

Losing Out (feat. Royce Da 5'9)

Black Milk

For a minute
Whatever you think I think about what's been going on
Let's talk about You and your problems and all that it seems to do
When you spend the night
Just talking bout You and your problems no matter what I say
I can't get it right
Don't think about
Losing out
Other words is losing out
Other ones, losing out
Other words is losing out
Other ones, losing out
Other words is losing out
Let's talk about who's the most underestimated
Plus underrated city in this hip-hop game
Let's talk about
I don't know if these industry mofos overlook us cause they might be afraid
They don't know if we get the spot like that
You might not get your spotlight back
For a couple decades
Let's talk about Auburn
A burn
Now it's Dave Twaz turn
Like Berry Gordy came back
Don't think about
Comparing us to another Metropolitan area
Or anywhere on this globe
Let's talk about
Us breaking barriers spitting sick as malaria
Spitting, you not even spittin' a cold
Let's talk about
How they make the masses attracted to the wack like a magnet
It's a sad mission
Just talking bout
How I mastered these massive lyrics advanced
Like you in a class with a mathematician
Just think about losing out
Naw, you're not losing yet
We beat up beats like this all the time
You got a few minutes of abuse
My nigga Royce where you at
Right here my nigga

Yes, let's talk about
I got more cases in a maw' fucking A-R clip
Than they got on our mayor
Let's talk about
If you from the "D" and you don't fuck with Hex
Trick or me then you prolly a square
Let's talk about the Metropolitan area
Venereal spitter, still Proof burial bitter
Poof
Talk about me
I'm a be on yo ass
Trouble sells, I will take I to the double L
Not think about tusslin' with' a head buster
Who got mo' muscle than Cool J, double L hah
You can pop like that
Take off your whole top like BAP
Another body went to hell
Let's talk about making nigga's hard earned money
Or us putting money on heads like I'm paying their barbers
Talking bout cotton mouth
Hangover, Range Rover
750 when I hit the streets game over
Nigga I ain't never losing out
Naw, nope
It's almost over
I give you one last chance to keep up
Round three nigga
Let's talk about the best, the worst
Started from birth
With the gift and the curse
Nah I'm just spitting the verse
Just to talk about
Whenever I'm spitting the verse
Feels like my words is splitting the Earth in two
Got 'em talking bout
Who's that rap dude that master soul clap move
When messing with the boom bap BOOM
Like the "D"
When the crack moves in the street
Niggas pull heat longer than Shaq's shoes
Don't think about
Bringing out them ninas
Cause we bout to clean 'em out
Phone calls could lead to a red shirt
Ringing out
Gun shots Tec's bllert
Expert, leaning out
The window bringing my inner demon out
Talking bout how we got it mastered

The fact that
Whenever me and Black do a track, it's a classic
Talking bout my life nigga
No sound realer rider with the four pound
Thriller like Mike, out

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