

Strugglin'

Grits

Eat a dick up
Stick up, stick up, stick up kids
Still don't nothin' move but the money
Stick up, stick up, stick up kids
Still don't nothin' move but the money
Strugglin', jugglin', got it to the black man
Eatin' the scams like I was motherfuckin' Pac Man
Cops step off, you know the flavor
They fear the ruffneck niggaz with the lunatic behavior
And now we gotta eat, gotta make ends meet
Stabbin' for a fee, it gets hard on the fuckin' streets
It's like a madness, fuck making gravy
I rhyme and do crimes, 'cuz either way pays me
A little rough with a hardcore, theme
Couldn't rough something rougher in your, dreams
Mad rugged so you know we're gonna, rip
With that roughneck nigga named 2Pacalypse
Representing YG'z yo
Flip Stretch Homicide and my nigga Gambino
Seek and Po can't forget Money Bags
Stickin' up spots and jumpin' in Jags
Gotta get ahead and always stay bumblin'
And always keep a hand on the gat
'Cuz a niggaz straight strugglin'
Stick up, stick up, stick up kids
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I used to be on tour, but now I'm sick of strugglin'
I thought about bumpin', but mother-fuck jugglin'
I know it lasts longer, gets my pockets thicker
But I'd rather use my gun 'cuz I get the money quicker, so bust it
Look as I cut the records hard to eject
A quick clip threw my body down uhh, it's another hit
I got energy to blast now you want the task here
'Cuz of the light a motherfucker shot that ass up
But rugged and rough is how I'm steppin'
Mac is the weapon, and it's always kept in
Eye on the Mac 'cuz the dogg got it goin' on

If you come up steppin' you'll be lit like a hick
So you better chill, 'cuz I got too much money to get
A street thug in the motherfuckin' house, I'm strugglin'
Get drunk but I don't think
I'm just in it for the money, don't be a punk snitch
When I yank up my gun, don't run don't bitch
'Cuz ya know if you do, you'll be layin' in a ditch
You'll get your stupid ass blown out the frame
'Cuz I'm playing to win, and survive in the game, I'm strugglin'
Stick up, stick up, stick up kids
Still don't nothin' move but the money
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Big up, big up, got him in the frame, bang
Ain't nothin' changed set it off I let the brains hang
Guess who's back, to put niggaz on they back
Till I call back, niggaz runnin' free better fall back
I'm fifty niggaz deep beat sleep
With a Mossberg wrapped in my seats
Three deep in my Jeep chief run with the Young Gunz
Strugglin' and strivin', that's how the dough come
Now get gunned by the one with the gun for the low goal
Throw a bolo so low when I flow yo
Much too high to read the signs, I'm blind
Clickin' on the nine, out to get mine
I go big up, big up, gotta make the room, boom
Blowin' motherfuckers to the moon
Niggaz need to feel me a real G, home from the bumblin'
See me on the block, strugglin'
And rollin' with the roughnecks nuff checks cashed
I get in niggaz ass, blast
Straight strugglin'
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