

OuterSpace f/ Reef the Lost Cauze

"Lost battles"

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[Planetary] The object of the game dawg gotta make money Take money even if you gotta take the plate from me If they on the run eating fuck it, take the steak from 'em If it's red, who care, man I love and hate money On the real tho can't let the love escape from me Cuz the hate make a nigga wanna shake and break something Trying to put my three kids in a life of luxury So I gotta hustle hard to even live comfortably Who the fuck said life will be like this I can't blow, man I'm rhyming ova beats like this Rock a hundred dolla trees and a fresh new hat My kids all got LeBron's and my wifey stacked So I don't even know why I sit and complain I got two '06's, my tax is insane But the money make the world go round my nigga By myself broke down, tore down off liquor (Chorus) Hansi KÃ¼rsch *sample* 2x I've lost my battle before it starts My first breath wasn't done My spirit's sunken deep into the ground [Crypt the Warchild] Ayo, it's the American dream, the root of evil That got me going bug, man I'm losing people Wake up midnight, start pacing hallways Got my mind on my money and it's funny it's all day I need big whips, big chains and all that Hundred acres and a mattress for a dormant I'm always making moves, I can't fall back Each dolla that I lose, I'm like respond-react I make a few stacks; I put it all on Black Cuz it ain't neva enough and that's actual fact At the bar wit my niggas, all shots on me And then I'm broke the next day, how I'm gon' eat? So I work like a slave just to make ends meet Infinite pursuit of cash it'll make friends beef And I'm sick of feeling like I'm down and out So I'ma kick the ceilings and start whylin out (Chorus) Hansi KÃ¼rsch *sample* 2x [Reef the Lost Cauze] Yo, ayo I gotta eat good, so a nigga got three gigs I rhyme, work part-time, and I teach kids Keep my pockets like I keep fridge - full Gotta get that fresh fitted and them sneaks crisp Not to mention all the haze that I blow Had to pay my landlord wit the doe I made from the show Whateva there's left, yeah I'm spend on self Cuz looking bad means feeling bad, that ain't good for your health Gotta keep up appearances We Brody samples and put out records without eva

getting clearances Press up some shirts, sell 'em on
the websites Do whateva we gotta do to get that bread
right It cost to live and I'm the cost So if I want it and I
got it, I ain't checking the cost But I could be doing
good wit my doe and that's real Cuz these Jordan's on
my feet coulda paid my gas bill (Chorus) Hansi
KÃ¼rsch *sample* 2x

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