

## Struggle

Ghostface Killah

All my life, it's been one big struggle  
Born and raised... in the slums of trouble, I'm all...

Yo, I was born and raise in New York City  
The home of the Yankees, the Jam Master Jay's and the Biggie's  
Ralph Icey's, Jet mags, cops surveillance, it's high tech  
Our appearance is we still in the grind, and direct  
But on my side of town shit's gorilla, phone booths is broke  
Behind the building niggaz on post  
What up Doc? What up Lord? I'm chilling  
These motherfuckers got my name and my face  
Placed up in every building  
You see what that do to the children, that ain't right  
I've been raised in these projects, damn near, all my life  
And these faggots wanna do this to me, I'ma lay low  
And blow that cop, son, you watch, no lie, word to my momma, du  
nn  
They don't want the drama, thunn, 'member me in '86?  
Knocked out four cops, got knocked on the outer bridge  
Bagged me with two clips, a fifth of Bacardi Dark  
I spared them, cause all of them left with they body parts  
I'm not crazy