

Cunninlynguists

"Break Even"

Visit "[Break Even](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Arrives alive, feet first, momma's little burden,
Who grows to lust lavish living, like daddy's little
version
But the cops pop Pops on his grind from poor to riches,
So a shackled man stands to name his first son Richard
Young realizing why but he despise his daddy's lies,
His sister Karma look just like his momma with daddy's
eyes.
He sit in apartment looking out the window with
daddy's ride,
His childhood passing by, he's growing too fast to cry.
Too old to be told stories of knights in shining armor,
That big sis Destiny recited nightly to him and Karma
Opposite bedtime, heard street tales of Papa's fed time
Rolling stone, with skull and bones tatted across his
neckline.
He learned to throw rags and load mags before he
could read,
His momma spending her rent on Boy when there ain't
nothing to eat.
Tracking her arm up and turning cheap tricks for
bumps,
And he been checking the same empty refrigerator for
months.

Chorus (2x)

Fast forward in time,
(We are) searching for reason.
(But we know) ain't no way to rewind,
So we spend that time just trying to break even

Watching momma's body wither and hunger pains in
his sister
From a teen to a king he stuck up his momma's Mister
No more peddling poison for profit off in this
household
Took Papa's strap and tap momma's dealer til he was
out cold
Whatever it takes, he does it dedicated to his sister
and mother,
Learning the game by bagging zips with his cousin.

Keeping the fridge full now, well he got dollars by the fistful,
A car with a system and a yard full of pit-bulls.
King Rich the rich king who's ride sits on things,
And those who owe dough feel blows with gold rings
And mamma raise Karma with Destiny right on her arm
In a project palace founded by violence but far from harm
Ignoring his daddy's letters but his sisters anticipate
The visitation day, but he's just focused on getting paid.
He barely ever home, growing up alone,
He had to rehabilitate his mom and keep his sisters
from hoeing

Chorus (2x)

Fast forward in time,
(We are) searching for reason.
(But we know) ain't no way to rewind,
So we spend that time just trying to break even

Now Rich is feeling himself, not concealing his wealth
And his cousin's loving his product and improvidence felt
He's crying for help, but Rich told him tighten his belt
And then Rich ditched his cousin, put his life on the shelf.
He went from hustling to feed those in need to greed
And neglecting his cousin's progress, police is pleased,
Cause he helping to crucify Rich with times and dates,
Names and states on license plates of cars supplying the weight.
So Rich got his niggas out pitching on the curbs,
While his Cous with the law, jaw singing like the birds,
Said if he take the stand, they plan to send him to the burbs.
So he pitched Rich to the Dixon, sent them to the birds,
Cased him, replaced his bracelet with cuffs and chains,
A fucking chain he flushed so much he plugged the drain.
Leaving his sisters and his mother with nothing but
more problems,
And his new cell mate is his 50 year old father

Chorus (2x)

Fast forward in time,
(We are) searching for reason
(But we know) ain't no way to rewind

So we spend that time just trying to break even

Visit [Cunninlynguists](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.