

# Break Even

CunninLynguists

Arrives alive, feet first, momma's little burden,  
Who grows to lust lavish living, like daddy's little version  
But the cops pop Pops on his grind from poor to riches,  
So a shackled man stands to name his first son Richard  
Young realizing why but he despise his daddy's lies,  
His sister Karma look just like his momma with daddy's eyes.  
He sit in apartment looking out the window with daddy's ride,  
His childhood passing by, he's growing too fast to cry.  
Too old to be told stories of knights in shining armor,  
That big sis Destiny recited nightly to him and Karma  
Opposite bedtime, heard street tales of Papa's fed time  
Rolling stone, with skull and bones tatted across his neckline.  
He learned to throw rags and load mags before he could read,  
His momma spending her rent on Boy when there ain't nothing to eat.  
Tracking her arm up and turning cheap tricks for bumps,  
And he been checking the same empty refrigerator for months.

Chorus (2x)

Fast forward in time,  
(We are) searching for reason.  
(But we know) ain't no way to rewind,  
So we spend that time just trying to break even

Watching momma's body wither and hunger pains in his sister  
From a teen to a king he stuck up his momma's Mister  
No more peddling poison for profit off in this household  
Took Papa's strap and tap momma's dealer til he was out cold  
Whatever it takes, he does it dedicated to his sister and mother,  
Learning the game by bagging zips with his cousin.  
Keeping the fridge full now, well he got dollars by the fistful,  
A car with a system and a yard full of pit-bulls.  
King Rich the rich king who's ride sits on things,  
And those who owe dough feel blows with gold rings  
And momma raise Karma with Destiny right on her arm  
In a project palace founded by violence but far from harm  
Ignoring his daddy's letters but his sisters anticipate  
The visitation day, but he's just focused on getting paid.  
He barely ever home, growing up alone,  
He had to rehabilitate his mom and keep his sisters from hoeing

Chorus (2x)

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Now Rich is feeling himself, not concealing his wealth  
And his cousin's loving his product and improvidence felt  
He's crying for help, but Rich told him tighten his belt  
And then Rich ditched his cousin, put his life on the shelf.  
He went from hustling to feed those in need to greed  
And neglecting his cousin's progress, police is pleased,  
Cause he helping to crucify Rich with times and dates,  
Names and states on license plates of cars supplying the weight.  
So Rich got his niggas out pitching on the curbs,

While his Cous with the law, jaw singing like the birds,  
Said if he take the stand, they plan to send him to the burbs.  
So he pitched Rich to the Dixon, sent them to the birds,  
Cased him, replaced his bracelet with cuffs and chains,  
A fucking chain he flushed so much he plugged the drain.  
Leaving his sisters and his mother with nothing but more problems,  
And his new cell mate is his 50 year old father

Chorus (2x)

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