

Non Phixion "Refuse To Lose"

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[scratching of the words "Refuse to lose"]

[Verse 1]

Here's ya ticket, ain't nothing more sick than terror
dome

I walk the path of righteous even when foul like joe
peppitone

The clock awoke me, it was like a quarter past six
Got out of bed depressed home wid the kids talkin'
bout real shit

Non-Phixion, if you ain't down wid us then you a victim

We stay tight like killers up north a new religion

The ghetto's hell filled wid bad luck and born thieves
Impossible greed throughout the projects mothers that
blow weed

Dance like Sam Jackson for rocks, aim at the cops

Camouflage able to sensitise devils wid red dots

I take Ashem's orders keep my team closer to Mexican
borders

With no pausin' full outstanders ghetto supporters

Hook:

I got so much trouble on my mind, "refuse to lose"

I got so much trouble on my mind, "refuse to lose"

(2x)

[Verse 2]

My baretta will serenade displays the worldly terror
devils made

They spread the plague of AIDS through medicaid

And then they pray to idols made of gold

Drapes ya blood and mark the scroll cold

Broken skulls ontop of frozen totem poles

Although the world's deviled and redded I stay level
headed

While these other cats are way too stupid so I doubt
they'll ever get it

You can't change somebody ignorant that want to be
like that

It's like detoxin' someone hooked on coke who won't
stop smokin' crack

Jane what?, unimportant paranoia stricken caught

squeakin'
Stickin' these normally peaceful people they clock
tickin'
Situations we escape, police station interrogation
I stay a caucasoid mutation and destroy the nation
I got the sharper sound, I fuck you up like you had
chicken pox
and got ya ass thrown in a piranha tank
Twistin' the blitz of hot Non-Phixion cataclysm
Shatter ya vision like a gat blastin' at ya children

Hook (2x)

[Verse 3]

I GOT COMPULSIVE DISORDER so many people snortin'
smack

It's like I died and came back to take the presence of a
rat

Cause the streets that I walk is filled with garbage and
traps

Sure lack of funds ain't holdin' none

Throughout the mash for better cash

When I was ten I used to buy liquor wid no I.D

Thinkin' back subliminally the store clerk was tryna kill
me

I was born in Puerto Rico raised in Brooklyn graz-ing

Forced to be a man before even men became men

Welfare and food stamps poor shit it made me sick

Watchin' dealers all I stood makin' loot holdin' they dick

I hated Eddie Murphy used to wish that he would quit it

All that you ain't got no ice cream shit son, I lived it

The bitter be the winter cold fours and street wars

Saw the cops raid my the block and put the gods in on
force

Fifteen now I'm addicted to weed and nicotine

Hip hop, lots of pussy and ladies wid strife scenes

Robbin' gear from Chess King doin' my thing but got
caught

Learn to crush ya lies within the whole structure of the
thought

I got barred, a j.d. card was bizarre

Started buildin' with the force he put me on that I was
God

Travel-ing from the place on the day I realised

That the window to the soul be directly in the eye

Art of war path, I study astrology and math

The equator symbolic to how they split us up in half

From bombs in outer space to violatin' our rights

To cops who shove sticks in asses in Crown Heights

To kids bein' raped to A&R's wid no taste

To classism to race to buck fifties on the face man

Hook (2x)

scratching of "refuse to lose" until fade

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