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 Laters 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)