

# born loser

## Lord High Fixers

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 & later 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 lose  
The 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 blame  
The born loser, yeah, that used to be 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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