

# Tip The Scale

## The Roots

[Hook: Dice Raw]  
Homicide or suicide  
Heads or Tails  
Some think life is a 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 because I can't take loss  
Picture me living life as if I'm some animal  
That consumes its 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[Repeat Hook][Verse 2: Dice Raw]  
Lot of 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 comin' need to start runnin  
I won't 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

Gettin' money's a style that never plays out  
'Til you end up boxin' 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[Hook]

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