

Win Some Lose Some

Brother Ali

[CHORUS] (2X)

Man, you win some, lose some

They run the gamut from hilarious to gruesome

In my life I done caught some and threw some

And I done been in some shit

But this is one that I will never forget

[VERSE 1] Testosterone-filled hallway confrontation spectacle

Time to see who got the testicles

I'm not the type to holler, "What you wanna do then?"

Hands parallel to my shoulders, I keep it movin

There's one thing I hate is for another man to take control

Of a situation, you don't want me to play the role

I'm in my element on Front Street, I love a spotlight

Bringin an audience to diss me is just not right

I told him, "Listen stupid, I know what you're here to do

But we're not gonna do it

This is a movement that I'm part of it

You're lucky I'm a righteous blackman"

And you thought I had issues now, really had em back then

I turned my back with the anti-climatic spitefulness

That's the worst type of diss

And I stepped off, adolescent, passive aggressive

Jesus Christ superstar to send the world a message

And there stood little man soft dick in hand

Wonderin "What the fuck just happened?" Not enough to kill a man

I turn the corner like as long as he ain't pullin a gun

I'd rather catch a ass-whippin than run

[CHORUS] [VERSE 2] I put them out there bad, too, really, they had to

I turned around, they runnin right directly at me, they looked mad, too

A half a minute felt like a half an hour

When he got close enough I stuck him once for black power

All three bombed on me, started swingin me around

Hollerin, "Get him down, get him down!"

I'm like fuck that, y'all don't gettin me on the linoleum

So three white boys can start stompin only one

They didn't hold back at all

They started bangin my head against a steel locker like a freakin racket ball

Grill was all busted, the locker was rusted

And when my face hit it it split my bicuspid
They spilled blood on my 'Boys N The Hood Increase the Peace' t-shirt
Now, isn't that symbolic?
I came to school a week later with a eye full of stitches
And I held my head high at them bitches
They lookin at me like, "Yeah y'all done fucked me up
What you think that's a thing that's gonna shut me up?"
Shit, nope, still swaggerin, still battle rappin
And still not givin em the satisfaction of bein mad
[CHORUS]

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