

Black Milk f/ Royce Da 5'9"**"Losing Out"**

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For a minute Whatever you think I think about what's
been going on Let's talk about [x2] You and your
problems and all that it seems to do When you spend
the night Just talkin' bout [x2] You and your problems
no matter what I say, I can't get it right Don't think
about [Chorus] Losing out Other words is losing out
Other ones, losing out Other words is losing out Other
ones, losing out Other words is losing out [Verse One:
Black Milk] Yeah, let's talk about who's the most
underestimated plus Underrated city in this hip hop
game Let's talk about I don't know if these industry
mofo's overlook us Cause they might be afraid They
don't know if we get the spot like that You might not get
your spotlight back For a couple dec-ades Let's talk
about Auburn A burn Now it's Dave Twaz turn Like Berry
Gordy came back Don't think about comparing us to
another Metropolitan area Or anywhere on this globe
Let's talk about us breaking barriers spittin' sick as
malaria Spittin, you not even spittin' a cold Let's talk
about how they make the masses attracted to the wack
Like a magnet, it's a sad mission Just talkin' bout how I
mastered these massive lyrics of ass Like you in a
class with a mathematician Just think about losing out
[Chorus: Black Milk speaking over the chorus] Naw,
you're not losing yet. We beat up beats like this all the
time You got a few minutes of abuse. My nigga Royce
where you at? [Verse Two: Royce Da 5'9"] Right here
my nigga Yes, let's talk about I got more cases than a
maw' fucking A-R clip Than they got on our mayor Let's
talk about If you from the "D" and you don't fuck with
Hex Trick or me then you prolly a square Let's talk
about the Metropolitan area Venereal spitter, still Proof
burial bitter Poof Talk about me, I'ma be on yo ass
Trouble sells, I will take I to the double L Not think about
tusslin' wit' a head buster Who got mo' muscle than
Cool J, double L, hah You can pop like that Take off your
whole top like BAP Another body what the hell Let's talk
about makin nigga's hard earned money Or us puttin
money on heads like I'm payin' their barbers Talkin'
bout cotton mouth Hangover, Range Rover 750 when I
hit the streets game over Nigga I ain't never losing out

[Chorus] [Black Milk speaking over the chorus] Naw, nope. It's almost over I give you one last chance to keep up Round three nigga'. Uh [Verse Three: Black Milk] Let's talk about the best, the worst Started from birth With the gift and the curse Nah I'm just spittin' the verse Just to talk about whenever I'm spittin' the verse Feels like my words is splittin' the Earth in two Got 'em talkin' 'bout, "Who's That rap dude that master soul clap move When messin' with the boom bap BOOM Like the "D" When the crack moves in the street Niggas pull heat longer than Shaq's shoes Don't think about [Royce Da 5'9"] Bringin' out them ninas Cause we bout to clean 'em out Phone calls could lead to a red shirt Ringin' out Gun shots Tec's bllert Expert, leanin' out The window bringin' my inner demon out Talkin' bout how we got it mastered The fact that Whenever me and Black, do a track, it's a classic Talkin' 'bout my life nigga No sound realer rider with the four pound Thriller like Mike, out [Chorus]

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