

A.G.

"The Struggle"

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[A.G.]

Uhh, uhh

I know, I mean

I be tellin them niggaz man

The niggaz, the bitches

I even be talkin to the kids man

I'm just tryin to let them know

I let 'em know about the crime side, the robberies, the
drivebys

Puffin on lye lye, actin like wiseguys

'Til you see your man up in the coffin

Nah he ain't comin back cousin we lost him

These streets will eat your soul, spit out your flesh

Try to burn you alive like David Koresh

But this is worse than Waco, Tex'

This the concrete jungle, and ain't nobody humble

And everybody hustle, but ain't nobody leavin

It's hell here, we live and dwell here

Hell yeah we transport coke, to buy some dope

And more drugs, now we pumpin X in the club

Bet, the nigga that sold that crack just bought some
weed

And the nigga that sold that weed just bought some
liqs

And the liquor man, he fiend for nicotine

The cigarette man is cashin in on the bigger dream

[Chorus] - recorded too low to decipher, especially with
all the ad libs

[A.G.]

We let 'em know about the snakes in the grass, the
crabs on your team

Scheme on your fall, like your enemy

These streets will hurt your pride, break up your home

Have you murder your man and discuss it on the phone

- huh?

And what I heard he did it just to get known but

Ain't nobody famous, everybody anger us

Kids even carry twigs, chicks holdin bangers

Associate with stranger, fall in love with danger
So we learn to be a menace here
My little man was slugged when he was 8, woulda been
10 this year
Retaliation that's a fact, payback's a bitch
So is her sister and brother, Nina and Mac
So forth and so on, it's like a cycle that go on
We struggle daily to hold on but we hold on huh
We so strong but we born in the struggle
So my heart is with the sisters and my niggaz in the
struggle

[Chorus]

BITCHES~!!!

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