

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Copping shit that superseded your salary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
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The struggle would be lost(Say it again)

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(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

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