

## 2Pac "Strugglin'"

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Eat a dick up

Stick up, stick up, stick up kids  
Still don't nothin' move but the money  
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Still don't nothin' move but the money

Strugglin', jugglin', got it to the black man  
Eatin' the scams like I was motherfuckin' Pac Man  
Cops step off, you know the flavor  
They fear the ruffneck niggaz with the lunatic behavior

And now we gotta eat, gotta make ends meet  
Stabbin' for a fee, it gets hard on the fuckin' streets  
It's like a madness, fuck making gravy  
I rhyme and do crimes, 'cuz either way pays me

A little rough with a hardcore, theme  
Couldn't rough something rougher in your, dreams  
Mad rugged so you know we're gonna, rip  
With that roughneck nigga named 2Pacalypse

Representing YG'z yo  
Flip Stretch Homicide and my nigga Gambino  
Seek and Po can't forget Money Bags  
Stickin' up spots and jumpin' in Jags

Gotta get ahead and always stay bumblin'  
And always keep a hand on the gat  
'Cuz a niggaz straight strugglin'

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I used to be on tour, but now I'm sick of strugglin'  
I thought about bumpin', but mother-fuck jugglin'  
I know it lasts longer, gets my pockets thicker  
But I'd rather use my gun 'cuz I get the money quicker,  
so bust it

Look as I cut the records hard to eject  
A quick clip threw my body down uhh, it's another hit  
I got energy to blast now you want the task here  
'Cuz of the light a motherfucker shot that ass up

But rugged and rough is how I'm steppin'  
Mac is the weapon, and it's always kept in  
Eye on the Mac 'cuz the dogg got it goin' on  
If you come up steppin' you'll be lit like a hick

So you better chill, 'cuz I got too much money to get  
A street thug in the motherfuckin' house, I'm strugglin'  
Get drunk but I don't think  
I'm just in it for the money, don't be a punk snitch

When I yank up my gun, don't run don't bitch  
'Cuz ya know if you do, you'll be layin' in a ditch  
You'll get your stupid ass blown out the frame  
'Cuz I'm playing to win, and survive in the game, I'm  
strugglin'

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Big up, big up, got him in the frame, bang  
Ain't nothin' changed set it off I let the brains hang  
Guess who's back, to put niggaz on they back  
Till I call back, niggaz runnin' free better fall back

I'm fifty niggaz deep beat sleep  
With a Mossberg wrapped in my seats  
Three deep in my Jeep chief run with the Young Gunz  
Strugglin' and strivin', that's how the dough come

Now get gunned by the one with the gun for the low  
goal  
Throw a bolo so low when I flow yo  
Much too high to read the signs, I'm blind  
Clickin' on the nine, out to get mine

I go big up, big up, gotta make the room, boom  
Blowin' motherfuckers to the moon  
Niggaz need to feel me a real G, home from the  
bumblin'  
See me on the block, strugglin'

And rollin' with the roughnecks nuff checks cashed  
I get in niggaz ass, blast  
Straight strugglin'

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