

# My Struggle

## Lil Boosie

Boosie Boo, nigga  
And I be like the best nigga at this shit right now  
Word for word, life story for life story  
You know I'm the truth  
We started off in the backyard, I'm that boy  
Hate to lose, if I lose, you can get bruised, I'm that hard  
Life starts from a bad memory, Daddy loved drugs  
Can't take this from him, he loved thugs  
Went from neighborhood jackers to neighborhood stackers  
I-10 riders to I-10 traffickers  
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 same ol' on Wyoming street  
Big sacks, big gats and some artillery  
All the lil' niggas got big niggas, like Junior and Bleed  
All old niggas showed us ropes like they picturin' beef  
You don't know my struggle, so you can't feel my hustle  
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You don't know my struggle, so you can't feel my hustle  
Hard times, me and you gettin' blissed  
Got a dimebag 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 Southside  
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 homey on the flight  
Sneakin' through hoes' window, robbin' niggas for endo  
Runnin' wit nothin' but hard heads like Fry Thang and Kevin  
Goin' to clubs reppin', hollin' fuck goin' to Heaven  
'Cause I'm out here, 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  
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Sittin' nights, need my medicine and my needles  
All the bondsmen keepin' it gutta wit my peoples  
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  
You know they say I was dead, two shots up in my head  
Some say I O.D.'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, 4 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, 110 to 150, I shake that  
The baby momma drama make me wanna holla  
Plus I lost all my ghetto role models, this my struggle, man

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