

Be This Way

SkaDaddyZ

Aiyo aiyo, what up, yo?
What up, y'all? This that Pretty Toney shit
Aiyo, I know there's a lot of hoods and shit out there
 A lot of niggas done got bodied
 A lot of niggas done got robbed and shit
You know what I mean? We love a lot of things in the hood
 But time goes on and if we don't change a lot of shit
 Shit always gonna be this way and that's a muthafucka fact
 True gangsta shit, y'all, yo, yo, yo
 When y'all turn my mic up in here, bareback shit
 Know what I mean? Tired of y'all muthafuckas and shit
 One two, fuck around and clob on one of y'all muthafuckas
 Yo Spidey, put that reverb shit, on
 Come on, "Can you feel it? Can you feel it?", yeah
 "Can you feel it?", let's go, fuck it
 Live from Staten Island, where the gangstas kill
 Only place on the map that got the 30 dollar bill
 And we front like we got millions
 Our specialty is how we willie, niggas
 That's how Buck brought the building
 And the police is pussy, they protect and serve
 They connect, with baseheads then they frisk our birds
 Smack DVD's, blowin' herb, I'm in the room
 Bonin' these two white bitches, Ice baggin' up work
 That's how we get down, fuck Vegas
 The black Carlo Gambino, rockin' the wallo's
 Blow his diamonds in Z-No's, spicey, verses is jalapeno
 Best to leave, when I'm in the big Escalade, I'm sittin' on Dino
 Tone Stark, a poet's art, kiss the girls
 And bake them pies, clean up, some are old darts
 This that real live don' shit, you heard
 Yo, they lick forty rounds, today
 Okay, plus the shit is mad hot around the way
 Niggas don't give a fuck on any time or day
 Or if he dyin' today, or could he find a way
 Blow niggas over 'turt, bitches, dimes and trays

 Blow a nigga a jewel and watch him slide away
 It's like that in the hood, he in the grimy say

But what we try'na say is gonna, "Be this way"
It don't have to, it don't have to, "My God"
With big carrots and static, with that leaves the bad habits
Drugs layin' in buildings with great big automatics
Anonimos' in the hood, it's a fact, we could do magic
Splatter faggots in lobbies, the heat burn off his eyelashes
Don't try to pass this, back up or you'll receive something
Real tragic, them hollows'll race through your jacket
Semi gangstas with weak tactics
Forensic scientists called in to display graphics
For square inch to his back winds
They brain is spleen, it's left all over a fiend's mattress
Bastard, we cock and squeeze after we leave our ratchets
We keep the hood cryin' for massive havoc
No Trix we take from silly rabbits
Yo feed them lead carrots
The little mans'll connect and they touch that fabric
The only thing that can stop 'em is that tephlon phat shit
Maybe artillery's heavy like a bunch of fat chicks
Brr baow! Ain't no comin' back, bitch!
Yo, they lick forty rounds, today
Okay, plus the shit is mad hot around the way
Niggas don't give a fuck on any time or day
Or if he dyin' today, or could he find a way
Blow niggas over 'turt, bitches, dimes and trays
Blow a nigga a jewel and watch him slide away
It's like that in the hood, he in the grimy say
But what we try'na say is gonna, "Be this way"
It don't have to, it don't have to, "My God"
Ways, be this way
Ways, be this way
Ways, be this way

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