

Busta Rhymes

"The Struggle Will Be Lost"

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Now this is the tale of a murderer who comes from the
Caucus Cliffs

(Happy thanksgiving)

He robbed and stole and killed for greed and packed
us on slave ships

(Happy thanksgiving)

He took us off to stolen lands it seemed like hell for
sure

(Happy thanksgiving)

With the crack and the guns, death and disease

They called for you or your

(Happy thanksgiving)

No whips, no brew, no weed to smoke, not a single
luxury

If not for the bloodshed that it cost the struggle would
be lost

(Say it again)

The struggle would be lost

(Say it again)

The struggle would be lost

(Say it again)

The struggle would be lost

(Say it again)

The struggle would be lost

(Say it again)

The struggle will be lost, lost

If you continue to do the shit you be doing with
disloyalty, nigga

Now that explains why in each ward you avoiding me,
nigga

Knowing now it takes nothing to start destroying a
nigga

Conditioned with a mind to shit on your brother

Flossing with jewelry and whips just like a dick
And still live with your mother

Copping shit that superseded your salary

Where is your loyalty to your own blood

And taking care of your family?

Funny how you sit and drink what you drink
Thinking the foulest shit and not even knowing
Why you think how you think
Must be the reason why we aren't aware
Because the devil know how guilty and filthy he is in all
his affairs

Fucking with my mind when I was a youngster
'Cause he know if we knew the truth
We'd make his ass run from amongst us
That's why we thinking that it's better to ball
While the devil be sitting and watching, plotting how to
murder us all

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Hey yo, that's why I'm hustling harder
Now I'm in a huddle seeing the struggle in my mother
and father
That's why my persona will come with
Such a karma to be getting this paper
'Cause I ain't with the slavery labor

A lot of niggas in the hood probly relate to me greater
Than those that believe when they die they probly
Meet the creator that's crazy, how we become slaves
To mental death and power that comes
With becoming even more of a dumber ass

The devil robbing you blind, concealing the truth from
niggas
While we be struggling they murder the mind
The wickedness sneak on you quicker
When they creep from behind continue to speak
The truth 'til it weaken your spine

Now check it, the jewel I give you be the beat the beat
for the time
You can't see it like you living on a street for the blind
Young whitty hustler niggas that stick with the grind
Fly cuisine food poisoned 'cause you eatin' the swine

I stay struggling and doing for Delf
Then I dig in my body deeper and do a little knowledge
of self
They wonder why they catch a nigga on the weed sell
Better be careful what you saying on them e-mails

Now listen, they got your mind in a prison
You can do whatever you want but focus if you desire
to listen
As I say it and I hope you feeling the wrath
Create a hammer to make a man that a beat
You in the head with the math

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