

Tip the Scale

The Roots

chorus (dice raw)
i'm a side of suicide
heads or tails
some think life is living hell
some live life just living well
i live life tryna tip the scale
my way, my way
my way, my way
verse 1 (black thought)
yo, i'm always early
i never take off cause i got a job
rob peter to pay paul
now i realize it's the winner that takes all
do what i gotta do cause i can't take loss
picture me living life as if i'm some animal
that consumes it's own dreams like i'm a cannibal
i won't accept failure unless it's mechanical
but still the alcohol mixed with the botanical
i guess i be referred to the owners manual full of loaners
full of all the homeless throwaways and the stoners
soldiers of the streets with 8th grade diplomas
and the world awaiting their shoulders as a bonus
look, let he without sin live without sin
until then, i'll be doing dirty jobs like swamp men
counting the faces of those that might have been
it's like living that life but i won't live that life again
chorus
verse 2 (dice raw)
lotta niggas go to prison
how many come out malcolm x
i know i'm not shit
can't even talk about the rest
famous last words
you under arrest
will i get popped tonight
it's anybody's guess
i guess a nigga need to stay cunning
i guess when the cops coming need to start running
i wont make the same mistakes
from my last run in
you either done doing crime now or you done in
i got a brother on the run and one in
wrote me a letter he said when you comin
shit man i thought the goal's to stay out
back against the wall
then shoot your way out
getting money's a style that never plays out
till you in a box
and your stash money's paid out
the scales of justice
ain't equally weighed out
only two ways out
digging tunnels or digging graves out
chorus