50-50 Chance

Poohman

50-50 chance, 50-50 chance...
When I got a nine it's a 50-50 chance...Straight youngsta
Tryin' to survive in the streets of my town
But everyday another brotha gets bucked down
So I keep a gat to watch my back
You lack, you loose your life, fool, and it's like that
See, I was born in slums so I know what to expect
And killin' a fool on a block gots you much respect
And ain't nobody gonna cross a playa in the game
Put a cap in your ass and add stripes to my street fame
This is the way we thought and still think everyday
I keep my vest on cause ain't no tellin' when I get blown away
I see fear in my mother's eyes and I know if I die
I'm gonna hurt my mother's soul
And she's all what a player got but she's gotta understand
I got love for my block, see, it's my choice, I'm an own man
But to survive in these streets of Oakland
Life's a chance...50-50 chance, 50-50 chance...
When I got a nine it's a 50-50 chance...See, brief me: in god I trust
But in order to stay alive, my nine I have to bust
See, I chose this way of life, I never really tripped
What was wrong and what was right, I had a family at home
I can't get paid at Mickey D's so I gots to get my grind on
See, life wasn't bad, if I can do then I did it
And I make sure my family had, I was the oldest
Since my duty, my job
So on the back of my sweater read 69th Mob
I had to hustle and grind, stay strapped with 9-milly
Ain't no shame and neither the players feel me
Late night I bought a 400 sack
I got my partner in the cut strapped watchin' my back
Killin' ain't nothin' more than a ???
I keep a strap, mothafuckas, cause these fools are to blast
Didn't see a fool in the cut and furious shots
Two of my partners dropped, now I'm reachin' for my Glock
I'm runnin' around squeezin my trigga
Is this the method of a surviver or the method of a straight killa
He'll get me if I don't get him first
So I gotta let the nine bust it, put his ass in a hearse

This is the way of life, the ghetto dance
When I got a nine, it's a 50-50 chance...50-50 chance, 50-50 chance...
When I got a nine it's a 50-50 chance...Two of my partners died over gang-related funk
So I'm ridin' around town with a semi-automatic pump
My boy Pam got my back
See I refuse to be a coward, I can't go out like that
So much pain over a lost of a loved one
But if you give a bullet, ya gotta be down to take one
Everyday it's a motha...
That's the way we think, nigga, down here in the Gutter
So I'm creepin' to catch him sleepin'
And he started to fleein'
Hittin' fences like the Angel of Death
Pam broke right and I broke left
We got him with it, now he's pleein' for his life
The Angel of Death is in your faith
Boom! You lose your life
I pulled the trigga cause he killed two of my friends
His mother's gonna cry cause he won't get another chance...50-50 chance, 50-50 chance...
When I got a nine it's a 50-50 chance...

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/