

Refuse To Lose (Censored Version)

Non Phixion

[scratching of the words "Refuse to lose"] [Verse 1]
Here's ya ticket, ain't nothing more sick than terror dome
I walk the path of righteous even when foul like joe peppitone
The clock awoke me, it was like a quarter past six
Got out of bed depressed home wid the kids talkin' bout real shit
Non-Phixion, if you ain't down wid us then you a victim
We stay tight like killers up north a new religion
The ghetto's hell filled wid bad luck and born thieves
Impossible greed throughout the projects mothers that blow weed
Dance like Sam Jackson for rocks, aim at the cops
Camouflage able to sensitise devils wid red dots
I take Ashem's orders keep my team closer to Mexican borders
With no pausin' full outstanders ghetto supporters Hook:
I got so much trouble on my mind, "refuse to lose"
I got so much trouble on my mind, "refuse to lose"
(2x) [Verse 2]
My baretta will serenade displays the worldly terror devils made
They spread the plague of AIDS through medicaid
And then they pray to idols made of gold
Drapes ya blood and mark the scroll cold
Broken skulls ontop of frozen totem poles
Although the world's deviled and redded I stay level headed
While these other cats are way too stupid so I doubt they'll ever get it
You can't change somebody ignorant that want to be like that
It's like detoxin' someone hooked on coke who won't stop smokin' crack
Jane what?, unimportant paranoia stricken caught squeakin'
Stickin' these normally peaceful people they clock tickin'
Situations we escape, police station interrogation
I stay a caucasoid mutation and destroy the nation
I got the sharper sound, I fuck you up like you had chicken pox
and got ya ass thrown in a piranha tank
Twistin' the blitz of hot Non-Phixion cataclysm
Shatter ya vision like a gat blastin' at ya children Hook (2x) [Verse 3]
I GOT COMPULSIVE DISORDER so many people snortin' smack
It's like I died and came back to take the presence of a rat
Cause the streets that I walk is filled with garbage and traps
Sure lack of funds ain't holdin' none
Throughout the mash for better cash
When I was ten I used to buy liquor wid no I.D

Thinkin' back subliminally the store clerk was tryna kill me
I was born in Puerto Rico raised in Brooklyn graz-ing
Forced to be a man before even men became men
Welfare and food stamps poor shit it made me sick
Watchin' dealers all I stood makin' loot holdin' they dick
I hated Eddie Murphy used to wish that he would quit it
All that you ain't got no ice cream shit son, I lived it
The bitter be the winter cold fours and street wars
Saw the cops raid my the block and put the gods in on force
Fifteen now I'm addicted to weed and nicotine
Hip hop, lots of pussy and ladies wid strife scenes
Robbin' gear from Chess King doin' my thing but got caught
Learn to crush ya lies within the whole structure of the thought
I got barred, a j.d. card was bizarre
Started buildin' with the force he put me on that I was God
Travel-ing from the place on the day I realised
That the window to the soul be directly in the eye
Art of war path, I study astrology and math
The equator symbolic to how they split us up in half
From bombs in outer space to violatin' our rights
To cops who shove sticks in asses in Crown Heights
To kids bein' raped to A&R's wid no taste
To classism to race to buck fifties on the face manHook (2x)
scratching of "refuse to lose" until fade

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