

Born to Lose

Boondox

I've been feelin somethin for a long time
Just like that feelin after standin in a long line
I'm thinkin I been seein livin with a clear view
But nah tha whole time I been up in the rear view hear you
Sayin who I am and what I'm gone be
But motha fucka nah you don't even know me
I am tha product of a lot of medication
And I been caught up in the thought of revelation
Ain't shit change and I'm still lookin for the meanin
All of this pain has got me livin like a Heathen
And thinkin that I might run up on ya with tha fo-fifth
Empty out ya pockets I don't think he gonna notice
Load this G2C and pull and the trigger
I kinda wanna see it but I ain't ever been a quitter
Just caught up in a world where nobody got tha answer
Uncertainty and then it spread like cancer

Everywhere I look it's all the same
They've gone crazy
Searching for the light but it never change
And fate won't save me
Hanging on a prayer in the darkness
Never knew a care from the heartless
The path seems clear and it's yours to choose
But we're born to lose

Born April 27 the date
Cold blooded Hard case
Second son of eight
Wearing hand me downs
Like worn holes in Levi's
From the 501 classic fit
2 button flys
It's no surprise made lemonade outta lemons
Purposely I move an methodic in decisions
Oblivious to frivolous flippant to levity
Realness you feel
Must be anti celebrity
Top notch pedigree
You all betta let it be known
Don't wanna catch me in the alley alone
I'm a chip off the old block
Quick to pull the glock
Run up in the spot
Fill in blackness like the rot
And you finna catch em all
Hot lead hollow point spread
Better get ya vest
Cause I'm targetin ya cardigan
An never win with archaic point of views
Doomed to walk the path you choose
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Caught up in this feelin like a sucka
A cog up in the wheel yeah I'm just another number
Do the right thang while the world go crazy
Fallin back further while these bitches get paid see hating
Everything around me cause it's fucked up
Rich gettin richer and common gettin stuck up
Hand in my pocket and another on my neck
Now they looking at my kids and I'm lookin for Kel Tech
Sell dat shit to ya homies in tha grove
Evil sick motha fuckas yeah ya better lettem know
That we about two minutes till the clock strikes midnight
Fuel to the fire and the shit gonna ignite
It might soon
We standin on the edge of extinction
And he don't seem to notice that we sinkin
So I'm takin what is mine and popin trunks
It's survival of the fittest with the 12 gauge pump

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