

Rydah J. Klyde**"Struggle"**

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[Fed-X]

You couldn't fuck wit me
If we was runnin' trains together
Heard you keep your heat under your pillow
OK whatever, you's the victim
In and out of jail was me
Frontin' drugs to thugs
So who else could it be?
I let the nine fetch ya
Bitch nigga, you catch the stretcher
I'm all about perfection
I run more blocks than you ran
When they was dumpin' you was actin' like a scared
man
I boosted up my prices
Like the price of power
Or the cost of gas
We get money by the hour
Move fork on a hustla
I was raised that way
Young thugs on the block
Been out there all day
Catch me hustlin' in the rain feelin' pain that way

[chorus] x 2

You gotta hustle just to bet the struggle, I know
You gotta bust down doors
Go and get it for doe
Don't nobody wanna see you live
You know why?
Cuz everybody wanna see you die
And that's real

[Fed-X]

All the way in New York
Cali on my plates
Funk Master Flex hit the tunnel for a day
Giving depth to them big stack holders
Dirty money folders pushin' valves on the corner
Cracks under they tongue
Garlic's on they shelves

Bodies on they guns
Chickens in the business
Celebrate when they done
Through the light like it's green
In my Benz, roadies fillin' my team
Hittin' weed that's the nation off my jeans
California dream, and I'm livin' it up
Up in Vegas at the magic show blowin' a buck
Spittin' more in niggaz' face
Then the police done laced
I'm a boss at the top of the list
Come fuck wit me
Drug indictment, how could it be
Got runner's pushin' crack
Got runner's pushin' ? than me

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