

# The Struggle

Reema Major

Sinister ministers unholy nuns, why you niggas got guns  
When you know you pop none  
Couple of lies and some wax and some wanksters  
Big front they disguised as some gangsters big tee tip tims and  
the fitted cap  
Hella speech mad front with an empty gat, what type of shit is  
that  
See I don't know, you said you the type quick to grab the four  
four  
But more like them dirty niggas singing to the po-po  
keep if real or fucking go home is the motto  
Boys look good speakin' quick  
Young girls don't believe that shit, believe that shit  
Down to earth wifey type mad loveable  
But young boy don't mistaking me for gullable  
Separate all the lies from the truth  
Who you think you gon' deceive boo? I don't believe you

Yo, never alter my appearance to satisfy no eyes  
Cause it's all lies, silicon is in the suicide  
You alive but you really dead,  
And the traits you be looking for in life you cannot buy with b  
read  
Ah, my testimony homie, indicate I ain't phony  
I'm popping rounds at all them clowns that be fronting on me  
Seat back tinted windows tinted shades callin my versace raise  
coppin bigger pay  
But you fully grateful that I love to see another day  
Life in another way, feel got distract, just the biggest brain  
It ain't a secret that I'm running this effect that I'm hot  
So if you dumb \_\_\_\_ try to be something you not