

PackFM

"I Can't Win"

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Yeah... I want y'all to listen This what's on my mind
(yeah, here we go) Check it (Verse 1) Whoever said the
grass was greener on the other side Never tried to lift a
piece of their lawn The pressures of the world won't let
up, I'm so hungry yet I'm fed up I spent half my life
tryna get on I never knew the day would come, when I
had about 5 records out Still work a day job, livin at my
mom's house Still hoppin' turn style, can't catch a taxi
Tryin' to sell records every week in front of Phat Beats
This can't be the way it is for cats I seen on TV If I said I
was a rapper, I don't think you would believe me It's
easy to make it seem easy to make it But it's much
harder than the eye can see when it's naked You think
you can take it, then you needa think again Cause you
about to play your hand in a game you can't win, c'mon
(Chorus) I've gotta find a way (time's runnin out) And
there's no time to waste (I won't stop, and I won't quit)
But no one... (and no one's gonna get in my way) Can
even comprehend (they don't get it) And they won't let
me in (and I'm just tryna make noise, but I never get
hurt) My back's against the wall But I keep movin...
(Verse 2) I can't get a job if I wear my hip-hop clothes
Can't get a deal if I use my hip-hop flows Nobody wants
to pay me to do all these hip-hop shows Bout time my
album dropped, shit is 5 years old! Now I've been told,
"patience, this year you gonna make it" Then
December 31st comes I hear the same shit But I'm so
close I can taste it I'm so next that me and success is
adjacent But time is wastin, I ain't been getting any
younger Can't wait to gain weight, my life is driven by
this hunger Shit, I hardly ever sleep yet I'm a slept-on
emcee You don't mention 9/11 then you ain't
considered deep But I am the epitome of what a real
emcee should be No matter how loud you critics speak,
you won't get rid of me! It shouldn't be this much of a
struggle and hustle, but it is Shouldn't be this much
trouble just to get a couple spins Records should be
reaching millions, not just a couple friends But the
dollar signs and numbers win, welcome to the biz!
Yeah (Chorus) (Verse 3) Yo, I get mad frustrated when I
rhyme So I sit and write more rhymes to take out my

frustrations A infinite loop, and the shit isn't cute My
lifestyle on the line, less than a minute to shoot I try
kickin' the truth to these inquisitive youths But they
won't listen to you unless you fit in a group So when I
get in the booth, it's like I'm tryna feed my fam Then
someone comes along and just spits in the soup On top
of that I got these wannabes, eatin right in front of me!
I look 'em in the eye like "that wasn't for you" Now I do
what I love, and I love what I do It ain't my hobby, it's
my passion, and by now it should be obvious I'm sorry
kid, I just HATE dealin with these politics Got less in
common with rappers than senators and lobbyists And
99.9% of it is who you know The other .01% is how you
flow Even if your love for this is infinite with room to
grow A demo and a dream ain't really gonna get you
through the door So by the hairs on my chin and every
inch of my skin I play again and again until the day that
I win, shit Yeah That's it y'all (word up) I know y'all
probably be listenin like "Damn" (what the fuck?)
"When's this shit get better?" (Man, I do not know) That
means y'all know exactly how I feel (word up) So I did
my job (that's how I feel every day) And we gonna keep
it like that "My back's against the wall, but I keep
movin..." QN5! Peace

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