

Struggle

Cory Gunz

Momma went and made a thug nigga,
And by the grace of god you can die a drug dealer.
My soldiers on the grind tryin to climb out the struggle,
In time you'll be fine, keep your mind on your hustle.

Remember back, I was a snot nosed nigga,
They told me I was small so I wore my clothes bigger.
Alotta homies dead cause they ran with hoe niggas,
So I ain't never ran with a hit from no nigga.
My soliders 9 to 5 on the block to stay alive,
They know they gotta ride, get that rock away or die.
Ain't got no peace of mind, all they got is peace of mind
With their pistol by their side, tryin to dodge a homicide.
Cause even I ain't tryin to put those tears in mommas eyes,
Gramma know I love her and my momma know I try,
My grandaddy died 'fore I got to say goodbye,
I knew him more than daddy, daddy I ain't gotta lie.
My head up to the sky, when I pray at night I cry,
And ask father why he even bothered with my life.
Cause I ain't here for nothing but the cause of dealin trouble,
If you feel me when you hear me then you know
You feel the struggle when we struggle cause...

Momma went and made a thug nigga,
And by the grace of god you can die a drug dealer.
My soldiers on the grind tryin to climb out the struggle,
In time you'll be fine, keep your mind on your hustle.
My soldiers on the grind keep your mind on your hustle,
A nigga look you down, try to shine, show you muscle
My soliders on the grind keep your mind on your hustle,
In time you'll be fine, you gonna climb out the struggle.

Remember back, I was a snot nosed nigga.
For snack, I put the water in my cheerios nigga.
Sugar in my water and a sandwich I was eatin.
Showed a lotta niggas wasn't nothin sweet if I was feining.
Them suckas up the hill tryed to ride around the block,
Tryed to jump us, kept me quiet when we fired random shots.
I knew alotta legends that retired on my block,
Some niggas turned feds and put wires on my block.
But still I'm gonna ride and teein until I die,
I rep one-seven-four 'till the choir harmonize.
Militia get this money, B-X where I reside.
No matter where you bangin, keep your step in solid line.
They want us on the corner, shot to death or on that line.
You feel me when you hear me, how we really know who liein,
Thinkin you ain't here for nothin, but cause of dealin trouble,
If you feel me when you hear me,
Then you know you feel the struggle
When we struggle cause...

Momma went and made a thug nigga,
And by the grace of god you can die a drug dealer.
My soldiers on the grind tryin to climb out the struggle,
In time you'll be fine, keep your mind on your hustle.
My soldiers on the grind keep your mind on your hustle,
A nigga look you down, try to shine, show you muscle

My soliders on the grind keep your mind on your hustle,
In time you'll be fine, you gonna climb out the struggle