

Win Lose or Draw

Scarface

Win...Lose...Draw...Die
I read the book of Revalations
and now I realize we in revalations
and on that note I make this statement
For all the young guns to become one to die young
because the world is filled with hatred
and they aim to blame our sons
and I done seen down the barrel of a strap before
but I don't wanna die no mo', I fear the reaper
help us Jesus, help to keep us away from all the sadness
and deliver us from the hate that cause the madness
I'm glad its installed in me from day one
Believe in something because most of my homies believe in nothing
and paying for it, God bless your souls, I'll be praying for it
eventually you'll have your day in court
and I done been a witness to homicide
seen a whole family die
before the stones of diamonds in the sky
through my bloodshot eyes feel the hurt and all the hate
that I've trapped inside because the hurtin' hard to ache
there's a smile on my face
but, that's to keep a man from crying
cause deep down inside, I know I'm dying
I'm born for it, gon' take some time to getting used to
and Satan I know that your listening but I rebuke you
and refuse to let you capture me and kill my will
just to survive the game of life, win or lose
do or die, refuse to let you capture me to kill my will
to survive the game of life, win or lose, do or die

Whether we win or lose this life to do or die
but sometimes we lose the will to win and wonder why

Open my hands like a book
years and years me and my notebook
I take a close look
Peep it dread see myself failing
a felon on the verge of 1-8-7
but I ain't ever wanna do it
'cause homicide never solved it,
just momentarily resolved it
we've all been involved in the calling of a loved one
oldest ones the young ones the smartest one the dum-dums
and not begun with some
and they all probably died with none by the gun
that's on the one, two, three and the fo's for life
I slap five on the black hand side
I realize the future lies among my two sons and daughter
so I pray to God just for tomorrow
In lieu of the drama I move my momma
but the poverty's prolonging the pain
plugging my arteries and veins with strains
when I lose in this game

12/11/73, a young little huster was born
torn from my momma's womb in the midst of the storm
never warned I was going through a world of stress

never knew that I was born for death, may God bless
My pops died when I was thirteen, I'm still tripping
forget living, I'm on a suicidal mission
tears dripping from my eyes as I look up at the sky
asked the higher power why my old man had to die
It was hard to say goodbye I tried to hide what I feel
forget the wife forget the will (naw, chill; naw, chill)
I'm at your gravesight, latenight trying to figure out
would I see your smiling face if I commence to dig you out
I'm all about the cheese, I plan to see you once again
but I can't make through the night without committing a sin
I had to realize there wasn't no friends, backstabbin
I had to watch my own back while I was out mashin'
closed caption for the hearing impaired
have you ever seen your closest homey laid out buried and dead?
I shed a tear even though I'm not supposed to cry
I can't lie I ain't ready to die, I ain't ready