

Made It Threw The Struggle

Young Scooter

I made it through that struggle,
I cried it out that gutter
This a letter to my mama,
I never had a fucking father.
Ain't no more going broke,
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Woke up broke a thousand times
No days I stayed on the ground
You convicted of a felon, you can press rewind
Had a thing like 50Cent can reach a dollar trying
For this black sheep, my life is on the line
We made it out the struggle through the hard times
Juggling in that gudda, gudda, under the power line
I do this shit for my lil brother, it's like it is mine
Got me stressed out, cause he thought I'm facing out of time
And it's crazy, cause I just had him another child
And I got two myself and I take care of my niggas
I take care of my family, no, the world don't understand me.

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I'm thinking white hoodie, white shades,
White Js on white snow
White Bugatti and a white Ferari
And white diamonds on white gold.
White grill, white Benz, fool around with my white friends,
White furr in the right rims,
You say my name and you're right in.
I'm not afraid of him, I got the ammo in,
You gotta handle him and who stand with him
I got the lambo in, I'm in the mandarin
And ask on it rit Hamilton.
Jordy acting like a mannequin
It's all equipped with the shenanigans
She said she gonna keep my car,
Instead I'm never gonna be a man again.
She murder the track as a boobie,
Young Scooter ain't Gucci
So many Maybachs out front
Make you think I'm rolling with Gucci.
I ain't taking no jewelery off,
You caught me, nigga, come shoot me.
I am ready for the old murder,

Then what you gonna do with the new me?

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My man don't have a dad and still want do shit to me
Six years old, I ain't had shit to eat
My stomach getting biled up, I can't get no sleep,
Can't wait to get to school, that's my million dollar week.
You still watch from the old bling and I got flow six
I used to catch rise, now it's falling o six
A free fifty bands, that's a full for a week
My mama come upfront, talk to my daddy last week.
He heard I got a song on the street called Columbia,
My daddy smoked Columbia, so daddy, I don't fuck with you
My mama raised a hustler, mama was a hustler,
Gotta thank my mama, had to move her out of gudda.

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