

# We Still Strugglin

Styles P

Come on man

Sp 3 5 4

Strugglin my life  
God damn I reflect on  
Those I used to hustle with  
And now we just fly kites  
Damn we be living some wild lifes  
We got to get them crackers to right  
They treat us like wild life  
Got to pay the bills for the building  
The precious building the type of shit that make you rob us a billion  
My whole generation was brainwashed  
Lookin' at the rims should I get em detailed or handwashed  
A man like his watch and his jersey  
Try to bring bricks down south and we stopped in new jersey  
Told them that the game was painful  
If you don't want to take time to think the bullets are brainful  
Big when they bang you then angels a change you  
I ain't trying to game you cause I'm in the game to  
Shit I been struggling for far too long  
My niggas on the block bubblin' for far too long

354 shit

Shadow wah folly

My pain my thoughts my tears  
My struggle my life my fears  
I engraved my name in d streets  
But you don't know what I go through just to see my kids eat  
Those ain't pay up in 10 weeks  
The baby mumma drama all day cause I'm breaking home ends meet  
Past cota with me what the fuck you expect  
Wonder when this music industry gone cut me a cheque  
Chad told me look at my beeper I got the connect  
And even listen to the streets dog I got the respect  
If I die and go the hard way fuck it I'm a go hard  
Presense gonna be felt on the streets or in the prison yard  
Next I invision god right beside me with duck mella speil lotion and lee roy  
dolby  
Puck rock incidents dog that shit scarred me  
Picture me scared to die now nigga that's harvy no

Some real shit

Ay yo this is my clip my hammer my slugs  
And I still shed blood for the love of my thugs  
Still breaking days end while I blaze in the wind  
The struggle of my life hustlin right and after gym  
See I'm gifted with this curse  
You can feel in every verse  
I'll bring it from the dirt  
I'm the hell on this earth  
You can smell what I'm worth  
If these cheques don't cut  
Then these tecks gon buck  
You can tell how it hurt

See my niggas need work  
My dog just got 25 and he need church  
And he seen worse  
When you try to take my pride and leave me stuffed with the pain  
Left my only stride nothing to lose only the game  
When I bang for the suffering 400 years  
We had enough of it  
It's etched in our veins we still thuggin it  
If I had to do it again I thug it twice  
Take a slice of the struggle in my life, one