

# What a Way to Go Out

## Souls of Mischief

I wanna join a gang they'll have my back with gats  
We'll walk in packs and stack G's but yo I lack these qualities  
I gotta kill a fool steal his wallet key and ID but I need encouragement  
Initiation ain't enough for me to snuff an innocent fool Yo I got school on Monday so one way or another I'ma  
feel bad  
I need to gain acceptance 'cuz my reps' been in the trash can  
I'm blasting asking can I join, 'cuz the big night's here  
I got a slight fear I might hear gunshots in my direction' Cuz the slums got a ton of niggas flexing  
I started stepping and there stood this young girl  
Loaded my hollow tips and followed the dip  
Pulled my shotty on the hotty and I blasted the bitch  
Wish I woulda known it was my little sis Niggas wanna step, let 'em, I'm gonna get 'em  
Pull the trigger finger then I wet 'em  
I learned that from my pops, now I wanna pop cops and shit  
Slang hots and rocks to hit get mine the only way possible I gots to pull some starts but niggas starts some bull  
Cool, can I kill him? Of course I can  
I know I can because I call myself the man  
I'm out cruising the block that I own smoking a Swisher When all the rocks are gone, I will be richer  
Fiends keep me paid, each day is mine to lounge in  
To broke niggas how's that sounding?  
Niggas wish they had my ends even my friends They look with envy as I step out of my Benz  
Here I am, then they sprayed me  
Hey, G, I never thought nobody would fade me  
Yo I went out What a way to go out  
Out like a sucka My man, peep it, I used to keep this new shank  
Inside my bomber for drama on the ave, my boy checked me  
Let me know he didn't see me as a V E T  
Nigga, I said see that bitch at the ready-teller getting cash? Bet that ass I'ma kill her gotta let these niggas know I  
ain't no sucka  
Pulled out the shank, grabbed the bank, then I stuck her  
What the why did I fade her? I shoulda saved it  
Put it in my pocket for later But hey, the crew knows I'm true, though that counts  
Plus I got back when I'm out chillin' I get top billin'  
Until with my lil' friends the cops caught me  
God-damn, the sentence they gave me  
I'm in the pen with no clout but yo, I didn't go out Holy mackerel, that girl got the fat booty  
Like Pam Greer, these niggas is square so I stepped near with no fear  
I drive a Lexus, she got the Nexus flowing hair  
To make a nigga wanna stare Kicked the Casanova then I drove her to the castle

Got the freak undressed with no hassle  
The butt was firm, made the funky worm stiffen  
Reached for my condom, damn, a fat rip inThe packaging, the lubrication was all dried up  
Hope that the rubber don't ride up  
Posted in the wallet for eons, the neon green was fadedBroke on the first stroke, I shoulda waited  
A year later, caught the flu from Sonya  
Shot through the clinic, they said it was pneumonia  
Caused by HIV breaking down the immune systemThat was my motherfuckin' man, damn I miss himWhat a  
way to go out  
Out like a sucka

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