

# Nothin 2 Lose

## M.o.p.

Every day is test so all we do is smoke weed and crack brews  
Kid I ain't got nothing 2 lose  
There comes a time in your life that get trife  
And you're forced to pay dues  
Kid I ain't got nothing 2 lose Every day is a test so all we do is smoke weed and crack brews  
Kid I ain't got nothing 2 lose  
I seen it all and can't afford to fall so for all wack crews  
Kid I ain't got nothing 2 lose What I got to lose when my pops is gone  
So many of my peers died that my heart been torn  
Too much pressure, stress ya, that's why I'm a young ass man  
Grippin' the trigga and not afraid to let my gun blast My bitch rather die than snake, that is some snake shit to  
shoot 'em  
Real niggas that know they must salute 'em  
I try to hold my head, and keep on losing my grip  
But things ain't legit, my moms passed that shit Here I am, 20 years old tryin' to make it in a material world  
Controlled by cash and gold  
Criminals schemin' if they ain't servin' ya, they herbin' ya  
But I keep heat, 'cuz the streets told me to murder ya I got some shit in the stash for your ass  
That'll make a mathematician need a computer for the aftermath  
Since you wake it's too scary G, but it don't worry me  
Always wonderin' if some fool out plottin' to bury me Every day is test so all we do is smoke weed and crack  
brews  
Kid I ain't got nothing 2 lose  
There comes a time in your life that get trife  
And you're forced to pay dues  
Kid I ain't got nothing 2 lose Every day is a test so all we do is smoke weed and crack brews  
Kid I ain't got nothing 2 lose  
I seen it all and can't afford to fall so for all wack crews  
Kid I ain't got nothing 2 lose Kid I ain't got nothing 2 lose, you know the Hill Street blues  
Make my people wanna flip, and fade they clips to eat  
See we wit nothing to prove have nothing 2 lose  
Never let a chump step on your black leather shoes I see my guns'll rip, slain in the massacre  
I'll see his brains, that's a shame so I'm askin' ya  
Should I feel how I feel, should I be ready to peel  
Shoud I be grippin' steel, is it kill or be killed To the death nigga, point blank range  
Trained to aim, got my top slugs at your brain  
Life don't really mean nothing  
How could you think about the next day  
The way these niggas be bustin' You crazy, goin' out, and I'll blaze the trupor

Firing Squad, raise more caine than Cuba  
Now let them hollow point slugs make you jump in the field  
Where it's real, we still walk up and dump, niggaEvery day is test so all we do is smoke weed and crack brews  
Kid I ain't got nothing 2 lose  
There comes a time in your life that get trife  
And you're forced to pay dues  
Kid I ain't got nothing 2 loseEvery day is a test so all we do is smoke weed and crack brews  
Kid I ain't got nothing 2 lose  
I seen it all and can't afford to fall so for all wack crews  
Kid I ain't got nothing 2 loseSo my man, if you can understand the shit that we sent you  
It's from the government set ups and shit that we been through  
It's ghetto education, simple and plain  
Some facts that keep me aware and ahead of the gameIf the ghetto mentality keep you wildin' G, then I ain't  
mad at ya  
Still hittin' for my people in Clinton and Attica  
The code of the street is to get deep  
And to let 'em know you lettin' go your heat, saluteEvery day is test so all we do is smoke weed and crack brews  
Kid I ain't got nothing 2 lose  
There comes a time in your life that get trife  
And you're forced to pay dues  
Kid I ain't got nothing 2 loseEvery day is a test so all we do is smoke weed and crack brews  
Kid I ain't got nothing 2 lose  
I seen it all and can't afford to fall so for all wack crews  
Kid I ain't got nothing 2 lose

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>