

## James Brothers

### "Win or Lose"

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Intro: {Talking }

The Bay Area, the yay-yay  
That's right, fo' flavors  
Rappin' 4 Tay  
It's for them suckers, whodi

[Verse I]

You baller blockin'  
Mad 'cause the foes poppin'  
Six foes hoppin', got the whole world poppin', collaz!  
Milluem Dots, mo' ice than eskimo  
Motherfucking money strong, y'all got the game wrong  
Four scale pimpin' whodi, wrist glistenin'  
I know you whisperin', but SUCKA I ain't listenin'  
Heard she pick the Wheezy up  
'Cause she back that ass up  
Got a pocket of hand-cuffs and wrote the pony so  
tough  
Tell me why you're mad at me  
I know you thinkin' breezy, creepin' to the heezy  
on the unn in the beezy  
The bay, for those that don't know  
It's so equisit, come and pay a visit  
please believe it, don't miss it  
Exhibits, double 0 G's like fo' cheesy  
Forty fines for relly in the home with mack sheezy  
But leave your women and your troubles behind you  
We mackin' for a livin', it's only a right that I remind you  
From beanies to Bossolini's we used to struggle  
Surprise rapper forty eyes all my dogs bubble

[Chorus]

Somebody's gotta win, but now, somebody's losin'  
Strikeless hitch-hikin' while these ballers out and  
crusin'  
He rose a bucket, he rose a Beamer acrunk, shoo!  
(shoo)  
Somebody's gotta win, somebody's gotta lose  
Somebody's gotta win, but now, somebody's losin'  
Strikeless hitch-hikin' while these ballers out and  
crusin'

He rose a bucket, he rose a Beamer acrunk, shoo!  
(shoo)  
Somebody's gotta win, somebody's gotta lose...

[Verse II]

Everybody claimed they got it locked like prison bars  
From the North, to the South, to the East, to the West,  
all us playas livin large  
Workin' on your opponent, workin' on it too much, you  
dreamin'  
This shit you see on these videos ain't always what it  
seems  
Life is based on game, and game is based on witch dot  
Trippin' off what the next man got  
And get your grip  
Remember, love don't love nobody but we love the way  
it feels  
And let it be a good damn thing, if love can pay the  
bills  
Got you in my zone now, shoot them crooks now  
Now I'm booked out on my own now, it's goin' down,  
platinum bound  
Here we go again two nappy heads in they plot (plot)  
Dog, you be surprised with all these capers I be spottin'  
Thats why murder rates increase, it should be peace  
But now, who am I to speak when all I did my youth was  
creep? (creep)  
Duckin' it dodge to my so-called homeys, they phoney  
Tryna get me, tryna hit me  
I'm takin' that sucka with me before he split me

[Chorus]

[Verse III]

If you came where I come from, YOU KNOW WHERE I'M  
COMIN' FROM  
Takin' so many chances, livin' life on the run  
No fun, espically for a playa situation, get critical  
murder one and that's pitiful but yet it's soblentioul  
Way beyond your knocks fool, peep fool, check the  
?????????  
Death ain't got no date and no time, dont never go  
away  
But playa-haters gon' hate on how much money you  
make  
Because, money makes the world go round  
Livin' life like ??????, this is cabbage  
With hundred stick situation, so savage  
So tragic, need a hot meal in my baby's belly  
Remenise no hard times in my pen in my selly  
I ain't tryna go back, 'cause backwards ain't part of my

PJ

I need that might dollar to survive in these ghetto  
streets

Them devils want me isolated, like chicken drawers

I'm tryna get mine (mine)

I hope you get yours (yours)

I hope you get yours, get it, get it

[Chorus]

[Talking]

Yeah, nigga, stop baller blockin'

And keep them collas poppin!

Please believe it, oh boy!

4-Tay for the Bay

What'cha say?

Hahahahaha

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