

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....!!