

Can't Win For Losing

Little Brother

Woo~! Uhh, Illmind; aiyyo man
I don't know what the fuck they thought this was gon' be y'knahmsayin but
It's like, it's like y'knahmsayin
When you be sittin back listenin to shit like this
Y'know you start takin inventory
Like I know niggaz is boppin and shit I know niggaz is feelin it but like yo
This is what I been through in the past year
This is where I'm at with my shit now, yo listen

I used to do it for the fans
'Til I realized that they'd never understand
What I was feelin as a man, fickle as Trav' Bickle
They either hatin you or they they'll stand
Then I said I'd do it for my fam
'Til I realized that they didn't give a damn
I stepped out of they comfort zone
Now I can't step, can't step inside my mother's home
Situation so nuts
So much for tryin to be a man
Then I said I'd do it for the props
'Til I realized that the props always seem to stop
When niggaz can't keep you all to theyself
Take you home, put you in they little box
Then I said I'd do it for my city
'Til I realized that I shoulda been warned
I stepped inside the ring, rockin my best apparel
Ma, I own the sparrow, but this torero
Couldn't take the bull city by the horns
So now I'm back on my me shit
Cause me and my team gon' make it do what it do
Had a long hard talk with my nigga Jazzy Jeff
He said, "Fuck 'em 'Te, do it for you! "
So I'm doin it to
Lay up, lay back, in my room with a view
Wanna handle my biz on the low, keep it respectable
Make my music, keep it professional
I know you hate it, what the fuck else is new?

Oh - they say it's in the music
People turn they backs and your friends won't do shit
Feel like a nigga can't win for losing
But they still can't stop the movement
Hey! They say it's in the music
People turn they backs and your friends won't do shit
Feel like a nigga can't win for losing
But they still can't stop the stop
They can't stop the stop
They can't stop the - oh!

I had to sit and assess
Why all my favorite groups is a mess
Then I'm like they probably split for the best
They had to make room for the rest
Now we on the brink of success
Niggaz gettin praised by the press
Niggaz gettin backed by Qwest, LB is the new conquest
Throwback sound that's fresh, oh yes!

Everybody's hitched to the wagon, best kept secret
Somebody leaked it, inked with a major
Watch how they freak it, gotta show the people we can keep it - tight
Deep down though felt somethin wasn't right
Gotta keep pushin despite
That everybody changed overnight
When them numbers came back light
Now we outta mind, outta sight
Me and 'Te still doin it RIGHT~!

Yeah! The great Sam Cooke sang to the world
"A change is gon' come"
I believe a change is here
The change is right now
I wanna give a shout out, to my people that, helped me weather the storm
Y'knahmsayin, my man Pretty Tony, Uncle Joc, O-Dash
We ride together forever my niggaz
Yeah...