Strugglin'

Howard Tate

Yeah, yeah, it's me, strugglin'...
I start out, just to vibe out, I ain't about to bow out,
I'm more gangsta than you are but I ain't about the rou' rou'.
My season will come, it has to,
Honestly I feel like I'm ten months pregnant or something, I'm passed due.
Sincerely I'm touchy these days I can't take nothing,
I'm tryna treat my record like the law, shit I'm dying to break something,
And mostly, I'm up and stressin', when other folks sleep.
Believe me, I know struggle, and struggle knows me.
My life owes me, like an overdose I'm slowly,
Drifting in the arms of trouble, than trouble holds me,
And nothing else is close to me, more than pain unfortunately,
Like a self fulfilling prophecy, I'm suppose to be:
Strugglin', and it's trouble in, in this circumstance I'm dwelling in,
I find myself in the corner huddling, with some angry men,
And I gotta settle shit again before they gotta kill again.
I'm strugglin', and it's trouble in, in this circumstance I'm dwelling in.
I find myself in the corner huddlin', with some angry men,
and I gotta settle shit again, before they gotta kill again.
I should be chillin' on beaches, instead my bone freezes,
Ducking glocks and I walks, well, like Jesus.
The realest thing for me is since I was a fetus,
The only break I ever got, was at recess.
So legitimately, I remain very little relieved,
And at thug rappers, I remain very little intrigued,
and can you blame me?
Look how we lived in the late eighties,
Throwing rocks at the crazy ladies, and when we'd play these,
Crazy games, the whole crew had crazy names, we
even had a cripple we use to call em lazy legs.
But my faith remains, untouched and unchanged,
Still in my block you hear more shots than a gun range,
I'm...
Strugglin', and it's trouble in, in this circumstance I'm dwelling in,
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and I gotta settle shit again, before they gotta kill again.
Aight aight, more to the truth, no writing, just record me at the booth,
Forced by the loop and the guitar but I'm the boss of the groove.
I speak truth my deep roots remain in equal danger,
The pain on my song is crazy but the sequel is stranger.
Hey man, I'm from the hardest heartless projects.
Dear departed I'm now known as a recording artist.
Spilling what little remains of your memories in the process,
Bitter a little, but making your names in to a colossus.
Believe me, I'm thankful my brother's still with me,
And ain't much changed Bobby is still troubling Whitney,
And Bush is still bombing poor people yo he's deadly,
And me I got a little recording
gig but evidently
I'm...
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I find myself in the corner huddling, with some angry men,
And I gotta settle shit again before they gotta kill again.
I'm strugglin', and it's trouble in, in this circumstance I'm dwelling in.
I find myself in the corner huddlin', with some angry men,
and I gotta settle shit again, before they gotta kill again.
Strugglin', and it's trouble in, in this circumstance I'm dwelling in,
I find myself in the corner huddling, with some angry men,
And I gotta settle shit again before they gotta kill again.
I'm strugglin', and it's trouble in, in this circumstance I'm dwelling in.
I find myself in the corner huddlin', with some angry men,
and I gotta settle shit again, before they gotta kill again.
Ya...
Ya...
The pain in my song is crazy.
The pain in my song is crazy.
Strugglin', still strugglin'.

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