

## Lose Some Win Some

Nasty C

The hell is you saying? This shit in my vein, you dig?  
There's so much to lose and so much to gain, you dig?  
I'm chasing the hunger, I'm back in the rain, you hear me?  
I'm battered and broken and numb to the pain, you hear me?  
How can I stop until we're all in a Range, you hear me?  
I cannot stop until we're all getting paid  
And everybody got their own shit  
And they stop calling me 'cause they want shit

Every time I reach for my cutlery  
Take my eye off the cake for a second, they cut a piece  
If I talk about it, say I'm greedy they come for me  
Forcing me to comfort people that never comfort me  
Niggas don't wanna work  
Niggas is scared to fail  
They'd rather follow a nigga blind then be a tail  
Waving from side to side, see me when shit is well  
Leave me when shit is Hell  
Leave it for me to dwell  
Dangers of being a king, you get the biggest shoulders  
Nobody listens to you, they just wanna take your orders  
You be the sharpest and they just use you to cut their corners  
I want them to win though  
It will mean more to me, sorta  
You know I've got love for my niggas  
On me, I'll kill for 'em  
I know that they don't depend on nobody to build for 'em  
We done cut some homies off, we had to be real for 'em  
But they know we're still here for 'em

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