

## **Benzino**

# **"Trying To Make It Through"**

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### **"Trying To Make It Through"**

(feat. 2Pac & Freddie Foxxx)

Fam Base

All my thugs say

*[Verse 1: 2Pac]*

Sick, Thicker than most of these tricks  
I got my mind on makin money but you stuck on these  
fake bitches  
I stay blunted, And never fronted and I doubt if I do  
Cause if I do, Then I get beat up by my fuckin crew  
A real nigga, Since you figure that you ready to box  
You catchin knots from my nigga Freddie Foxxx  
And I, You really don't want none from Pac  
Cause I'll be strapped wit a glock  
And throw thangs like I'm born to box  
I'll hit this motherfuckin gin then I'll be all in  
Hell yeah, Young niggaz straight ballin  
And everybody wants to see if I'm a g weighin 185  
And I'm high 'til I fuckin die  
Thug life in this motherfucker catchin wreck  
Big stretch hit me off when I hit the set  
But now I'm full cause I'm tipsy and I filla  
Nigga tryin to see if I'm a killa  
Cmon

*[Chorus:]*

If my pain don't speak my story, If these words don't  
speak my soul  
If my struggle be the legacy, In this world if I let go  
Is it the only thing that's constant is a change that's  
overdue?  
If they fault me for my attitude, I'm just tryin to make it  
through

*[Verse 2: Freddie Foxxx]*

It's Bump Knucks from the underground still full of  
rage  
Rhymes, I write 'em in blood, They spill through the  
page  
I been on my lelow, Time is layin in the cut

Waitin for feds and snitches to move, Nigga what?  
I'm a smooth nigga but, I'm extra deadly  
I'm 45 minutes of gangster medley's  
I'm a crook, You the heart beat, Master the theft  
Steal everything but air, I won't take ya breath  
Y'all know, The 3 pound 7 cali revolve  
Got a murder to solve, My heart was involved  
I'm a thug nigga, I still say fuck a label  
Fuck wit ray, And nigga you will duck a table  
Corrupt mob, Nigga we bounce from the jake's  
Tryin to turn into key's, The ounces we take  
I'm a lock men, Dimin, Rhymin godzilla  
Wit the calico's cocked, You fuckin wit a killa

*[Chorus]*

*[Verse 3: Benzino]*

Don't you ever think for a minute I wasn't comin back  
Makaveli would never be on a Shady track  
How could you ever insinuate the improbable?  
The number 1 rapper alive? How is it possible?  
Runnin through these industry niggaz like I was Ray  
Lewis  
Never scurred to press on the trigger because I been  
through it  
Tryin to keep me from flyin, They gonna let you do it  
Only thing that kept me from dyin is makin rap music  
Tell me what you hidin for, Was it miami on memorial  
day?  
Up in the all-star in La, Super bowl sunday  
We up in houston where niggaz like the gunplay  
And everybody's shootin, I'm a universal hood nigga,  
Me and Bumpy put it down  
Wit Makaveli, These niggaz wasn't even around  
What's the difference between ya niggaz and mine?  
We was up in the studio wit the realist of all time

*[Chorus]*

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