

## **Brother Ali**

### **"Win Some Lose Some"**

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[ CHORUS ] (2X)

Man, you win some, lose some  
They run the gamut from hilarious to gruesome  
In my life I done caught some and threw some  
And I done been in some shit  
But this is one that I will never forget

[ VERSE 1 ]

Testosterone-filled hallway confrontation spectacle  
Time to see who got the testicles  
I'm not the type to holler, "What you wanna do then?"  
Hands parallel to my shoulders, I keep it movin  
There's one thing I hate is for another man to take  
control  
Of a situation, you don't want me to play the role  
I'm in my element on Front Street, I love a spotlight  
Bringin an audience to diss me is just not right  
I told him, "Listen stupid, I know what you're here to do  
But we're not gonna do it  
This is a movement that I'm part of it  
You're lucky I'm a righteous blackman"  
And you thought I had issues now, really had em back  
then  
I turned my back with the anti-climatic spitefulness  
That's the worst type of diss  
And I stepped off, adolescent, passive aggressive  
Jesus Christ superstar to send the world a message  
And there stood little man soft dick in hand  
Wonderin "What the fuck just happened?" Not enough  
to kill a man  
I turn the corner like as long as he ain't pullin a gun

I'd rather catch a ass-whippin than run

[ CHORUS ]

[ VERSE 2 ]

I put them out there bad, too, really, they had to  
I turned around, they runnin right directly at me, they  
looked mad, too  
A half a minute felt like a half an hour  
When he got close enough I stuck him once for black

power  
All three bombed on me, started swingin me around  
Hollerin, "Get him down, get him down!"  
I'm like fuck that, y'all don't gettin me on the linoleum  
So three white boys can start stompin only one  
They didn't hold back at all  
They started bangin my head against a steel locker like  
a freakin racket ball  
Grill was all busted, the locker was rusted  
And when my face hit it it split my bicuspid  
They spilled blood on my 'Boys N The Hood Increase  
the Peace' t-shirt  
Now, isn't that symbolic?  
I came to school a week later with a eye full of stitches  
And I held my head high at them bitches  
They lookin at me like, "Yeah y'all done fucked me up  
What you think that's a thing that's gonna shut me up?"  
Shit, nope, still swaggerin, still battle rappin  
And still not givin em the satisfaction of bein mad

[ CHORUS ]

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