

My Struggle (amended album version)

Lil Boosie

Boosie boo, Boosie boo, nigga
And I be like the best nigga at this shit right now, word for word,
Life story for life story, mane I'm the truth We started off in the backyard, I'm that boy,
Hate to lose, if I lose, yo can get bruised,
I'm that hard, life starts from a bad memory,
Daddy loved drugs, can't take this from him, he loved girls.
Went from neighborhood jackass to neighborhood stacks I-10 riders to I-10 traffickas.
Imagine us in that bottom on that PCP, walkin' to school wit a tool,
Who gon' beef wit me.
Got addicted to sellin' drugs, marijuana and coke,
Momma, she washed her hands, and let me go, the rest you know,
I ain't gotta explain, I been a man,
Since I went got my own, now they look at me grown.
Posted up behind the Cit go ?, on Wyoming
street, Big sacks, big gats and some artillery.
All the lil niggas got big niggas, like Junior
And B all old niggas showed us ropes like
They picturin' ? me You don't know my struggle,
So you can't feel my hustle
You don't know my struggle,
So you can't feel my hustle
You don't know my struggle,
So you can't feel my hustle
You don't know my struggle,
So you can't feel my hustle Hard times, me and you getting' blisted
Got a dime bag, but we couldn't buy the Philly,
Walkin' to the weed dispenser, we was short on the special.
So we got drunk, snatched purses, man it's whatever.
Old niggas tried to shortstop, we baller blocked, fuck it.
Got a big knot, now I'm thuggin' wit a big ugly somethin' on my waistline,
Bouncin' through the south side
Back then, it was straight gin, Dickies, and cowhides.
You ain't from our side, we bustin' at ya, that's the rules
Used to be deep, now we down to just a few.
Man, I'm talkin' bout them lonely nights, me and my homie on the flight...
Sneakin' through hoes' window, robbin' niggas for indo
Runnin' wit nothin' but hard Heads, like Fry thang and Kevin.
Goin' to clubs reppin', hollin' "Fuck goin' to Heaven", 'cause I'm out
Chyeah, look like my luck fucked up, and I done lost a lotta niggas,

So my trust fucked up, man You don't know my struggle,
So you can't feel my hustle
You don't know my struggle,
So you can't feel my hustle
You don't know my struggle,
So you can't feel my hustle
You don't know my struggle,
So you can't feel my hustle Sittin' nights, need my medicine and my needles,
All the Bondsmen, keepin' it gutta wit my people.
The thug life, back to back catchin' misdemeanors
The drug life, servin' junkies in front the cleaners.
The hospitals, nurses tryin' to lift up my spirit,
My momma preachin', but Boosie boo don't wanna hear it (hard head).
You know they say I was dead, two shots up in my head.
Some say I OD'd off that X, what they gon' say next?
Grandma died, momma House, lemme talk to ya.
Niggas hate, but I don't drive by, I walk to ya.
High school, four deep in a Monte Carlo
Dusted and disgusted tryna make it til tomorrow.
When I borrowed, I gave back
When it was beer time, I made stacks, one-ten to one-fifty I shake that.
The baby momma drama make me wanna holla, plus I lost all my ghetto role models,
This my struggle man

Songwriters

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