

## Letters To Cleo

### "Lose in the End"

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How'd I get here,  
dwell through the hauls of all this confusion  
usin' my tactics to stay alive,  
wait astride when they try to get ya,  
pretend they the bomb and they gonna get with ya.  
Run get away wouldn't care to stay and try,  
a peace rally's not a place to die.  
Flee the park peoples pigs is comin'  
Your already homeless  
but they want ya gone in less then three,  
eat away the P-O-L-I-C-E, and I see the billy club.  
He'd really love to hit me or get me  
but my 3-5-7 is wit me.  
Ain't goin' out I ain't,  
I'd rather paint chalk around a pig then a brother who's  
dark.  
I never ever walk streets lonely,  
I always gotta have my millimeter on me.  
To kill or beat a bald Bill or Ted officer,  
lootin' so you shootin' and ya go off with tha trigger,  
so ya figure  
you need to dig her.  
Nigga of some brown but it ain't happenin'.

[Bridge]3x

Didn't wanna cap him cause I knew it wasn't wise,  
realized that my plan b was comin'.  
I need a concoction to block men and auction off them  
just like they did us in dock ten,  
so now I stalkin' walkin' with myself,  
and plus Tajai's swiss knife from off the shelf.  
To shake the likes of black abusers.  
And use a can opener, to open ya,  
skin and then dig in and twist and turn,  
and salt,  
burn!  
Left him cryin' that I'll never get away.  
I always get away,  
I always get away.  
Retreat and bag off,

call A-plus he must know that I'm about to fag off.  
Tell him he sager,  
inhale when I heard the word was abandonin' me,  
my plan would be crumbled.  
I tumble down in tears,  
pressured by the cops and neglected by my peers.  
But now I gotta go on all I know,  
phuck it I'm a call a ho.

[Bridge]3x

The spot I'm hidin' in is not tight,  
B-P-D see me  
spotlight.  
I gotta get movin'  
hopin' fences, droppin' senseless men  
who try to stop me on my way.  
They in pursuit of a cute kinda demanded,  
man and then away the fly guys landin',  
and then they gon get Buck-ba-bo-bo.  
Buckshots and a lugged gun used up,  
who's up next?  
No one.  
I go run the whole one,  
hopped in, stopped when.  
I noticed that the quote is from good times. . .  
I'm the man.  
There goes the brothers who bit ooh goody,  
they got em surrounded description blue hoody.  
That's what happens when ya wanna wear your apparel  
like mine.  
. . .  
Couldn't Figure it out??  
Ya Lose In the end!!

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