

life or luck: live from philly by k.a.

all tracks are written, produced, recorded, and mixed by kevin anglade (unless noted otherwise)

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10. the devil (and i)
11. eatliveprey feat. ocho88
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13. beat the odds feat. sp da king
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16. the pain (how 2 bang) feat. lil' seanny*

* = bonus track

“life or luck?” (intro)

Intro (Lil’ Seanny): Man, fuck the opps nigga. Y’all niggas better crip up or grip up nigga, it’s getting hot out this summer, nigga. But it’s Lil’ Seanny nigga, I’m back and I’m better man. Lil’ Seanny on this shit man.

Packin’ That Heat Sample: I’m packing that heat/Riding round in a stolie, like three deep/Tryna catch a opp and knock him off his feet/And slide back to the trap and set like four keys/Rack my money up so I can go O.T.

Opening News Segment (Kristina Chapman): Good evening, everyone. We interrupt our regularly scheduled programming for tonight’s special report on gun violence in the inner city of Philadelphia called: “life or luck?” I am your news anchor Kristina Chapman and I’m sending it over to tonight’s newscast team live from Philly with the story...Team, take it away.

Pre-Verse (K.A.): Thank you Kristina, this is K.A. reporting live on the scene and as you mentioned... Well, before I get into it, please, allow my colleague to preface this. Ms. Luck, if you’d be so kind...

Verse (Ocho 88): Life...what is its true definition? Does it consist of luck? Or is it all good fortune? Or is it centered and based upon faith? I wouldn’t happen to have the answers. For I am a lady...And ladies don’t get tied up in wars. So maybe it’s tied up in masculinity...Whether purposefully or subliminally...Maximum or minimally...But where’s the divinity? Youths...living for flesh...lacking holiness of trinity...The war has been going on and raging for decades at a time...Leaving destruction and death in its path...The exact opposite of anything sublime...What’s the deal? What’s real? Causing all this devastation and still not knowing how to express just how you feel...So is it not a matter of life?...Nor is it a matter of luck...For they would love nothing more...than to always see you stuck...

“the book” (of eli)

News Clip #1: I can't sleep, I can't eat because my grandson will never come home again. And I lost my heart, that was my baby.

News Clip #2: What did you gain? Except for becoming a murderer. Except for taking somebody else's child. Like, they sit there and talk about Black Lives Matter, no it don't!

Intro (Eli): When I was nine years old, my brother gave me a journal and told me to write down my feelings, thoughts, experiences; And so, eight years later, looking back now, I realized I been through so much...Now's the time to write my story...

Verse: Growing up in Philly man it's life or luck/Cause when those bullets get to spraying,
know you better duck/And we throwin' up the city like a fever, yuck!/Been outta control since I
was a Buck/If a villain preying on me know the heater is tucked/Flying all around the city like a
hockey puck/Nothing good here boy only bad news/It's a curse when a hearse gives a family the
blues/Wanna live, wanna die? It's for you to pick and choose/Just the other day it almost came to
blows when the opps spun the block/Almost turned us to rose/Sipping 40's on the stoop, lacked
our poles so we froze/But tell me why we beefin' cause the colors of our clothes/It's kinda like
we fighting for some power through a pose/The doves don't feel our pain as we murder the
crows/Only way to know our name, tagging the toes/The summer gettin' cold you can hear it
through my prose/The temperature drops from a high to the lows/Bout a week ago little girl had
lost her life/She was riding bike on Cottman then a shooter gave her strife/Was sister of my
homie so it pierced me like a knife/Hide your mother, hide your kids/Even your wife/Living in
the city best believe/Expect the trife/All I have to say is lady luck/Give me life!

Outro (Eli): Yeah, it's a lot going on in the city right about now. But, someday, somehow, we just keep pushing you know? It's like, what else is there to do? Just praying...Lady Luck...give me life...

FCX News (Second Segment): This just in...the gun violence in Philadelphia has reached astronomical numbers as it has been reported that there have been over three hundred shootings as of June. With another half of a year to go, law enforcement and city officials hope to quell the violence before it reaches its peak.

“diamond” (in the rough)

FCX News (Third Segment): As the heat continues to rise, city officials are projecting the worst shooting totals since summer of 1990. This is Kristina Chapman reporting live from Philly for FCX News.

Chorus (1x): I’m a diamond in the rough/I know I got a chance but the Devil calling on me and he tryna make me dance/I’m a diamond in the rough/I’m tryna make it out/But the hood is like a maze/There’s no solid proven route

Verse 1: Scholar since birth know my worth cause I been really clawing just to make it out/Tryna find a way through the day getting paid, just surviving like we do it for the clout

Devil (Pre-Verse):

No time to be a scholar

You better get your dollar

You tired of your squalor

They test you make em’ holler

No time leaving for living proper

They took away your father

So now grab the revolver

It’s time to pop your collar

Verse 2: Wanna get away from all the pain and the doubt/Wanna be free/Wanna live a life/Wanna live in peace cause I’m tired of the strife/Wanna see a day I get to see my wife

Devil (Pre-Verse x2)

You gotta live your life

You stuck within a strife

You gotta have a knife

Or better yet, a rife

Verse 3: Was a good kid/Had a good bro/Then I lost it all when they shot at me and Joe/This was numbing, bullets humming, guitar strumming, from a drumming we was walkin, coming from the store’

(Devil (Pre-Verse):

They shot at you and Joe

Was leaving out the sto’

His body hit the flo
You never been so low
It's all you really know
You cried behind the do'
This living when you po'
They reap and now you so

Bridge (Lady Luck):

always remember I believed in you
when you were at your lowest
Eli pick yourself up
you're a diamond baby
when life's pressure builds
you turn into diamond baby

Verse 2: Poppa is a Jew but he schmooze with the booze/Lost him and my brother/So I was set to lose/Living in America they rid us of the clues/Now you off to pen where they bedding by the twos/

Devil (Pre-Verse):

Bedding by the twos
The African misused
Enslave us then abuse
Living off the booze
Totally confused
Put us on a cruise
Mistreated cause our hues
Shipped us off to lose

Verse 3: First time in the cellie, so you know it ain't a dooze/The mystery of white is a set up for a ruse/This is the perception when you see us on the news/There's no pick or choose/So we living like the Blues!

Devil (Pre-Verse):

Missing all they screws
The misery ensues

Death total accrues

This I refuse

And so I blow my fuse

Attacking the crew

We make it on the news

I'm looking at the views

Verse 4: Hit em' in the back/Click, clack with a mac/Getting filled up with lead once we make contact/So they fighting just to make it like a player's contract/Plus, this a game of chess so you know they get sacked

Chorus (1x): I'm a diamond in the rough/I know I got a chance but the Devil calling on me and he tryna make me dance/I'm a diamond in the rough/I'm tryna make it out/But the hood is like a maze/There's no solid proven route

“the mighty” (have fallen)

FCX News (Segment Four): The year of 2021 has been the absolute worst year for gun violence in the city of Philadelphia. As time moves forward the city’s mayor is looking to bring in the national guard.

Intro: What do you do if you’re in my situation? I mean, like, how do you possibly go about getting out? I don’t know what to do. At this point I just want to make it.

Chorus (1x): How the mighty have fallen/I can hear my God calling!/How the mighty have fallen/Got us in a cage where we brawlin’/How the mighty have fallen/All this chaos is appalling!/How the mighty have fallen/Poverty, distress means we all in...

Verse: Once upon a time we was living in the hood/Where a bunch of us was up to no good/Mama had to work so it was understood, pops was in the woods/Get it how we could/Soaked game like a sponge cause I had learned from Bob/Only thirteen when he taught me how to rob/So many tears of the elders that had sobbed/But I kept it up by swiping like a fob/Running down the city like a clipper from a lob/Had to pad my stats cause it was just my job/Always putting pressure like corn on a cob/Or a massive hand tryna grip upon a knob/Door of the evening where they packing it’s the mob/Better do it clean cause it’s down to a swab/Of your own saliva please don’t end up like a blob or maybe a glob/Possibly a slob/Either way you burning up like a shish kebob/So many butchers that be ready for a chop!/Wanna take your shop!/Put an end like stop!/Then you hear the pop!/Gotta be your opps/Trigger get to blasting so believe this ain’t a prop!/Cause we stand out like the cream of the crop!/Gunnin’ for your top!/Tryna make you flop!/Was about to do it but we runnin’ from the cops

Chorus (2x): How the mighty have fallen/I can hear my God calling!/How the mighty have fallen/Got us in a cage where we brawlin’/How the mighty have fallen/All this chaos is appalling!/How the mighty have fallen/Poverty, distress means we all in...

Verse 2: Won’t forget the day when they shot at me and Joe/Five times he’d been hit/I was screamin “No!”/Eyes were rollin’ back/Watched him as it go/He did not deserve it/Fleece was white as snow/Now I had to go and get revenge for my bro/A tantrum I did throw/Heater bout to blow/This was just my woe/Coming from below/I’m about to show how to make it blow!

News Clip #3: My son was employed full time at VisionQuest. To mentor troubled teenage children in New Castle, Delaware. My son did not have a record. My son has never been arrested. My son had a license to carry an illegal firearm. My son was not exempt.

“in god” (we trust)

Intro (Eli): Yeah, sometimes...when things are going bad, you gotta just put your faith in God, you know? I mean...It's what I do...I'll say thank you lord for this day...These words are just me tryna pray...That's all I gotta say...It's the only way...

Verse: Sittin' up in church/That was Grandma's route/And she been praying to the Lord that I make it out/But don't know what it's like/What the streets are bout/Cause they shootin' for the fame tryna chase the clout/So we makin momma's pout/Sons scream and shout/And please don't try to question me no fear or doubt/We been wrestling like May cause there's no way out/Straight assault on all the opps like Puffy bashing Steve Stoute/But tell me why it feels like I been molded from some clay/Cause the guns come out at night which means I might not see the day/When the shooter pulls the trigger/Best believe it's not a play/So you pray it's not your time and that God will give you way/To a morning that's fulfilled/Not a mourning from a spray/Cause when it is the latter/Underground is where you lay/And they serving up the block with bullets all upon a tray/So the suit that fits your look has got your mother in dismay/Which is why you carry heat to keep all enemies at bay/If they ever strike your soldier know that they gotta pay/The game is never fair but know it's gotta be your way/Again, I will repeat, just know it's gotta be your way/I'm like Moses with a rod/I'm a Beast, don't poke or prod/Staff is heavy like a nod/Or a father's dad bod/Even though I'm truly flawed/I transform like Pastor Todd/I then go beat the odds while I'm staying up on God

“head on” (a swivel)

News Clip #4: When you lock a certain population which is Black males out of society and inclusion and opportunities, then they’re going to explode!

Intro (the devil): Sometimes...you just...you just gotta shoot first and ask questions later, you know?

News Clip #5: What’s happening here is not normal and I don’t want anyone for any minute to begin to normalize this and say oh, this is just what happens here in Philadelphia, that is not true. What’s happening and what’s happened, is unacceptable.

Verse: Riding with my niggas with a tank on E/Riding in a stolie as we smoking up a tree/Riding in an Ac with a chopper in the back as we finish up a sack so we feeling like we free/Bout to hit a lick so it’s time to turn it up/Posed to be the driver but I’m sipping form this cup/Bout to do a crime with a chance of doing time/Whether win, lose, or draw/I am no longer a pup/Now we heading west where we coast, just corrupt/Energy is flowing, we about to erupt/Listening to Durk, cause we bout to do this work, but it ended with an ad/Killed our vibe, interrupt/Understand my logic, I don’t like to be disrupt/Switch at any moment from the sign of an opponent/Clutch it when you own it/Heat up in the zone, release at the light/Gotta shoot to be abrupt/Drove into the lot but we staking out the store/Me, Trey and two niggas, so that made four/Rain started pouring when the sixers started scoring then the manager was snoring and we kicked down the door/Gotta grab the cash so we tryna be fast/The last shall be first/First shall be last/Emptied out the register/Currency was vast/Damn I did a crime I thought, leave it in the past/Thinking bout my pops, running from the cops, holding up our props/This was just a blast/Haven’t seen the opps, see em’, make em’ drop/Hit em’ make em’ flop like a pick up in the draft/Clean em’ with a mop, when we let it pop, shake em’ with a bop/Working on our craft/Gotta set up shop, tryna be on top/Money gettin’ hella large, call it William Taft/Back in the Ac as we riding to the hood/It’s the first lick, best believe we feeling good/Prolly too excited but we happy that we could/Got it all done while the homie on the run, got a gun just for fun plan to use it if we should/Started going through the bags to see just what we got/All of a sudden air was ringing out with shots/Had to sober up, getting cold like a bot, it was hot from a plot/this was war, no Ma’at/Plus we in a drop top, took it to the chop shop, this was just a hot stop, you can say its nonstop just a one stop shop/Give us all they got/Hit us on the side, messing with our pride, plus nowhere to hide, it was life or death/Pimping on our ride, hating was implied, caused the great divide, tragedy, MacBeth/Gotta kill em’ all just to make it out alive/Tryna wet em’ up like a swimmer’s nose dive/All us have-nots wanted nothing but to thrive/Make you shuck and jive like a record, call it Clive/Put us on the news, see the blues from our hue, this ain’t new, nor its true, got them views, its contrived/Nothing but a zoo with my crew gotta do what we do, from a pew, see the flu, got the hives/Started shooting back, hit em’ with the mac, guess I had a knack/I knew how to ball/Tryna make em’ quack, going for a hack/Take it to the rack hit em’ hard til’ they fall/Tryna end a life bout to cut em’ with a knife for a trife made from strife, such is life/That is all/We was moving fast just a cast in a caste, had us gassed, cut us down, keep it short, no more tall/Trey was leaking from his neck, he was ’bout to die/Water filled my eyes can’t believe I’m ’bout to cry/Had to wipe em’ up good, wouldn’t stop til’ they dried/Looked in

disbelief cause it happened to my guy/All of a sudden seen my brother going bye/As the blood spilled, Trey took a final sigh/In that very moment seen our plan go awry/Life that day forever changed, I'm living out a lie!

“down” (on luck)

Intro: Damn! It’s like...it’s like this life ain’t worth living sometimes... You know? Kinda hard for me to explain...But...I’ll get through it though...Here’s how I’m feeling...

Chorus [2x]: Down on my luck, tryna make a route/Down on my luck and I don’t see a way out/Down on my luck, tryna make a route/If a villain preying on me I’mma make him scream and shout

Verse 1: Down on my luck, I been tryna make it out/Down on my luck, been in pain like the gout/Down on my luck, see the hood is like a bout/If a villain preying on you, gotta make him scream and shout/Everybody know that my mind full of doubt/Grow up how I live, likely there’s no way out/Shooting in the hood brings a family about/Where they do it for the clout/So they never see you sprout/I been in the field tryna make it all day/I been in the trenches tryna get it all ways/I been in the mud like a pig that will play/When it sees you on the run like a clip it will spray!/So much on my mind cause I wanna get it right/Tired of the fight with the pain of my sight/Wonder if the world will let me get it right/So it got me sulking in the dark like a night/I just really wanna let it shine like a light/Give it all I got with all my strength and might/No one ever told me that my future would be bright/That what I envisioned when I dreamed of flying kites/Living in this country will kinda make you tight/Once you see the game and the plot it will fright/Many into fear and to tears of the fight so we caught up in a jam like a station owned by whites

Chorus [1x]: Down on my luck, tryna make a route/Down on my luck and I don’t see a way out/Down on my luck, tryna make a route/If a villain preying on me I’mma make him scream and shout

Verse 2: I ain’t been the same since they gunned down Trey/I ain’t been the same since they gunned down Ray/I ain’t been the same since my pops was in the game and they ripped him from the rock like when Dame was with Jay/Tryna stay afloat but kinda feel a hold/Weathering a current from the wind in the cold/Now I’m in the streets and I gotta keep a bold/Face in place, from a boat, we were sold

Chorus [1x]: Down on my luck, tryna make a route/Down on my luck and I don’t see a way out/Down on my luck, tryna make a route/If a villain preying on me I’mma make him scream and shout

Verse 3: How am I king if I never had a crown?/How I’m posed to live when my house burned down?/Tell me how to live when I got nothin’ to give and my mama watched it crumble til’ she couldn’t make a sound/Only son of hers not in jail, prison bound/Tryna make the change so I can’t let her down/But if I’m not careful she and I will surely drown from the belly of the beast and the appetite of town/Gotta keep ascending like I’m rising from the ground or an underdog that is in the tenth round/Way it was projected is the government expected that a certain course trajected cause they pitching from the mound/Feeling like I’m hunted when they tracked us with the hounds/Weighed me like the chattel with a power to astound/Running from the pound but it’s time to unwind/I’ve been lost in the woods where I’m never to be found

Chorus [1x] Down on my luck, tryna make a route/Down on my luck and I don't see a way out/Down on my luck, tryna make a route/If a villain preying on me I'mma make him scream and shout

News Clip #6: Everybody's trying to figure out like Marvin Gaye, what's going on? What, what is going on? It's not just here, it's all over. It's all over, and I hate watching the news anymore because you know, you could really bet your bottom dollar that, somebody's gotten killed.

“the value” (of life) feat. sp da king

News Clip #7: It just breaks my heart man. It's a lot going on in the city of Philadelphia and it's getting younger and younger and younger. It's ridiculous like, it needs to come to an end. It needs to come to an end. Something's gotta give.

Voicemail (Eli): Yo, this Eli, I'm not available but drop a line after the beep, ya heard?

Verse (Eli's Dad): You ever had a gun on your waist as your thoughts race? About how you can make a quick dollar in this life's race? Everything about you is moving at an uneven pace. Yesterday you had a nice flow but some shit got in the way which causes you to push pause. This shit is really interfering with the way you making dough. I'm feeling a lot of pain running through my veins. It was a time when I would let these emotions burst and make someone else feel the full weight of this pain. As I walk away and take none of the blame. Nowadays I think strategically. I'm reticent, keeping personal fears within because I know my divinity is heaven sent and I'm only looking to put out a pleasant scent. Life is a higher blessing so realize that living life comes with the scars and I'm only looking to capture the lesson. Getting all impediments out of the way because I'm not looking to be a slave to all the external forces tryna drain me on my way to a slow grave. Gotta refocus my energy within. True power and discipline lies in what you don't do. I'm gonna say it again. True power and discipline only lies in what you don't do. Stay focused and remember the truth lies within. Stay true and move off the certainty that flows through you. Believe in you then make your dreams come true.

“the devil” (& i)

Eli: I can't believe this shit, man. What am I going to do? I don't know how to deal with this anymore. Where are you God? Everybody dying. Huh, God? Where are you now? I need you, help me!!!

Devil: Did somebody ask for help?

Eli: Nah, nah, nah. I didn't ask for you, I asked for God!

Devil: Well, it looks like he's not listening to you, huh?

Eli: What do you want Devil? It's because of you that I'm even in this mess.

Devil: Oh, don't blame me, Eli. Life placed you in this circumstance. All I'm trying to do is to help am, I not?

Eli: So you call niggas dying or me shooting at a bull a form of help?

Devil: Well, of course. I mean, think about it. You see red and then you're ready to kill anyone in sight! Right?

Eli: But I don't wanna kill nobody. I just want my friends back.

Devil: Say that to the bastards that claimed the lives of your friends and your brother. What other choice do you have?

Eli: Anything but this...

Devil: Yes, anything, but let's be honest Eli. Take a look in the mirror. See what you are. Go outside and tell me where do you live! What is a boy such as yourself supposed to do? How exactly are you going to get out of this neighborhood? This hell hole? I'll wait!

Eli: So, what am I supposed to? Go back out there and kill niggas?

Devil: Well, if the shoe fits...hahaha.

Eli: They killed my brother Joe. I was only 12, man.

Devil: That is correct, that they did.

Eli: But what's the point? Give me a reason?!

Devil: Clear path to money.

killing off (skit)

Linda [Uber Driver]: Well, my brother was telling me. Well, he's passed. My other, my nephew, he's a grown man. He was telling my brother, "See Uncle Robert, see they gon' kill each other off. Cause that's what they do." They killing off each other. They killing off all of our innocent people too.

“phillyknights”

News Clip #8: Here, it’s like the wild, wild, west. Shoot em’ bang, bang. It’s too much!

Intro (Eli):

Yeah, I ain't scared
This for the opps
Or the cops
Either or...
They gettin’ dropped

Verse (Eli):

Another day in trenches
Another day in battle
Another day in field
Always killing cattle
I've always been a felon
Been snaking since the rattle
And all these philly tales
So niggas wanna tattle
We killing in the streets
Clocking to the beat
Cooking like the butler
So Jimmy got the heat
Defense with this footwork
Won't go down in defeat
I know you got a trick
But trust I got a treat
This life that they gave me
I'm destined for the grave
I think they tryna play me
I dive to make the save
The city is a monster
The pressure never lack
I fall asleep on d
The opps will then attack
So tell me how to make it
I wanna make it out
I'm tryna push the limits
So what is life about?
Condensing all my choices
The table’s for the clout
For bread, know I'm the baker
It's time to pick a route
My toaster going dummy
I never have a doubt
And once I end the matchup

They know I've won the bout
The reaper coming to me
He tryna get me first
But if he tries to end me
I'll lay him in the hearse
So lady luck you feel me?
I'm in my Sunday's best
You gotta share your wisdom
Before I'm laid to rest

[knight skit interlude]

Gunman #1: Yo, you sure this where bull be at?

Driver: Trust me my nigga. I know.

Gunman #1: Yo, you good brodie?

Gunman #2: You know me bro. I'm with the shits at all times; I just can't stand waiting around to pop niggas, feel me?

Gunman #1: Nah, I feel you bro. That's how you get caught slipping.

Driver: Yo, there go them niggas right there. He just got off the bus.

Gunman #2: Oh, yeah. It's go time. Lock and load it fellas.

Gunman #1: Pull up on him slow real quick.

Driver: Got you.

Gunman #1: Yooo! What was all that bullshit you was talking the other day, pussy?

[End Scene]

“eatliveprey” feat. ocho88

News Clip #9: Oh my God! Like, first of all I’m sick of all this killing. Like, and, and, not only am I sick of all the killing. Y’all killing these babies. Like, these babies are getting caught up in all this and it’s like, why?

Intro (Eli): Why are we at war? I don’t even stop to think about it...All I know is...around this jawn...we gotta eat to live and to live...you prey...

Pre-Verse: Riding round the city but I’ve lost my way/Living like a needle in a stack of same hay/Fighting all these opps now it’s caused decay/Coming from the gutter where we eat, live, and prey

Verse 1 (Eli): Tryna make it out, tryna make it right/Tryna make it through the city just to see a night/Tryna make it through this odd existence with persistence/But the devil always putting up a fight, right? Wanna live right, wanna live good/But its straight survival when you try to step into my hood/Everything isn’t what it seems or it should/Lacking navigation cause our papas in the woods/So it really seems like we stranded here for good/Anything about us is a woulda, coulda, should/Losing all the balance as I stand where he stood/Think we got this backwards, all misunderstood/But my boy Trey/Hit his sis out it broad day, bright like Broadway/Out on our way/Best believe we figure to reciprocate our triggers cause we niggas so a mother or someone’s dog gotta pay/Asking constantly for lady luck to give me life, but she pays no mind, frustrated wife/Angel tries to speak but I cut him like a knife/I love you, yes I do but you just can’t get the strife/Really lost for words, don’t know what to do/Someone step up and bless me with a clue/Black man in this cold world feeling blue/Devil, what’s the word? I been waiting on you

Verse 2 (Devil): Massa run the field, so you never been legit/360 block cause its time to get a hit/It’s a philly night, so it’s time to get lit/I feel it going down like the bottom of a pit

Verse 3 (Eli): Hit em’ from the front or should I pop em’ in the back?/Make him go dark like the Black ranger, Zack/Opps want position so it’s time to attack/Bullets make em’ bounce like a Snoop Cadillac

Eli: Fuck man...They killed my nigga Trey.

Devil: So you just gonna let them get away with that?

Eli: Fuck, what you want me to do man?

Devil: Look, get outta your head...Look!

Verse 4 (Devil): Times when you good, now it’s time to do the most/Disrespect the set so you gotta make em’ toast/Put em’ on a shirt, that’s the time that you boast/And if you let em’ kill you I’mma find another host

Verse 5 (Eli): Fingers kinda jumpy so I guess I gotta itch/Once I see the nigga I’mma put him in a ditch/Catch him unexpected like a sudden beat switch/Dropping all these puppies cause I’m making em’ my Bitch

Verse 6 (Devil): Yes, that's the spirit, that is what I wanna hear/Leave him on the street like the car that hit the deer/Though they got finesse, we gon' hit em' with the flair/Tear em' into pieces like a hungry grizzly bear

Verse 7 (Eli): First killed his sis then went and got Trey/Boyz in the hood/I ain't talking bout Oshea/Feeling kinda cloudy all my days turning gray/Sipping on some gin, got problems that I weigh

Verse 8 (Devil): Don't go soft on me now here's the deal/See him in the barn know it's time to make him squeal/Only way you hunt when your heart turned to steel/Promise when you shoot him its gon' give you time to heal

Verse 9 (Eli): Know what? You right, what the hell am I thinking?/No eyes shut best believe I'm not blinking/Killing off my kind you can see that I'm drinking/Cup over-runneeth, now to hell am I sinking

Verse 10 (Devil & Eli): Shoot a couple of times til' the white shirt stained/Worst come to worst you'll prolly be detained/Shackled like a slave now they got you on a chain/Least you got revenge for all the ones slained/Now I'm in the pen so never seen a gain/That's the price you pray when you wanna have a reign/Should I really do this cause they trapped me in a lane?/They're the undertaker so you gotta be Kane/Everything you're saying kinda seems deranged/God damn right boy my thoughts will never change/Got me doing drills like I'm shooting at the range/Switching on the set like my name Danny Ainge

Verse 11 (Eli): Put me in the whole once they me in the box/Feeling like my pops when he started selling rocks/Put us in a zone got us loyal to the blocks/Took away keys, bad boy with the locks

Verse 12 (Lady Luck):

You need to stay optimistic
in this life there is no limits
I know you feel stuck in this city
but I promise one day you'll be winning
keep that head up young bull
keep your head up
life gets hard but baby keep your head up
baby keep your head up
stay strong
life...goes on
one day you'll be on
and the pain will be gone
keep your head up young bull
keep your head up

“game of chess” (on sight!) feat. smoke, j.j. & ocho88

News Clip #10: Steve, you and I have been doing this show a long, long time. You longer than me. I've never seen it or felt this way before in our city. It's just every day, all day. What can be done to slow this down at least? My God. It's story after story on this show about killings and shootings. Thousands and thousands of people have been shot this year and over five hundred are dead? It's just continuous. And like you said we need to figure out what we're going to do because it's showing no signs of stopping it just seems like it gets worse. Just when you think it can't get any worse it keeps going.

Verse 1 (Eli):

Aye! Seen em' at the store
Popped em' at the light
In a philly night
There's a murder on sight
Pack up the spot
From the scene of the crime
Gonna make me do some time
So I gotta take flight

Verse 2 (Smoke):

Worse route you ever took
Was fucking with me
Lost my brother nigga
Life mean nothing to me
Hear a trigger doesn't even take
a heart off your sleeve
Hold down my block
What you wanted from me?

Verse 3 (Eli):

Yo!
It mean nothin' to me
It mean nothin' to you
Finna pull a pick and roll
Got nothin' to do
Just some niggas killing time
Like a goat at the zoo
Best believe I got my blick
Cause I gotta stay true

Verse 4 (J.J.):

Spin if u want
watch my niggas perced up
feeling like demons
really got me worked up

10 toes down
And I'm sipping from a cup
Eli think it's sweet
I'mma show him wassup

Verse 5 (Eli):
Bout to show me wassup?
Bout to show you what's right
Bout to hit you wit my dogs
And we finna take bites
Once the bullets take your spirit
You'll be flying with a kite
Game 7 in the playoffs
We gon' settle this tonight!

Verse 6 (Smoke):
Settle it tonight I gamble
Wanna find out pussy I dare you
Sawed off shot gun double barrel
Close contact
Ain't no combat, I air you

Verse 7 (J.J.):
Made my decision
Been in the field
Thirty on your head
Got a grip, Bradley Beal
Tired of the porch
I had to break the seal
Long range shooter
Call me Buddy Hield

Verse 8 (Eli):
Lady luck I'm boutta pop
I'm boutta go to jail
Really wanna live my life
But it seems I'm finna fail
So I'm going off track
Call it derailed
So if these niggas kill me
See the devil in hell!

Verse 9 (Lady Luck):
Best believe the score is gonna be settled some way
you can't run from the inevitable
make sure your aim is perfected

have your angels protect you
cuz you'll never know
when your enemies are expected

Verse 10 (Eli):

But the camera got my image
So I know they got my visage
And they tore me from my village
Then they taught me how to pillage
Sheddin' blood now there's a spillage
This was not what I envisage
Cause they benefit from privilege
Lost the handle, see the slippage
Such a blow out like a scrimmage
Planted seed now feed em' silage
Now they hunt me with equipage
They gon' send me off to prison

FCX News (Segment Five): After bringing in the national guard. The city of Philadelphia has seen a substantial decrease of gun violence. However, the mayor and city officials say there is more work yet to be done.

“beat the odds” feat. sp da king

Intro (Prison Operation Tape): D correctional facility. All phone calls are subject to recording and monitoring. To decline this call press 9 now and to accept this call press 1 now. Thank you, your call has been accepted.

Verse (Eli’s Dad): Listen son, I can tell you all about this street life. All the sleepless nights when you are uncertain that the dude next to you is gonna bust his gun to save your life or take your life. These streets is trife and one false move will have you staring down at 25 to life. Dudes will get a gun and they’ll run through the whole drum. A real man understands the importance of longevity. Thinking about how to create a family with a strong pedigree. Boys who run in packs thinking about how to make a quick stack. No regard for human life as they cock back and get ready to click-clack. Son, I don’t wanna see that for you. That’s why I pray you keep all the bullshit to your back and you load up the mental ammunition and learn to fight back. All the temptation that’s around, waiting for you to fall into the trap. It’s not about how quick you can go pick up a gat. But can you think critically to put your whole squad on the map. Son, you gotta stay focused, so you don’t fall off track. Stay true to you because these bullets don’t got no name and they’ll leave a family shattered crying daily as they prepare to lay a loved one in the grave. You want your mind and your body to be free instead of trapped in a cage. Remember, there’s more to life than running these streets gripping your heat, tryna get paid.

“lady luck!” feat. ocho88

FCX (Segment Six): The war in Philadelphia has finally come to a gruesome end. And now the mayor has proposed a plan to fund additional extracurriculars and after school programs that will be free of cost to less fortunate families and their children.

Intro (Eli): Man, I didn't think I'd make it out, but I did. Was this luck? Or is this life? Nah, this was more than luck. Yeah, I finally understand now. You know what? This was God.

Chorus [2x]: Lady Luck, Lady Luck, you came and saved my life/Void of all my misery and all the pain and strife/Lady Luck, Lady Luck, you saved me from the day/As sure as seas are blue or when the sky does fade to gray

Verse 1 (Lady Luck): I told you that you'll be alright if you listened to me/put down that pistol and utilize a different weapon /you have so much potential for a long life/and how you gonna accomplish all your goals if you don't get it right/those lonely nights are hard/and I know they even colder/but you can always lean on me if you ever need a shoulder I'm your boulder, I stay solid/embrace that creativity and don't resort to violence/baby keep the faith/know I'm your escape/I'm always on time/I won't be a minute late/you know I can relate/with so much on your plate/I understand the bait/but you can't grow with all that weight, let it go!

Chorus [2x]: Lady Luck, Lady Luck, you came and saved my life/Void of all my misery and all the pain and strife/Lady Luck, Lady Luck, you saved me from the day/As sure as seas are blue or when the sky does fade to gray

Verse 2 (Eli): Lady Luck came through and saved my life/Lady Luck came through and gave me sight/Lady Luck came through and gave me fight/Like they put you in the hole/Can't escape the night/Lady Luck let me lay on her breast/Comfort like an infant on a mother's chest/Feeling like the war was all in jest/Diffused all my problems so they all can rest

Outro (Eli & Lady Luck): Lady luck, there's nothing for me to say but...thank you...I now understand what you've been tryna tell me...I'm no longer down on my luck...Thanks to you, I'm up on God...You know I'd never steer you wrong...I'm here for you whenever you need me...keep that head up...I'll be around and I'll always lift you up whenever you're down

News Clip #11: And bring back our neighborhoods and make our city a safe space for not only children but just for everybody.

"up" (on god)

Intro (K.A.): Greetings everyone. It's your boy, K.A. And uh, I wanted to share something with you real quick, a little quote. Mia McKenzie from the guardian in 2013 said, "*If you're not white, your tragic death doesn't feel quite as tragic to the American media or the collective American conscience, which are inextricably linked.*" I know what that means to me but what does it mean to you?

Refrain 2x (Eli): Stricken on my path with a lightning rod/Didn't let it stop me cause I beat the odds/I'm up on God/I beat the odds/Almost tried to kill me with a staff and rod/Didn't let it hurt me cause I beat the odds/I'm up on God, I beat the odds

Bridge: (Lady Luck): Look, baby you up on god/So just live your life/Forget the pain and worry/Forget the pain and strife/You made it through the fire/And you beat the odds/The lord protected you/Put you up on god, yeah

Refrain 1x (Eli): Stricken on my path with a lightning rod/Didn't let it stop me cause I beat the odds/I'm up on God/I beat the odds/Almost tried to kill me with a staff and rod/Didn't let it hurt me cause I beat the odds/I'm up on God, I beat the odds

FCX (Segment Seven): This concludes *life or luck*. A special news television report. I'm your host anchor, Kristina Chapman with FCX news. And now, back to our regularly scheduled programming.

Outro (Lil' Seanny): Man, fuck Eli, y'all niggas already know how I'm coming when I catch him nigga it's over for him nigga. R.I.P. my nigga Neber man. Fuck Fetty, I'm smoking Fetty back-to-back nigga.

"the pain" (how 2 bang) feat. lil' seanny

Verse 1 (lil' seanny): this really some pain/had to start selling caine/get up in my bag, so I can go hit a stain/bullets out this fifth, really go insane/pointed the grip in his face give me yo chain!/slidin on a one way turn it into flames/peanutty got me rapping/my life bout to change

Verse 2 (k.a.): shout to lil' seanny he said free the whole gang/living in the hood first they teach you how to bang/shooting on a court so we made his mama sing/mastered all the niggas til' we make they brains hang/coming from the trenches so I try to stay sane/til' a nigga try me so I off him like a stain/nothin' here to lose so the power is a gain/know that this my truth cause I'm numb from the pain/don't know how to feel so I'm crying in the rain/pops is in the celly cause they got him pushing caine/sliding on my opps so I gotta maintain/but I swear his work will never be in vain/moving in the dark of a night like I'm Bane/when we sliding on you know we hit like hurricanes/all this just to live, nothing to really explain/still got me in bondage cause I never lost my chains/since we knocked him off all that's left, his remains/since they put a bounty on me now I'm catching trains/this is what it is so you know I won't complain/all this just for pleasure while the man is entertained/killing til' extinction now that really is a shame/families destroyed so there's no longer a frame/look on top of food chain cause that's really who to blame/channeled all our energies, we never was the same

song/production credits

1. life or luck? (intro)
written, produced, mixed, & recorded by kevin anglade at a.q. overbrook's studio
also written with vocals by sean sampt
additional vocals by harley davies, & imari stargill
contains a sample of the track "packin' that heat" (freestyle) by lil' seanny
2. the book (of eli)
written, produced, mixed, and recorded by kevin anglade at castlewood/a.q. overbrook studios
additional vocals by harley davies
3. diamond (in the rough)
written, produced, mixed, & recorded by kevin anglade at a.q. overbrook's studio
additional vocals by harley davies & imari stargill
also written by imari stargill
4. the mighty (have fallen)
written, produced, mixed, & recorded by kevin anglade at a.q. overbrook's studio
additional vocals by harley davies
5. in god (we trust)
written, produced, mixed, & recorded by kevin anglade at castlewood/a.q. overbrook's studio
6. head on (a swivel)
written, produced, mixed, & recorded by kevin anglade at a.q. overbrook's studio
7. down (on luck)
written, produced, mixed, & recorded by kevin anglade at a.q. overbrook's studio
co-recorded by imari stargill
8. the value (of life) feat. sp da king
produced, mixed, & recorded by kevin anglade at a.q. overbrook's studio
"power & discipline" poem written and performed by stephen p. campbell
9. phillyknights

written, produced, & mixed by kevin anglade at a.q. overbrook's studio
additional vocals by jenner anglade, christian louis, & sean sampt
also written by jenner anglade & sean sampt
recorded by imari stargill
contains a sample of the track "the pain" (how 2 bang) by k.a. feat. lil' seanny

10. the devil (& i)

written, produced, mixed, & recorded by kevin anglade at a.q. overbrook's studio
additional vocals by linda (philly uber driver)

11. eatliveprey feat. ocho88

written, produced, recorded, & mixed by kevin anglade at a.q. overbrook's studio
co-recorded & written by imari stargill

12. game of chess (on sight) feat. smoke, j.j. & ocho88

written, produced, & mixed by kevin anglade at a.q. overbrook's studio
also written by christian louis, jenner anglade, & imari stargill
recorded by imari stargill
additional vocals by harley davies

13. beat the odds feat. sp da king

produced, mixed, & recorded by kevin anglade
"listen son" poem written and performed by stephen p. campbell

14. lady luck! feat. ocho88

written, produced, mixed, & recorded by kevin anglade at a.q. overbrook's studio
also co-recorded and written by imari stargill
additional vocals by harley davies

15. up (on god)

written, produced, mixed, & recorded by kevin anglade at a.q. overbrook's studio
additional vocals by harley davies, imari stargill & sean sampt
also written by mia mckenzie, imari stargill, & sean sampt
contains a sample of the track "packin' that heat" (freestyle) by lil' seanny

16. the pain (how 2 bang) feat. lil' seanny (bonus)

written, produced, mixed, & recorded by kevin anglade at peanutty's studio
also written by sean sampt

album credits

kevin "k.a." anglade – primary artist, vocals, production, engineer, mixing, album design, executive producer

imari "ocho88" stargill – featured artist, engineer, vocals (1, 3, 11, 12, 14, 15)

harley davies – vocals (tracks 1-4, 12, 14, 15)

stephen "sp da king" campbell – featured artist (8, 13)

jenner "j.j." anglade – featured artist, vocals (9, 12)

christian louis – featured artist, vocals (9, 12)

sean sampt – featured artist, vocals (1, 9, 16)

linda (philly uber driver) – vocals (10)

written, produced, mixed, arranged, and recorded by kevin "k.a." anglade at castlewood & a.q. overbrook studios (unless noted otherwise)

co-recorded by imari stargill

album design and executive produced by kevin anglade

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