

# My Struggle

Lil Boosie

Boosie boo!! Boosie boo, nigga!!

And I be like the best nigga at this shit right now, word for word,  
life story for life story, mane I'm the truth...

We started off in the backyard, I'm that boy,  
Hate to lose, If I lose, yo can get bruised,  
I'm that hard. Life starts from a bad  
memory, Daddy loved drugs, Can't take this from  
him, He loved girls. Went from neighborhood  
jackas, To neighborhood stackas... I-10 ridaz, to  
I-10 traffickas. Imagine us in that bottom on  
that PCP, Walkin' to school wit a tool, who  
gon' beef wit me. Got addicted to sellin'  
drugs, marijuana and coke, Momma, she washed  
her hands, and let me go, the Rest you know,  
I aint gotta explain, I been a mayne, Since I  
went got my own... now they look at me grown.  
Posted up behind the Citgo (?), on Wyoming  
street, Big sacks, big gats and some artillery.  
All the lil niggas Got big niggas, like Junior  
and B. All old niggas showed us ropes like  
they picturin' (?) me...

U don't know my struggle,  
so you cant feel my hustle

Hard times, me and you getting' blisted...  
Got a dimebag, but we couldn't buy the Philly,  
Walkin' to the weed dispenser, we was short on  
the special. So we got drunk, snatched purses,  
Mayne it's whatever. Old niggas tried to  
shortstop, we ballerblocked, fuck it. Got a  
big knot, now I'm thuggin'... wit a big ugly  
somethin', on my waistline, bouncin' thru the  
southside... Back then, it was straight gin,  
dickies, and cowhides. You aint from our side,  
we bustin' at ya, that's the  
rules.. Used to be deep, now we down to just a  
few. Mayne, I'm talkin' bout them lonely  
nights... me and My Homie on the flight... sneakin  
thru hoes window, Robbin' niggas for indo.  
Runnin wit nothin but hard Heads, like Fry  
thang and Kevin. Goin' to clubs reppin',  
Hollin' "Fuck goin' to Heaven", cause I'm out  
chea, Look like my luck fucked up, and I done  
lost a lotta Niggas, so my trust fucked up,  
mayne...

Sittin' nites, need my medicine and my  
needles, All the Bondsmen.... Keepin' it gutta  
wit my people. The thug life, back to back  
catchin misdemeanors.. The drug life, servin'  
junkies in front the cleaners. The hospitals,  
nurses tryin' to lift up my spirit,  
My momma preachin', but Boosie boo don't wanna  
Hear it (hard head). You know they say I was  
dead, two shots up in my head. Some say I OD'd

off that X, what they gon' say next? Grandma  
died, momma House, lemme talk to ya. Niggas  
hate, but I don't drive by, I walk to ya. High  
school, 4 deep in a Monte Carlo.. dusted and  
disgusted tryna make it til tomorrow. When I  
borrowed, I gave back... When it was beer time,  
I made stacks, 110 to 150 I shake that. The  
baby momma drama make me wanna holla, plus I  
lost all my ghetto role models, This my  
struggle mayne....!!