

# 50 Ways

## Dj Quik

DJ Quik

Why you keep givin me cards I can't keep?  
I throw these two back, you throw me two more, they're so cheap  
I couldn't get the winning hand that I wanted in my sleep  
Cause when the dream get good, I get trampled by sheep  
Nightmares, even when I'm walkin in day  
I'm havin dreams that I'm runnin but there's smoke in the way  
And there's this man in a suit, he take a toke and he say,  
"You have a promise that you made and you broke it today."  
Now which part of this movie here did I just miss?  
Did I really sell my soul to this big red bitch?  
I don't think what you got to offer is really enough  
For cars sex and houses, money and stuff  
I'd rather be broke and own nothin but piece of mind  
and a Benz, and a house, and a nine-deuce-nine  
on top, help me out before I sink the boat  
There's gotta be more than 50 ways to keep afloat  
Cause I feel like I'm suffocatin, I can't breathe  
I wanna go, but I'm too afraid to leave  
Take me with you Mausie, I know you're seein somethin grand  
as you fade away, and you gently release my hand  
And it shook my balance, cause you ain't no more alive  
You think I'd see you, if I chewed this 45?  
Oh I'd be the first person poppin three, droppin me  
to the abyss, but I miss, what's stoppin me?  
I got the pressures of the WORLD on my little back  
My nerves are turnin into jelly and I'm bout to crack  
You think I'm cheatin on my homies, by holdin back?  
No I really protect them all because the truth is wack  
Forever bars and forever scars  
Bein trapped and dyin young makes forever stars  
Tell me why am I so hesitant?  
And the way life's goin, looks like when hell comes, I'ma be a resident  
Chorus 2X: Wanya Morris  
La, la la-la - la, la la-la  
  
La, la la-la - la, la la-la  
DJ Quik  
They tell me Quik, suck it up, I'm supposed to

But me and Mausberg was closer than most knew  
It ain't dramatized, and it ain't a fuckin act  
when you're traumatized, and it ain't no turnin back  
When you're so connected, and it's hard to keep your focus  
When you're so affected, and it's hard to love again  
When you're so neglected - suck it up, I'm 'posed to  
That ain't easy for somebody you're close to, shit  
See your homey in a coffin is so wicked and vivid  
It's gon' be harder on all of us, cause we gon' relive it  
Over and over, drunk or sober, from October to October  
I steadily feel like I'm gettin knocked over  
And all the money in the world, don't make it better  
And a whole bottle of alcohol, don't make it wetter  
With a blur and a slur I'm still callin ya name  
And on top of this drama you add fame? Wild  
But when you start to bubble then your friends they spite you  
And if you go to church, then hip-hop won't like you  
I feel like a giant on a worldwide stage  
but at the same time trapped in a real tight cage  
With no way out, I play out, then I come back  
Cause there's an unwritten law that says I can't be wack  
So I put on my game face, go back to the same place  
Only to realize that y'all ain't got the same taste  
Even with somethin new, they look at you cold  
And without a hot face, consider you old  
And leavin me stressed and broken-hearted  
How could I be finished with West coast rap? I helped start it!  
[Chorus]

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