

# The Struggle Will Be Lost

## Busta Rhymes

Now this is the tale of a murderer who comes from the Caucus Cliffs

(Happy thanksgiving)

He robbed and stole and killed for greed and packed us on slave ships

(Happy thanksgiving)He took us off to stolen lands it seemed like hell for sure

(Happy thanksgiving)

With the crack and the guns, death and disease

They called for you or your

(Happy thanksgiving)No whips, no brew, no weed to smoke, not a single luxury

If not for the bloodshed that it cost the struggle would be lost

(Say it again)

The struggle would be lost

(Say it again)

The struggle would be lost(Say it again)

The struggle would be lost

(Say it again)

The struggle would be lost

(Say it again)

The struggle will be lost, lostIf you continue to do the shit you be doing with disloyalty, nigga

Now that explains why in each ward you avoiding me, nigga

Knowing now it takes nothing to start destroying a nigga

Conditioned with a mind to shit on your brotherFlossing with jewelry and whips just like a dick

And still live with your mother

Copping shit that superseded your salary

Where is your loyalty to your own blood

And taking care of your family?Funny how you sit and drink what you drink

Thinking the foulest shit and not even knowing

Why you think how you think

Must be the reason why we aren't aware

Because the devil know how guilty and filthy he is in all his affairsFucking with my mind when I was a  
youngster

'Cause he know if we knew the truth

We'd make his ass run from amongst us

That's why we thinking that it's better to ball

While the devil be sitting and watching, plotting how to murder us allNow this is the tale of a murderer who  
comes from the Caucus Cliffs

(Happy thanksgiving)

He robbed and stole and killed for greed and packed us on slave ships

(Happy thanksgiving)He took us off to stolen lands it seemed like hell for sure

(Happy thanksgiving)

With the crack and the guns, death and disease  
They called for you or your  
(Happy thanksgiving)No whips, no brew, no weed to smoke, not a single luxury  
If not for the bloodshed that it cost the struggle would be lost  
(Say it again)  
The struggle would be lost  
(Say it again)  
The struggle would be lost(Say it again)  
The struggle would be lost  
(Say it again)  
The struggle would be lost  
The struggle would be lost, lostHey yo, that's why I'm hustling harder  
Now I'm in a huddle seeing the struggle in my mother and father  
That's why my persona will come with  
Such a karma to be getting this paper  
'Cause I ain't with the slavery laborA lot of niggas in the hood probly relate to me greater  
Than those that believe when they die they probly  
Meet the creator that's crazy, how we become slaves  
To mental death and power that comes  
With becoming even more of a dumber assThe devil robbing you blind, concealing the truth from niggas  
While we be struggling they murder the mind  
The wickedness sneak on you quicker  
When they creep from behind continue to speak  
The truth til it weaken your spineNow check it, the jewel I give you be the beat the beat for the time  
You can't see it like you living on a street for the blind  
Young whitty hustler niggas that stick with the grind  
Fly cuisine food poisoned 'cause you eatin' the swineI stay struggling and doing for Delf  
Then I dig in my body deeper and do a little knowledge of self  
They wonder why they catch a nigga on the weed sell  
Better be careful what you saying on them e-mailsNow listen, they got your mind in a prison  
You can do whatever you want but focus if you desire to listen  
As I say it and I hope you feeling the wrath  
Create a hammer to make a man that a beat  
You in the head with the mathNow this is the tale of a murderer who comes from the Caucus Cliffs  
(Happy thanksgiving)  
He robbed and stole and killed for greed and packed us on slave ships  
(Happy thanksgiving)He took us off to stolen lands it seemed like hell for sure  
(Happy thanksgiving)  
With the crack and the guns, death and disease  
They called for you or your  
(Happy thanksgiving)No whips, no brew, no weed to smoke, not a single luxury  
If not for the bloodshed that it cost the struggle would be lost  
(Say it again)  
The struggle would be lost  
(Say it again)

The struggle would be lost(Say it again)

The struggle would be lost

(Say it again)

The struggle would be lost

(Say it again)

The struggle would be lost, lost

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>