

## Refuse To Lose

### Non Phixion

Here's ya ticket, ain't nothing more sick than terror dome  
I walk the path of righteous even when foul like Joe Peppitone  
The clock awoke me, it was like a quarter past six  
Got out of bed depressed home wid the kids talkin' bout real shit  
Non-Phixion, if you ain't down wid us then you a victim  
We stay tight like killers up north a new religion  
The ghetto's hell filled wid bad luck and born thieves  
Impossible greed throughout the projects mothers that blow weed  
Dance like Sam Jackson for rocks, aim at the cops  
Camouflage able to sensitize devils wid red dots  
I take Ashem's orders keep my team closer to Mexican borders  
With no pausin' full outstanders ghetto supporters

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My Beretta will serenade displays the worldly terror devils made  
They spread the plague of AIDS through medicaid  
And then they pray to idols made of gold  
Drapes ya blood and mark the scroll cold  
Broken skulls on top of frozen totem poles  
Although the world's deviled and redded I stay level headed  
While these other cats are way too stupid so I doubt they'll ever get it  
You can't change somebody ignorant that want to be like that  
It's like detoxin' someone hooked on coke who won't stop smokin' crack  
Jane what?, unimportant paranoia stricken caught squeakin'  
Stickin' these normally peaceful people they clock tickin'  
Situations we escape, police station interrogation  
I stay a caucasoid mutation and destroy the nation  
I got the sharper sound, I fuck you up like you had chicken pox  
And got ya ass thrown in a piranha tank  
Twistin' the blitz of hot Non-Phixion cataclysm  
Shatter ya vision like a gat blastin' at ya children

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I got the balls against order so many people snortin' smack  
It's like I died and came back to take the presence of a rat  
Cause the streets that I walk is filled with garbage and traps  
Sure lack of funds ain't holdin' none  
Throughout the mash for better cash  
When I was ten I used to buy liquor wid No I.D  
Thinkin' back subliminally the store clerk was tryna kill me  
I was born in Puerto Rico raised in Brooklyn graz-ing  
Forced to be a man before even men became men  
Welfare and food stamps poor shit it made me sick  
Watchin' dealers all I stood makin' loot holdin' they dick  
I hated Eddie Murphy used to wish that he would quit it  
All that you ain't got no ice cream shit son, I lived it  
The bitter be the winter cold fours and street wars

Saw the cops raid my the block and put the gods in on force  
Fifteen now I'm addicted to weed and nicotine  
Hip hop, lots of pussy and ladies wid strife scenes  
Robbin' gear from Chess King doin' my thing but got caught  
Learn to crush ya lies within the whole structure of the thought  
I got barred, a j.d. card was bizarre  
Started buildin' with the force he put me on that I was God  
Traveling from the place on the day I realized  
That the window to the soul be directly in the eye  
Art of war path, I study astrology and math  
The equator symbolic to how they split us up in half  
From bombs in outer space to violatin' our rights  
To cops who shove sticks in asses in Crown Heights  
To kids bein' raped to A&R's wid no taste  
To classism to race to buck fifties on the face man

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(Refuse to lose)