

# The Ways Of The World

## Waylon Jennings

Money is mandatory, my game is self explanatory  
I hit the blunt as I proceed to tell my ghetto stories  
I'm into deep, all my peeps, bring them shovel stories  
Some niggaz strapped with their gats, tryin' to kill your homez  
Didn't know me, but met the heat when they ran up on me  
Left his wife and 2 kids at the crib lonely  
Got in the way of a stray bullet when I pass  
Tryin' to retaliate but keep that happin' in the past  
Ways of the world, how will I last when the economy crash  
I'm goin' all out gettin' my cash  
While spend mine open, wit my eyes on the world  
Ghettos and jail cells gave me stories to tell  
Body swells from the evil smells that I inhale  
Evil set me up to fail make my life so real  
People tape will caution times being lost my soul series to scar  
I'm fighting off demons, it's the ways of the world  
Even though it hurts chest, I'm gonna stroke till I lose my breath  
Lookin' to sin since life began  
Coming all the way out the water to get oxygen  
Please father, help me breathe again, at ease again  
Even though it hurts chest, I'm gonna stroke till I lose my breath  
Lookin' to sin since life began  
Coming all the way out the water to get oxygen  
Please father, help me breathe again, at ease again  
Looking at myself in the mirror, I took a second to think  
Memories of bein' babies, given milk to drink  
Without a worry at mind, we would play all the time  
They ain't callin' it but b-ball took up most of my time  
We were hard headed, they all said it  
From my parents to our teachers and even preachers couldn't reach us  
I say my prayers, I gave my momma gray hairs, she lives in fear  
The thought of me not being there, got her worried scared  
They say I look just like my father, without the beard  
They should have named that nigga Magic and disappear  
A couple months out of the year, he reappears  
It's all the same, ain't nuttin' changed, you still my nigga  
Don't hold a grudge, just give me love, I'm on my own  
I'm kinda sober from a broken home

Wondering what's goin on, did I deserve this  
Living in Atlanta got this little nigga nervous  
Mama tried to feed us all, until she got laid off  
Had the rats paid off, now we all laid off  
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Please father, help me breathe again, at ease again  
Duckin' the gun shots at the age of 13  
There was a war zone, so you choose your team  
When the war strikes you better have a heart to fight  
Or get lost in the world when you lose your life  
I would like to get blown, so I read and pray  
Surviving day to day, running the streets of stray  
Living all myself no company  
You better meet the heat when you come for me  
And when I die, burn alive, that's a wish of mine  
I know that heaving in the zone ain't that hard to find  
And when you make it, they gon' take it, that's a must you know  
Don't think of gettin' to the top without a problem or so  
I take for caution as for evil gotta hit on me  
I've been a bad boy for momma, don't you quit on me  
They built a jail so when we rise they can crush our dreams  
Two of the largest in the industry, erased from the scene  
And I don't wanna be a target so I got with a team  
They got a glow around their body and do shit you've never seen  
Know what I mean? Take it deep like summer eves  
That's what we do, only humans  
Tryin' to get through the world with no confusion  
When you close your eyes, can you state the pain, the misery  
Bringin for you will rescue me, these are the ways of the world  
Now I have to choose between life or lose my sanity  
Go with the streets keep callin' me, these are the ways of the world

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