

Win Some Lose Some

Brother Ali

Man, you win some, lose some
They run the gamut from hilarious to gruesome
In my life I done caught some and threw some
And I done been in some shit
But this is one that I will never forget

Testosterone-filled hallway confrontation spectacle
Time to see who got the testicles
I'm not the type to holler, "What you wanna do then?"
Hands parallel to my shoulders, I keep it movin
There's one thing I hate is for another man to take control
Of a situation, you don't want me to play the role
I'm in my element on Front Street, I love a spotlight
Bringin an audience to diss me is just not right
I told him, "Listen stupid, I know what you're here to do
But we're not gonna do it
This is a movement that I'm part of it
You're lucky I'm a righteous blackman"
And you thought I had issues now, really had em back then
I turned my back with the anti-climatic spitefulness
That's the worst type of diss
And I stepped off, adolescent, passive aggressive
Jesus Christ superstar to send the world a message
And there stood little man soft dick in hand
Wonderin "What the fuck just happened?" Not enough to kill a man
I turn the corner like as long as he ain't pullin a gun
I'd rather catch a ass-whippin than run