

MY STRUGGLE

Salon Music

Boosie Boo, nigga
And I be like the best nigga at this shit right now
Word for word, life story for life story
You know I'm the truth
We started off in the backyard, I'm that boy
Hate to lose, if I lose, you can get bruised, I'm that hard
Life starts from a bad memory, Daddy loved drugs
Can't take this from him, he loved thugs
Went from neighborhood jackers to neighborhood stackers
I-10 riders to I-10 traffickers
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 ain't gotta explain, I been a man
Since I went got my own, now they look at me grown
Posted up behind the same ol' on Wyoming street
Big sacks, big gats and some artillery
All the lil' niggas got big niggas, like Junior and Bleed
All old niggas showed us ropes like they picturin' beef
You don't know my struggle, so you can't feel my hustle
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Hard times, me and you gettin' blissed
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, man, it's whatever
Old niggas tried to shortstop, we baller blocked, fuck it
Got a big knot, now I'm thuggin' wit a big ugly somethin'
On my waistline, bouncin' through the Southside
Back then, it was straight gin, dickies and cowhides
You ain't from our side, we bustin' at ya, that's the rules
Used to be deep, now we down to just a few
Man, I'm talkin' 'bout them lonely nights, me and my homey on the flight
Sneakin' through hoes' window, robbin' niggas for endo
Runnin' wit nothin' but hard heads like Fry Thang and Kevin
Goin' to clubs reppin', hollin' fuck goin' to Heaven
'Cause I'm out here, look like my luck fucked up

And I done lost a lotta niggas, so my trust fucked up, man
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Sittin' nights, need my medicine and my needles
All the bondsmen keepin' it gutta wit my peoples
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
You know they say I was dead, two shots up in my head
Some say I O.D.'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, man

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