

DMX, Born Loser

And away we go (we go we go we go)
Some old born loser type of shit (shit)
On the remix tip (tip, tip)
Dr. Seuss (Seuss Seuss Suess)

[Verse 1]

The Born Loser, not because I choose to be
But because all the bad shit happens to me
I got kids, but their mothers don't want them to know me
Sisters use to like me, but now they call me homie
Use to have a family now I'm out on my own
Had to scrabble the Pitt, cause I tried to take his bone
Bitches 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 pussy, but I busted off quick
Now I get snooched, so I gotta beat my dick
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...

[Chorus:]

Young man went out and made a name for himself [3X]

Check check check it out

[Verse 2]

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 ass there till the day after
No time for laughter, this shit's 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..

[Hook]

[Verse 3]

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 (know it)

[Hook]

Born Loser
DMX the great