

Nothin 2 Lose

M.O.P.

Every day is test so all we do is smoke weed and crack brews
Kid I ain't got nothing 2 lose
There comes a time in your life that get trife
And you're forced to pay dues
Kid I ain't got nothing 2 lose Every day is a test so all we do is smoke weed and crack brews
Kid I ain't got nothing 2 lose
I seen it all and can't afford to fall so for all wack crews
Kid I ain't got nothing 2 lose What I got to lose when my pops is gone
So many of my peers died that my heart been torn
Too much pressure, stress ya, that's why I'm a young ass man
Grippin' the trigga and not afraid to let my gun blast My bitch rather die than snake, that is some snake shit to
shoot 'em
Real niggas that know they must salute 'em
I try to hold my head, and keep on losing my grip
But things ain't legit, my moms passed that shit Here I am, 20 years old tryin' to make it in a material world
Controlled by cash and gold
Criminals schemin' if they ain't servin' ya, they herbin' ya
But I keep heat, 'cuz the streets told me to murder ya I got some shit in the stash for your ass
That'll make a mathematician need a computer for the aftermath
Since you wake it's too scary G, but it don't worry me
Always wonderin' if some fool out plottin' to bury me Every day is test so all we do is smoke weed and crack
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I seen it all and can't afford to fall so for all wack crews
Kid I ain't got nothing 2 lose Kid I ain't got nothing 2 lose, you know the Hill Street blues
Make my people wanna flip, and fade they clips to eat
See we wit nothing to prove have nothing 2 lose
Never let a chump step on your black leather shoes I see my guns'll rip, slain in the massacre
I'll see his brains, that's a shame so I'm askin' ya
Should I feel how I feel, should I be ready to peel
Shoud I be grippin' steel, is it kill or be killed To the death nigga, point blank range
Trained to aim, got my top slugs at your brain
Life don't really mean nothing
How could you think about the next day
The way these niggas be bustin' You crazy, goin' out, and I'll blaze the trupor

Firing Squad, raise more caine than Cuba
Now let them hollow point slugs make you jump in the field
Where it's real, we still walk up and dump, niggaEvery day is test so all we do is smoke weed and crack brews
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Kid I ain't got nothing 2 loseSo my man, if you can understand the shit that we sent you
It's from the government set ups and shit that we been through
It's ghetto education, simple and plain
Some facts that keep me aware and ahead of the gameIf the ghetto mentality keep you wildin' G, then I ain't
mad at ya
Still hittin' for my people in Clinton and Attica
The code of the street is to get deep
And to let 'em know you lettin' go your heat, saluteEvery day is test so all we do is smoke weed and crack brews
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