Born Loser

Big Daddy Wilson

The born loser, not because I choose to be
But because all the bad shit happens to me
I got kids, but their mothers don't want them to know me
Sisters used to like me but now they call me 'homie'
Used to have a family, now I'm out on my own
Had to scrap with a pit because I tried to take his bone
Bitches don't like me, they don't kiss me or hug me
They call me 'kill pretty' because I'm mad ugly
I used to get pussy, but I busted off quick
Now I gets none so I gotta beat my dick
Times are hard in the ghetto, I gotta steal for a living
Eating turkey-flavored now & laters for thanksgiving
If that ain't enough, life is rough I swear
I don't have an address so I can't get welfare
They kicked me out the shelter because they said I smelled a
Little like the living dead and looked like helter skelter
My clothes are so funky, they're bad for my health
Sometimes at night my pants go to the bathroom by themself
Even when I was little nothing went my way
I got beat up and chased home from school every day
And despite the fact I want all the brothers bees
On my report card, I didn't get f's, I got c's
But for those who choose to snooze
Cause I was born with no hope, I got nothing to loseThe born loser, a title I was branded with
Went to liberty island, and got stranded with
The statue of liberty, but they didn't really have to
Leave my black ass there until the day after
No time for laughter, this shit's for real
Ribs are showing through my back cause I haven't had a meal
In a week, you can see bones in my hands
The raccoons beat me to the garbage cans
I'm starving marvin, and it shouldn't be like that
The only thing that I'm carving is an alley cat
But sometimes in the daytimes I dream of a manwich
But all I'm really eating is an oxygen sandwich
For those that don't know, that's two pieces of bread strapped together
Or I'll have a rain sandwich, depending on the weather
Born loser caught up in the game
And I ain't even got nobody to blameThe born loser, yeah, that used to me my m-o

When I couldn't get a soul to listen to my demo
Doors shut in my face until I started jamming them
I'm behind the doors now and I'm the one slamming them
I did what I had to to get where I got
Though I'll admit what I had to do was a lot
I gave it a shot, and sometimes I had to shoot
Catching vics just to get a little loot
I thought it was cute and didn't care who knew
Mess around, get in my way and I'll bag you, too
Cause I was born to lose straight from the beginning
In the dugout because I struck out the first inning
Winning was everything, that's why I had to
Ask my man to find the loot, and he said 'i'd be glad to'
Now who needs a major label? we got our own
I'm the divine master of the unknown
Ain't nothing changed, I'm the same as before
When oppoertunity knocked I just answered the door
Criminal at heart even though I don't show it
I was always a winner but I just didn't know it

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