

**Christina Werner****"Nothing 2 Lose"**

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[Chorus]

I'm ready to flee to a better place  
Go West, South, and East, whatever the way  
Let's make a move, hurry up lets go now  
You got to believe we can get away  
I'm tired of doin what the devils say  
We got nothin to lose, take my hand lemme help ya  
I want to be free, c'mon brotha  
I want to be free, help each otha  
I want to be free, love ya sista  
I want to be free, dont you miss her  
I want to be free. (lalalalalalala). I want to be free

[Kalage]

Master say being born colored was the worst disease  
And we the worst to bread, Worse than flees  
As long as I work for he, I work for free  
He beat me like a dick in jail and cursed at me  
I'm certain we, weren't put on this earth to be, Bustled  
Nobody deserve to be, hustled  
Look here, run I dare ya  
I catch ya, I'ma give ya more lashes than mascara  
If its pride or die, im choosin respect  
I saw my daddy hung dead, wit a noose on his neck  
My niece got raped pregnant, wont tell she scared  
Master done it, but she blamin it on drop dead Fred  
But one day, things gon' change for better  
Lord knows it cant rain forever  
Thats what I told my momma (mmhmm)  
Two days later master sold my momma (master sold  
my momma)

[Chorus]

[Boondox Blax]

uh, uh, uh. I'm in the field, thats white lil niggas and me  
From dusk to dawn til the sun come and it leave  
Through all seasons, Winter, Fall, Summer, and Spring  
Pickin, pushin, pullin, cuttin the field  
Sweatin bout to dehydrate, stuck in the heat  
and when its cold, joints lock up barker than trees

Rest, I dont get enough of my sleep  
Cuz master got us workin late night, and then wakin up  
in the wee  
Hours of the mornin, stackin stalks of hay  
Hopin the rain from dawn til shower day  
Wishin I could walk away  
But then I think about Hardaway  
Master cut off his hand  
Cuz you cant talk or sing or speak from your mouth  
If it aint what master talk or say  
But I was taught to pray to the Lord and have faith  
Please take me away from this awful place  
Cuz you can be so off today

[Chorus]

[Slimm Calhoun]  
Man I tell ya drop shit, aint nothin  
nuff sufferin, done dealt with more headaches the  
bufferin  
Gotta spend my time off the destructive by gettin by  
doe bu-bu-bubblin  
Cant risk stumblin, fumblin  
So im bout takin my life, dice tumblin  
I drop down the road, tryin to get that pot of gold  
Still out in the field, mobbin with Sean and Smoke  
9 times, nine to five, im troop servin  
Nine, you bout tryin to eat well, get in line  
Cuz mamma got laid off, the lil sis need shoes  
My brother just got popped back in his county blues  
and Pops been made it off, there was no money, no  
food  
Comin through next week, my rent and my girl due  
Life aint got no rules, descruction, one-two's  
So every now and then, your gonna sing the blues

[Chorus]

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