

# The Struggle Will Be Lost

Busta Rhymes

Now this is the tale of a murderer who comes from the caucus cliffs  
happy Thanksgiving  
he robbed and stole and killed for greed and packed us on slave ships  
happy Thanksgiving  
he took us off to stolen lands it seemed like hell for sure  
happy Thanksgiving  
with the crack and the guns, death and disease they called for you and your  
happy Thanksgiving  
No whips no brew no weed to smoke not a single luxury  
If not for the bloodshed that it cost the struggle would be lost  
say it again  
the struggle would be lost  
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say it again  
the struggle would be lost

The struggle will be lost  
If you continue to do the shit you be doin' with disloyalty nigga  
Now that explains why in each ward you avoiding me nigga  
Knowing now it takes nothing to be destroying a nigga  
Conditioned with a mind to shit on your brother  
Flossing with jewelry and whips just like a dick and still live with your mother  
Copping shit that superceded your salary  
Where is your loyalty to your own blood and taking care of your family  
Funny how you sit and drink what you drink  
Thinking the foulest shit and not even knowing why you think how you think  
Must be the reason why we aren't aware  
Because the devil know how guilty and filthy he is in all his affairs  
Fucking with my mind when I was a youngster  
Cause he know if we knew the truth we'd make his ass run from amongst us  
That's why we thinking that it's better to ball  
while the devil be sitting and watching plotting how to murder us all  
now this

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Hey yo  
That's why I'm hustling harder  
Now I'm in a huddle seeing the struggle in my mother and father  
That's why my persona will come with such a karma to be getting this paper  
Cause I ain't with the slavery labor  
A lot of niggas in the hood probly relate to me greater  
than those that believe when they die they going to meet the creator that's  
crazy  
how we become slaves  
to mental death and power that comes with becoming even more of a dumber ass  
the devil robbing you blind  
concealing the truth from niggas while we be struggling they murder the mind  
the wickedness sneak on you quicker when they creep from behind  
continue to speak the truth ?til it weaken your spine  
now check it  
the jewel I give you be the beat the beat for the time  
you can't see it like you living on a street for the blind  
young whitty hustler niggas that stick with the grind  
fly cuisine food poisoned cause you eatin' the swine  
I stay struggling and doin' for delf  
Then I dig in my body deeper and do a little knowledge of self  
They wonder why they catch a nigga on the weed sell  
Better be careful what you saying on them e-mails  
Now listen  
They got your mind in a prison  
You can do whatever you want but focus if you desire to listen  
As I say it I hope you feelin' the wrath  
Create a hammer to make a man that a beat you in the head with the math  
Now this

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