

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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