My Struggles

Missy 'misdemeanor' Elliott

Yeah, Missy Elliott, Grand Puba
Y'all don't really know who I am, God damn
I'm like grease in the frying pan 'cause I am
Bacon, eggs, toast, butter
Smooth sexy lover more fresh than [Incomprehensible]
Go ask your brother if y'all don't believe
I control the industry 'cause Missy in the lead
Uhh, I'm talkin' to you man
With my upper hand, the fans call me Dapper Dan
When I was young my pops, throw rocks
Always shit talk to my moms and call the cops
Couldn't wait 'til I was nice and grown
Sick of daddy mouth 'til six in the morn'
On and on and on 'til the record scratch
And if I made a few scraps, I would never come back
Take moms with me and a few Adat's
And make a song about dad and tell pops he's a rat, okay
Y'all don't really know my life
Y'all don't really know my struggles and how much liquor I guzzle
Y'all don't really know my fears
And how many years to get here but I'm ready to rumble
Y'all don't really know my life
Y'all don't really know my struggles and how much liquor I guzzle
Y'all don't really know my fears
And how many years to get here but I'm ready to rumble
Yeah, I be that throwback cat, I throwback 'gnac
I spit hot raps, then I check my traps
Pockets stop the bulk, green up like the Hulk
Ram up in somethin' like that nigga Marshall Faulk
I'm a low key nigga, a O.G. nigga
Entertain my guests in 'The Basement' like Tigger
Grand Puba and the name ring bells
And if it ain't about paper, I don't waste my sells
So the new school, new school need to learn yo
I burn baby burn like a Hunt's Pointe ho
Yo yo Puba, hold up
Let's take 'em back on some 411 shit
Mary
I'm Mary J. Blige, for a fact I don't rap

I'm known around the map to always make a comeback
I went through some struggles fightin' with my ex-lovers
Stayed in lots of trouble, blessings then I had recovered
Had to pay them bills, the places I lived
Messin' with them cats that's said to get I had to give
I had to tell them back up 'cause I was quick to smack 'em up
I didn't give a what, Mary J. would act up
Y'all don't really know my struggles
I had two or three jobs I had to juggle
And all them liquor shots from the pain I covered
Strugglin' from the break-ups with my lover
Y'all don't know the half, don't know the half
I'm better off now that was in the past
I had to take the good stuff with the bad
Now I'm thankful for the little things that I have
I'm Mary J. Blige, for a fact, I don't rap
Grand Puba, and the name ring bells
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