

The Wreckshop Family

"Maintaining"

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(*talking*)

I see you out there baby, lil' mamas
On your nine to five, my dogs on the block

[Hook: Big Moe]

Maintaining, hustling struggling but I gotta survive
Keep maintaining, it's a burden up on my conscience
just staying alive

[A3]

Waking up early in the morning, looking in the mirror
save my soul
G-O-D, I feel like screaming till my lungs get so'
Hustling up in this game, to see some change
I'm well known already, so I ain't worried bout the fame
Wanna cop a Range, with a nice homestead
If you call me on tomorrow, I'll make sure my family fed
It's hard to survive up in the land, where the real
niggaz strive
Not to get hit by a hater, on the blind side
I try to be the leader of men, but I can't get nobody fed
When they thinking, that I'm after all the bread
And niggaz steady running they mouth, scared to
place a bet on 3
Not knowing that they dealing, with a full house

[Hook - 2x]

[Craig G]

I gotta survive I'm on the strive, on a mission to get it
This mill ticket clothes rings, full bliss to hit it
I maintain, hulling my lungs with mary jane
Gotta keep my composure, you know it's pressure on
my brain
Dealing with stress, this cess steady filling my chest
Drilling my breath, wondering if I'm killing myself
I'm on the rise, got my eyes on the prize for real
Got on my grind pen and pad, spitting bars for scrill
Because I'm hustling, no more struggling tugs and
tuggling
Mashing for the cream, me and my team click bubbling

[Hook - 2x]

[D-Reck]

Did everything to maintain, dealing with the pressure
and pain

They taking life with no gain, but I want the high score
mayn

It's simple and plain, I'm trying to stack mo' change
And if you ain't feeling that, I ain't trying to know your
name

That go for niggaz and dames, drug dealers and
lames

If you all about your scrilla, I know you feeling me mayn
It's time to do the damn thang, I'm trying to tackle the
game

Like Ray Louis when I pursue it, I'm coming through
bringing pain

Bitch niggaz complain, rich niggaz grip grain

On a mash blazing pass your lazy ass, in the fast lane
Hustling like Larry Flint, hustling for every cent

If I touch it then it was meant, and that means it was
heaven sent

Cause no money was ever lent, how I spend it is
irrelevant

Trying to take you got me bent, lose your life is the
consequence

The hurry always intense, money dirty till it get rinsed
When I'm old I might repent, but until then I'm trying
win

[Hook - 2x]

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