

# Flipside

## Juvenile Committee

[VERSE 1]

Here's the situation for brothers in the ghetto  
Livin in the projects it's hard to get ahead, so  
What you gotta do is be down with each other  
Other fools tryin to trip, can't trip on each other  
Like a lobster in his bucket, you try to escape  
You steal, you kill, you rob, you take  
Clownin on your brothers' back, one thing is a fact  
They're gonna be sure to push ya back in the pack  
You wanna do a lick cause you short, you float  
If you had to blast will you pop or will you tote?  
187 on the head, you killed a man  
You're all fired up, so you feel you in command  
Try to be the baddest in the crew  
Why trip on a brother that's down with you?  
And now I understand why you could do so  
Cause you probably wasn't down from the get-go[VERSE 2]  
Some people they got homeboys like I do  
Like Stevie, Jay, Rock and the rest of the crew  
Yo, we chill with each other and we kill with another  
And we never ever keep anything undercover  
Cause if we do, we have to keep it in a circle  
You're soft as a nerd, so don't be trippin on the turf, yo  
This is what they say: Cause he was with us on that day  
First he was chillin with his nine and A.K.  
The cold thing about it, we didn't see it comin  
It's cold stunnin  
First we were hangin, now it's cold gunnin  
What happened to the do-or-die situation  
Was it a complication or the conversation?  
In the midst with a mixed personality  
Po-po brutality, flipside mentality  
To make you the weak link in your crew  
You're trippin off yourself, you wanted all the juice[VERSE 3]  
You can't faze me, cause I live my lifestyle crazy  
Boys in the hood wonder why I got lazy  
Cause no respect and no money don't mix  
I like havin kicks, so I hustle on the rich  
I bought a gat from a neighborhood street thug

A .44 mag full of .44 slugs  
Now it's time for robbin niggas' hoes  
Kickin in do's, and leavin prints on .44s  
Confused is the way I live  
It's my prerogative, cause I don't want to give  
To the people, cause I was treated like a sequel  
Never treated equal, now I live illegal  
Doin the things that you shouldn't do  
But you didn't know what I had to go through  
Like trippin on the homeboys in my crew  
I wanted all the juice[VERSE 4]  
Brothers in this world it's so hard to be good  
To live life like it's legal and work like you should  
First it seem right, until one night  
It don't seem right, you don't see the light  
Start feelin like the whole world dissed you  
Pop a big gun, and doin self-defense too  
See, that's the prob', you learn how to rob  
Take it back to back, as if it was a job  
Teach your boys the game, the game is what it's like  
But that'll move the crew, and somethin ain't right  
Your boys ain't with you, your boys wanna fight  
Bustin all the bones, you try to get a stripe  
Front on everybody cause you're headstrong  
What you're doin ain't right, it's dead wrong  
Flip-flip-flip it on the flipside  
You done flipped up, committed suicide[VERSE 5]  
Juice is a five-letter word of corruption  
From town to town it can start an explosion  
So what we gotta do is play like a lemon  
Squeeze out the juice and peace among men and women  
Cause envy and jealous' can ruin the land  
But brothers tryin to play God, and they job  
Is keepin the world in their hands  
But that's a mission that's impossible  
It'll only end up being a lotta people in the hospital  
Brothers killin and killin  
Hurtin feelings, that's illin  
To be on top they was willin  
But they ain't nothin but illin  
Attitude that's rude, be cool instead  
Because the black guys are in jail, or either they're dead  
Your gravesite is waitin for you  
Because you don't think about the things that you do  
All the screws in your head must be loose

Because you did ill to kill  
You wanted all the juice

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