Tip The Scale

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[Hook: Dice Raw]Homicide or suicide
Heads or Tails
Some think life is a living hell
Some live life just living well
I live life tryna tip the scale
My Way, my way
My Way, my way
[Verse 1: Black Thought]Yo, I'm always early
I never take off cause I got a job
Rob Peter to pay Paul
Now I realize it's the winner that takes all
Do what I gotta do because I can't take loss
Picture me living life as if I'm some animal
That consumes its own dreams like I'm a cannibal
I won't accept failure unless it's mechanical
But still the alcohol mixed with the botanical
I guess I be referred to the owners manual full of loaners
Full of all the homeless throwaways and the stoners
Soldiers of the streets with 8th grade diplomas
And the world awaiting their shoulders as a bonus
Look, let he without sin live without sin
Until then, I'll be doing dirty jobs like swamp men

Counting the faces of those that might have been
It's like living that life but I won't live that life again
[Repeat Hook][Verse 2: Dice Raw]Lot of niggas go to prison
How many come out Malcolm X?
I know I'm not
Shit, can't even talk about the rest
Famous last words: "You under arrest"
Will I get popped tonight? It's anybody's guess
I guess a nigga need to stay cunning
I guess when the cops comin' need to start runnin
I won't make the same mistakes from my last run in
You either done doing crime now or you done in
I got a brother on the run and one in
Wrote me a letter, he said when you comin'
Shit man, I thought the goal's to stay out
Back against the wall, then shoot your way out

Gettin' money's a style that never plays out
'Til you end up boxin' your stash, money's paid out
The scales of justice ain't equally weighed out
Only two ways out, digging tunnels or digging graves out
[Hook]

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