

M.O.P. "Nothin 2 Lose"

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Every day is test so all we do is smoke weed and crack
brews

Kid I ain't got nothing 2 lose

There comes a time in your life that get trife

And you're forced to pay dues

Kid I ain't got nothing 2 lose

Every day is a test so all we do is smoke weed and
crack brews

Kid I ain't got nothing 2 lose

I seen it all and can't afford to fall so for all wack crews

Kid I ain't got nothing 2 lose

What I got to lose when my pops is gone

So many of my peers died that my heart been torn

Too much pressure, stress ya, that's why I'm a young
ass man

Grippin' the trigga and not afraid to let my gun blast

My bitch rather die than snake, that is some snake shit
to shoot 'em

Real niggas that know they must salute 'em

I try to hold my head, and keep on losing my grip

But things ain't legit, my moms passed that shit

Here I am, 20 years old tryin' to make it in a material
world

Controlled by cash and gold

Criminals schemin' if they ain't servin' ya, they herbin'
ya

But I keep heat, 'cuz the streets told me to murder ya

I got some shit in the stash for your ass

That'll make a mathematician need a computer for the
aftermath

Since you wake it's too scary G, but it don't worry me

Always wonderin' if some fool out plottin' to bury me

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Kid I ain't got nothing 2 lose, you know the Hill Street
blues
Make my people wanna flip, and fade they clips to eat
See we wit nothing to prove have nothing 2 lose
Never let a chump step on your black leather shoes

I see my guns'll rip, slain in the massacre
I'll see his brains, that's a shame so I'm askin' ya
Should I feel how I feel, should I be ready to peel
Shoud I be grippin' steel, is it kill or be killed

To the death nigga, point blank range
Trained to aim, got my top slugs at your brain
Life don't really mean nothing
How could you think about the next day
The way these niggas be bustin'

You crazy, goin' out, and I'll blaze the trupor
Firing Squad, raise more caine than Cuba
Now let them hollow point slugs make you jump in the
field
Where it's real, we still walk up and dump, nigga

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So my man, if you can understand the shit that we sent
you
It's from the government set ups and shit that we been
through
It's ghetto education, simple and plain
Some facts that keep me aware and ahead of the

game

If the ghetto mentality keep you wildin' G, then I ain't
mad at ya
Still hittin' for my people in Clinton and Attica
The code of the street is to get deep
And to let 'em know you lettin' go your heat, salute

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