

# Lost Cause

## Diamond District

Yeah I play me on the zip but I flow back on the plane  
Save these shakers in the wip for some steadies in that name  
And my hustle still the same, and my chick is still in coma  
And my city nearly tolling guess the shit will never change  
    What that black suppose to do  
    Sell some cracka in the team?  
Get the basely and that bullshit and the job to love my aim  
I will shut now for the start then shouting, rock the moving  
Shit, my pocket is for my tease, the cope is written for that too  
You can see me on the news, I hope that's cuz I'm on the road  
    Try to play me on the list but I know they are on parrot  
    Yeah I'm free to go, free to chaise, free and fast  
Free to trap only thing promise to me is the freedom maze  
    This is round my hustle strong, I grow up bugs and?  
    My mamma grow up hops and kinds  
    Lil mamma up bust and clothes  
Overcome the obstacles why before doctor Martine spokes  
    Well I can give you hope, mamma can give you hope  
    Mamma give me that for?

I'm all a lost cause, I am a fall cry  
But I can still call and getting voe eye  
And I'm here with no sign, I'm looking for one in the streets  
    Now Martin say that jungle reach and ride it to that beat  
    And we still riding to that beat  
    You feel this in my soul  
And I get only struggle like my careful be before  
    Stride it, ride it, don't give me on the road  
Ain't nothing gonna stop me, I am out here with no control

Those out of the flauve, know the season I do  
Three days for my concert that will make me go  
My daddy gone since my 12, stop stealing my clothes  
I split behind that ceil and next thing you know  
    My grandma have the bail  
    She said "Son bend and then go"  
    I say "I ain't gonna wait gram, I ain't gonna go"  
I shoulda call you so, my problems round for sure  
And something in my soul say we gotta go

When I win, we got to, we got, we got to go  
The motherfucker free out the dug  
We bout to blow, we bout to blow  
Mamma we gotta blow  
We got to, we got to, we got to go  
Got when I beat that on roll  
Now when I beat that, I beat that  
Wish I got beat that forever and the?  
We don't roll we speak on the road, that's some of? suppose  
Y'all nigga beat up the pow before the revolution  
Gotta beat up, sit up and wide up the hoer  
Bullet thinking and get three off the mose  
Two, three sit I propose  
? leave up the toes  
When you lean me off the pose

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You reach now to the bow, seven fox they got hopes high  
They heard a lot of things, believe if see with my own eyes  
Hell yeah got drive and that's the reason I drow wild  
But low is getting slow and I know?  
Now I try to get it to the point for my grand kids can live it up  
Sure I'm taking overrated, if you wanna get it then live it up  
And yeah you love to live the story fill with roar of your drama  
Beat to it strong  
Over y'all and now we overcome  
Teach one, teach one  
Build in the bridges, expanding my vision  
Take up your decision if you want to outcome this difference  
Head up, feed up, scare the optimistic hit it right  
Passing all tradition and reaching soul for the tree  
All out, long ride, the very last one to roll out  
Is how I crow harder and over last is just the long round  
Me kicking that rhyme and just like that pick his sign  
From seventy nine until the now the clock ticking this hard

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Lyrics submitted by Samantha.

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