

# 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

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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 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 brews

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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

Should 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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