Lost Battles

Outerspace

eat. Reef the Lost Cauze

The object of the game dawg gotta make money
Take money even if you gotta take the plate from me
If they on the run eating fuck it, take the steak from 'em
If it's red, who care, man I love and hate money
On the real tho can't let the love escape from me
Cuz the hate make a nigga wanna shake and break something
Trying to put my three kids in a life of luxury
So I gotta hustle hard to even live comfortably
Who the fuck said life will be like this
I can't blow, man I'm rhyming ova beats like this
Rock a hundred dolla trees and a fresh new hat
My kids all got LeBron's and my wifey stacked
So I don't even know why I sit and complain
I got two '06's, my tax is insane
But the money make the world go round my nigga
By myself broke down, tore down off liquor

(Chorus) Hansi Kürsch *sample* 2x
I've lost my battle before it starts
My first breath wasn't done
My spirit's sunken deep into the ground

Ayo, it's the American dream, the root of evil
That got me going bug, man I'm losing people
Wake up midnight, start pacing hallways
Got my mind on my money and it's funny it's all day
I need big whips, big chains and all that
Hundred acres and a mattress for a dormant
I'm always making moves, I can't fall back
Each dolla that I lose, I'm like respond-react
I make a few stacks; I put it all on Black
Cuz it ain't neva enough and that's actual fact
At the bar wit my niggas, all shots on me
And then I'm broke the next day, how I'm gon' eat?
So I work like a slave just to make ends meet
Infinite pursuit of cash it'll make friends beef
And I'm sick of feeling like I'm down and out
So I'ma kick the ceilings and start whylin out

(Chorus) Hansi Kürsch *sample* 2x

Yo, ayo I gotta eat good, so a nigga got three gigs
I rhyme, work part-time, and I teach kids
Keep my pockets like I keep fridge - full
Gotta get that fresh fitted and them sneaks crisp
Not to mention all the haze that I blow
Had to pay my landlord wit the doe I made from the show
Whateva there's left, yeah I'm spend on self
Cuz looking bad means feeling bad, that ain't good for your health
Gotta keep up appearances
We Brody samples and put out records without eva getting clearances
Press up some shirts, sell 'em on the websites
Do whateva we gotta do to get that bread right
It cost to live and I'm the cost
So if I want it and I got it, I ain't checking the cost

But I could be doing good wit my doe and that's real
Cuz these Jordan's on my feet coulda paid my gas bill

(Chorus) Hansi Kürsch *sample* 2x

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