

# Win, Lose Or Draw

## Scarface

Win...lose...draw...die

Scarface:

I read the book of revalations  
And now I realize we in revalations  
And on that note I make this statement  
For all the young guns to become one to die young  
Because the world is filled with hatred  
And they aim to blame our sons  
And I done seen down the barrel of a strap before  
But I don't wanna die no mo', I fear the reaper  
Help us jesus, help to keep us away from all the sadness  
And deliver us from the hate that cause the madness  
I'm glad it's installed in me from day one  
Believe in something because most of my homies believe in nothing  
And paying for it, God bless your souls, I'll be praying for it  
Eventually you'll have your day in court  
And I done been a witness to homicide  
Seen a whole family die  
Before the stones of diamonds in the sky  
Through my bloodshot eyes feel the hurt and all the hate  
That I've trapped inside because the hurtin' hard to ache  
There's a smile on my face  
But, that's to keep a man from crying  
Cause deep down inside, I know I'm dying  
I'm born for it, gon' take some time to getting used to  
And satan I know that your listening but I rebuke you  
And refuse to let you capture me and kill my will  
Just to survive the game of life, win or lose  
Do or die, refuse to let you capture me to kill my will  
To survive the game of life, win or lose, do or die

Chorus (johnny p):

(2x)

Whether we win or lose this life to do or die  
But sometimes we lose the will to win and wonder why

Dmg:

Open my hands like a book  
Years and years me and my notebook  
I take a close look

Peep it dread see myself failing  
A felon on the verge of 1-8-7  
But I ain't ever wanna do it  
'cause homicide never solved it,  
Just momentarily resolved it  
We've all been involved in the calling of a loved one  
Oldest ones the young ones the smartest one the dum-dums  
And not begun with some  
And they all probably died with none by the gun  
That's on the one, two, three and the fo's for life  
I slap five on the black hand side  
I realize the future lies among my two sons and daughter  
So I pray to God just for tomorrow  
In lieu of the drama I move my momma  
But the poverty's prolonging the pain  
Plugging my arteries and veins with strains  
When I lose in this game

Chorus

Lo-ke:

12/11/73, a young little huster was born  
Torn from my momma's womb in the midst of the storm  
Never warned I was going through a world of stress  
Never knew that I was born for death, may God bless  
My pops died when I was thirteen, I'm still tripping  
Forget living, I'm on a suicidal mission  
Tears dripping from my eyes as I look up at the sky  
Asked the higher power why my old man had to die  
It was hard to say goodbye I tried to hide what I feel  
Forget the wife forget the will (naw, chill; naw, chill)  
I'm at your gravesight, latenight trying to figure out  
Would I see your smiling face if I commence to dig you out  
I'm all about the cheese, I plan to see you once again  
But I can't make through the night without committing a sin  
I had to realize there wasn't no friends, backstabbin'  
I had to watch my own back while I was out mashin'  
Closed caption for the hearing impaired  
Have you ever seen your closest homey laid out buried and dead?  
I shed a tear even though I'm not supposed to cry  
I can't lie I ain't ready to die, I ain't ready

Chorus

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