

## Various Artists "Tryin' Ta Win"

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Stat Quo, Alchemist, yeah

Direct respect, due to stress I almost lost my life  
My baby momma, so much drama, I gotta pay that  
price  
I'm a trip, I hate hoes on one hand  
The other hand, I want me a wife  
Cop the Jag, then lace her with ice

Leave the mall with bags, yeah, right  
Skeet on that freak, then dip the same night  
Fly a kite bitch, booty colder than a ice pick  
Fuck you and your best friend, I'm quite sick

Plus I make third leg, make 'em throw fits  
I don't trust 'em nor love her, that's some bullshit  
Ol' girl pregnant, now she's headed  
To the delivery room to have yo' baby  
Dawg, that's your lady, muh'fucker you crazy  
Fuck that broad, she's shady

Aftermath, bitch, I'm Swayze  
I was Latex lazy, that pussy had my vision hazy  
But Zaire's here, my only son and baby  
I mean Zaire's here, my only son and baby

I lost a whole lotta dollars, a whole lotta friends  
Who can I trust in the end?  
As the love keeps spinnin', we all keep sinnin'  
All 'cause we tryin' ta win

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I don't roll with a whole lot of niggaz  
The mo' niggaz you roll with, the mo' niggaz wanna kill  
ya  
Thought they was your la familia  
Now you're tied up, blindfolded and death is near ya

Fucked in the game and act like dames  
Over fame just watch the change change  
Muh'fuckers so quick to blame  
All the beef fly like planes, make it sayin' the same

Look what Ca\$h Money did to B.G., Juvenile and Wayne  
The root of evil with much disdain  
I'm forced they go against the grain  
To maintain, tryin' to obtain big thangs  
Jealousy and hunger make the tec go  
Now you on the flo', blood leakin' out your brain

Man, that's the way it is  
That's how it be, that's how we live  
Watch your back 'cause these kids  
Tote ammo and they'll split your wig

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Shady Narcotics, Sh-Sh-Shady

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