

Take It As A Loss

Consequence

This is a story, um, about uh ballers and players, the same shit but uh
It's kinda like, it's saying um, like if you a true player you can't count e
very penny

You know what I'm saying

Sometimes you gotta take it as a loss player (But in a while)

That's right Consequence and uh I go by the name of uh Kanye to the

You might of heard of me, but uh, listen for a minute we finna' break it dow
n right here (You're gonna be mine, I know it)

I know that broad gon' wanna pop me bad when I drive the Jag

And try to turn my sons against me like the hockey dad

Cause this cat gotta [?] so every time she at the light she reminded who the
mac

And um she not the type that be getting attached

She getting the lac

And figure that she getting the stacks

Figuring out we run teen like hosiery

Now ride up and down like roller coasters be

And Imma take her up the coast with me

With an ocean villa, provoke a freak to get low in a suite

She hit me with a proposal that was so indecent

And her purse reaching for bills that was recent

Now you really reaching

Hustlers, ballers

Gangsters, all us

Don't get called up

For what you balled up

You gotta take it as a loss player

But in a while

You're gonna be mine, I know it

Now if the same reason why Juanita left Jordan

When I need my neck [?] I done seen them escort 'em

And caught 'em, till she brought 'em and brought us

So I can spawn 'em then ignore 'em, and don't call her back the next autumn

And that's the same reason why I don't even lie

If I'm leaving, I'll just tell 'em the truth, then bail in the coupe

Or get on some hella smooth Mary Lou Retton move

Uh, so they flip for whatever I tell 'em to do

She asked did I mail her her dues, but I fail to produce

'Cause I hail from The Deuce, so we don't pay for the coots

And if the club live like The Roots, I'm feeling on her caboose

But I ain't really drunk, I just had a few brews

Hustlers, ballers

Gangsters, all us (We just had [?])

Don't get called up

For what you balled up

You gotta take it as a loss player

But in a while

You're gonna be mine, I know it

So leave it to Cons' and Kanye to convey the don way

'Cause any girl with long legs getting pulled on stage

Man, don't concentrate on what Kon could make

Haters got they own little church where they congregate

Where they be confagulating the competation
'Cause I'm an all-star when the converse is blazing
So all I need is confirmation that when Con's go mason
That the kid is gon' blow like the Congo nation
I need less conversation, more compensation
'Cause I ain't got that kind of patience
Plus hoes tryna Kon-vict me, saying that Kon did me
I'm in a different country nigga, come and get me!

Hustlers, ballers
Gangsters, all us
Don't get called up
For what you balled up
You gotta take it as a loss player
But in a while
You're gonna be mine, I know it