

# DMX, Born Loser (Radio Edit)

(Young man went out and made a name for himself)

Dr. Ceuss (Dr. Ceuss!) ?Double R?

(Young man went out and made a name for himself)

The Born Loser, not because I choose to be  
But because all the bad ... happens to me  
I got kids, but their mothers don't want them to know me  
My sisters use to like me, but now they call me homie  
I used to have a family now I'm out on my own  
Had to scrabble the Pitt, because I tried to take his bone  
... don't like me, they don't kiss me or hug me  
They call me Kill-pretty, because I'm mad ugly  
I use to get ..., but I busted off quick  
Now I get snooched, so I gotta beat my ...  
Time are hard in the ghetto, I steal for a living  
Eatin dirt and the Now or Later  
If that ain't enough, life is rough, I swear  
I don't have an address so I can't get welfare  
They kicked me out the shelter  
Because they said I smelled a little like the living dead  
And look like helter skelter  
My clothes are so funky, they bad for my health  
Sometimes at night my pants go to the bathroom by their self  
Even when I was little nothin went my way  
I got beat up, and chased home from school every day  
And despite the fact I won all the spelling bees  
On my report card, I didn't get F's, I got C's  
But for those who choose to snooze  
Since I was born with no hope, I ain't got nothin to lose...  
(?Double R?)

[Chorus]

Young man went out and made a name for himself (4X)

The Born Loser, a title I was branded with  
Went to Liberty Island, and got stranded with  
The Statue of Liberty, but they really didn't hafta  
Leave my black ... there till the day after  
No time for laughter, this sh... for real  
Ribs are showin through my back, cause I ain't had a meal  
In about a week, you can see bones in my hands  
The racoons, beat me to the garbage cans  
I'm Starvin Marvin, and it shouldn't be like that  
The only thing that I'm carvin, is an alley cat  
But sometimes in the daytime  
I daydream of a Manwich  
When all I'm really eatin is an oxygen sandwich  
For those that don't know,  
Thats 2 peices of bread slapped together  
Or I'll have a rain sandwich, depending on the weather  
Born loser, caught up in the game  
And I ain't even got nobody to blame..

[Chorus]

?Double R?

The Born Loser, yeah, that use to be my ammo  
When I couldn't get a soul, to listen to my demo  
Door shut in my face, until I started jammin 'em  
I'm behind the doors now, but I'm the one slammin 'em  
I did what I had to, to get where I got  
Though I'll admit, what I had to do was a lot  
I still gave it a shot, and sometimes I had to shoot  
Catchin vicks just to get a little loot

I thought it was cute, and didn't care who knew  
Mess around get in my way and I'd bag you too  
Cause I was, born to lose, straight from the beginning  
Hit the dugout, because I struck out the 1st inning  
Winning, was everything, thats why I had to ask  
My man to find me the loot, and he said I'd be glad to  
Now, who needs a major label, we got our own  
I'm the divine master of the unknown  
Ain't nothin changed, I'm the same as before  
When opportunity knocks, I'd just answer the door  
But criminal at heart, even though I don't show it  
I was always a winner I just didn't know it

[Chorus] (Until fade)