shit is real, so they pack steel  
Stoned Is The Way Of The Walk my nigga...  
Stoned Is The Way Of The Walk, Stoned Is The Way Of The Walk  
Stoned Is The Way Of The Walk, Stoned Is The Way Of The Walk, Walk  
Stoned Is The Way Of The Walk, Stoned Is The Way Of The Walk, my nigga  
Stoned Is The Way Of The Walk, Stoned Is The Way Of The Walk, Walk  
Stoned Is The Way Of The Walk, Stoned Is The Way Of The Walk, my nigga  
Stoned Is The Way Of The Walk, in New York, shit is real  
So Stoned Is The Way Of The Walk...

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnlrics.com/>