

5150

"I Can't Win"

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[Chorus x8]

The green and white
is on my back
trying to bring me down

[Phone rings x3]

Hey
Pacific Bell with a called call from
B-M-F-D
yeah I do
except the phone call
homeboy

[Verse 1]

I take a look true my book
and the days of a crook
shit I took
and I cooked
and a cop got shocked
wasn't fine with a group
call 7-9
come true the town
7-9
wasn't hard to find
put my foot up in the pen
I had to stack my bank
Ben Frank's
everyday
of this cocaine base
and I would
die for this
cause I
strike for this
try to take my gat
and then my
nine gonna speak
cause you should know I served time
and it's going to paid-me
but the old G's told us niggas to just keep on stepping

cause these bustas
suckers
is coming to bust us
so put some muscle in your hustle
and just row with the punches
and since that day
I began
to pack a mutha-
fucking gun
we weren't not sleeping
when I was about my scratch
I had to had that fat sack
to make my pockets fat
remember all them late nights
remember all them hood rat bitches
on my muthafucking dick
cause I had these riches
put the cops on my jock
cause I'm slangging rocks
on the block
hella high thinking I cant be stop
but these bustas
suckas
kinda shady
maybe
trying to pay me
fade me
tip the cops off
to where I get my rocks at
god tham
I can't win
now I'm locked up in this
muthafucking pen

[Dial Tone...]

[Chorus]

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