

# The Way It Goes

## Young Gunz

(Young Chris talking)

G - I - F - I

Get In Where You Fit In, baby

You know, roll wit ya boyz

Gunnaz!!

(Young Chris)

Honestly, my favorite type of gear

a scrunchie for a hair, LaPerle underwear

bang her from the rear

baby girl dont care who there

all i know she dont care who here

thats what i love about her

make the thugs bring the love up out em

she know you comin, she gon stop and get the nut up out em

They learn enough about 'em

They get enough up out 'em

Just like a nigga that soon she fuck give a fuck about em

Thats my type, baby

No disrespect to tha bourgeois and too polite ladies

i'll do tha wife, maybe

maybe later when a player in his thirties

man i cant afford these young'ns tryna play a nigga dirty

have me up all night talkin bout i cant sleep

too hurt to eat, baby girl neva see, that be he

Not me i'm way a better cheat

You know me better, b

we just fuck em and duck em and leave em..

Chorus(2X)

All night cant sleep too hurt to eat

Thats the way it goes

Thats the way it goes

(Pooda Brown)

See all my life i've been the type to keep a lil bitch

Fresh in the mornin put it on me , cook a lil grits

She like to touch my lips

yea i like to touch her hips

Then we get it poppin when a player get enough to split

Back to that block where i be

I'm on her mind though

I wanna call her and ball her i'm on my grind though  
she wanna ride on the love train

But love man, aint what i'm here for  
Thats not what i care for  
I'm in and out when i wanna  
Dont wanna one-a  
We could kick it in the winter  
but i'm cool in the summer  
I rather go through my act  
With them packie packies on her lap  
We on the corner, nigga heavy and he packin stacks  
Quality time, you outta ya mind  
you steppin over ya line  
i know that you fine, girl  
but all i do is fuck em and duck em  
pops told me dont trust em  
Every night is another one  
Pooda got em up....  
Chorus(2x)  
(Neef)

Baby girl, dont act foolish when you know that you know betta  
I keep you fine 'cause you a dime but you gets no cheddar  
Its hard to show feelings when you know you aint got none  
I aint the type of brother that'll bail soon as ya drop one  
I'm in the crib yea soon as tha block done  
i lay pipe all night so let tha bed bugs bite  
She grippin the sheets tight  
i came when she came twice  
Oh you got the right one  
we sex till the sun come  
Good thing i brought a box of them Magnums  
or nine months later she pop out wit a bad one  
And everything change that a chicken be naggin  
listening to her girlfriends, now she want more ends  
Taking out my benz, scraping up my rims  
every other weekend she out, girlfriend be clubbin  
Went from somethin to nothin now she huffin and puffin  
'cause a nigga be frontin and i got her up....  
Chorus(2x)  
Fade to end.....

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