

Win Some, Lose Some

Big Sean

You win some and lose some, I heard that my whole life
I heard that my whole life, but that doesn't make it right
(Okay, you got ahead tonight)
Man, that doesn't make it right
Man, that doesn't make it right
How do you sleep at night?

Sean, nigga you on, damn, nigga, you on
You was a millionaire but your niggas is still at home
Damn, nigga, you did it, but damn it you did it wrong
You got time for that gig, but not time for the phone
Got it right with your ends, but fucked it up with your friends
I seen your ass up on TV, touched up on them twins
You don't know about hard times, you clutched up in that Benz
Get tired of fuckin' hoes then get to fuckin' their friends, wow
Niggas want handouts, and I only got two
Now I'm on the phone talkin' to my mom like I only got you
Gettin' dressed up for court, that's a law suit
Ain't wearin' V necks, but niggas ask what happened to the crew
Now I'm in court for some shit I didn't do
Cause of my nigga, knowin' my career could've been through
So when it's time to travel management say I only need to
Listenin' to them when I'm the one that makes the rules
I'm just a victim of the life though that I ain't tryna lose
This the dream, I had a wake up call and missed snooze
Lately though my family been too happy
I just turned my mama hooptie to a new Caddy
People thinkin' I'm rich and I wish they knew that
I been signed for four years and I'm just able to do that
Worry 'bout my next Rolex time piece
My nigga Tone worry 'bout our sis, Shanice
We supposed to be the role models
No wonder why she wanna smoke weed and skip college

Is this the example I'm tryna set?
Are these the people I'mmma forget?
Are these the times I'mmma regret?
Livin' life wishin' I could hit reset but, but

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Okay, you win some, lose some, break some, bruise some
Life could be a test, multiple choice, choose some
Choose one, stick with it, man, prove some
Sometimes the best teachers is ourselves goin' through somethin'
Real life will teach your ass way fucking fast
I always thought my last girl was supposed to be my last
I got four aunties, two uncles, one dad
One mom, two brothers, and 200 niggas mad
And it's only one me, divide it and do the math
I'm the one that dropped out, got no time for the class
How am I supposed to have time for everyone I just said?

I don't even have time for everything in my head
On my way to see Kim and Ye both tie the knot
Wishin' me and you were no strings attached, but were nots
Man thats drama, drama drama
So deep that call each others mamas' mamas
We need a break I mean comma, comma comma
I'm tryin, homie
But she always picks the wrong time, my phone's dyin' on me
In the bed cryin' on me, talkin' lyin' on me
It sucks to hit the internet and see your lyin' on me

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