

**Heinz Rühmann & Oliver Grimm****"50-50 Chance"**

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50-50 chance, 50-50 chance...  
When I got a nine it's a 50-50 chance...

Straight youngsta  
Tryin' to survive in the streets of my town  
But everyday another brotha gets bucked down  
So I keep a gat to watch my back  
You lack, you loose your life, fool, and it's like that  
See, I was born in slums so I know what to expect  
And killin' a fool on a block gots you much respect  
And ain't nobody gonna cross a playa in the game  
Put a cap in your ass and add stripes to my street fame  
This is the way we thought and still think everyday  
I keep my vest on cause ain't no tellin' when I get blown  
away  
I see fear in my mother's eyes and I know if I die  
I'm gonna hurt my mother's soul  
And she's all what a player got but she's gotta  
understand  
I got love for my block, see, it's my choice, I'm an own  
man  
But to survive in these streets of Oakland  
Life's a chance...

50-50 chance, 50-50 chance...  
When I got a nine it's a 50-50 chance...

See, brief me: in god I trust  
But in order to stay alive, my nine I have to bust  
See, I chose this way of life, I never really tripped  
What was wrong and what was right, I had a family at  
home  
I can't get paid at Mickey D's so I gots to get my grind  
on  
See, life wasn't bad, if I can do then I did it  
And I make sure my family had, I was the oldest  
Since my duty, my job  
So on the back of my sweater read 69th Mob  
I had to hustle and grind, stay strapped with 9-milly  
Ain't no shame and neither the players feel me  
Late night I bought a 400 sack

I got my partner in the cut strapped watchin' my back  
Killin' ain't nothin' more than a ???  
I keep a strap, mothafuckas, cause these fools are to  
blast  
Didn't see a fool in the cut and furious shots  
Two of my partners dropped, now I'm reachin' for my  
Glock  
I'm runnin' around squeezin my trigga  
Is this the method of a survivor or the method of a  
straight killa  
He'll get me if I don't get him first  
So I gotta let the nine bust it, put his ass in a hearse  
This is the way of life, the ghetto dance  
When I got a nine, it's a 50-50 chance...

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Two of my partners died over gang-related funk  
So I'm ridin' around town with a semi-automatic pump  
My boy Pam got my back  
See I refuse to be a coward, I can't go out like that  
So much pain over a lost of a loved one  
But if you give a bullet, ya gotta be down to take one  
Everyday it's a motha...  
That's the way we think, nigga, down here in the Gutter  
So I'm creepin' to catch him sleepin'  
And he started to fleein'  
Hittin' fences like the Angel of Death  
Pam broke right and I broke left  
We got him with it, now he's pleein' for his life  
The Angel of Death is in your faith  
Boom! You lose your life  
I pulled the trigga cause he killed two of my friends  
His mother's gonna cry cause he won't get another  
chance...

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