

Garry Rafferty

"Why Fall in Love With the Struggle"

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[CHORUS:]

Why fall in love with the struggle if the struggle don't
love me?
Catchin hell as I bubble, still can't let em above me
People love you, at the same time wanna see you
crumble
We gon' hustle rain or sunshine, love to see us rumble

[VERSE 1: Mr. Mike]

We out the do', you know I got about a ounce or mo'
Rock, bounce through the streets, stop countin my
dough
Hoes creepin four deep in a black Benzo
The game's deep, now can you see us, me and Mack
One-o?
To hell where some go, a don that's velcro
We bail and bomb while some fail to turn pro
So act like you know, hey hoe, best not doubt me
Niggas don't mob without me, ain't nothin fraud about
me
Time tickin, mind spinnin, can you dig these wicked
rhymes?
Gettin live, what's the deal with his eyes? Devil I
despise
Sniff em out like bloodhounds, lyrically puttin my thug
down
Seriously, y'all can hunch now, spiritually we been
drugged down
I'm your host now, who's the boss? Niggas get lost and
broke down
Crossed with golden crowns, then you hear me more
than now
A million ways to lay the game out
I went without a million days before I came out

[VERSE 2: Mack 10]

I stay stressed out and short with nowhere to turn
I'm out of dope, it's a drought the whole hood is
concerned
I gotta take what I want, I never learned how to earn
I pull my heat out and squeeze, yelli, "burn, baby,

burn!"

With no rocks to sack up I wonder who can I jack up
Along with this .44, which other heat should I pack up?
Niggas never been robbed by a guy short in size
If I put a 211 in progress, cooperate or die
Why fall in love with the struggle if the struggle don't
love me?

So nigga, why should I watch you hustle off a whole ki?
If I say I want it, hand it over or watch the snub nose
flame

The Chicken Hawk got to have it, dog, and that's on
everything

Now Mr. Mike (What's up?) You out here ballin these
streets

Now front your partner a few ones, until he back on his
feet

And that ain't askin for much if that's somethin that you
can do

Cause you know if you was short, a nigga'd look out for
you

[VERSE 3: Mr. Mike]

It's like wakin up to eggs, grits, bacon, and blunts
Girl, what you do in here? Why you still naked and
stunt?

(I'm the girl, you're the man, and the sex was fun
I ain't makin this up, nigga, you made me come)

Alright we done, back to the lab without a mic to grab
Can't take this poverty, crews sling

We hoo-bang for the robbery (Who's game?)

The chosen one, three years old, know how to hold a
gun

I'm on the run till I finally find the right one

Mr. Mike, guns and glocks can't stop me

Cause we here tonight, love and props is all I see

Somebody callin me, I'm dealin with these inner
feelings

Show my partners the game, a damn shame, they still
don't get it

I won't quit it, cause I'm livin life on the edge

Sometimes I feel I'm better off dead

Closed caption for the feared and the scared

We here, we there, no need to compare

>From Inglewood to Hollyhood, catch us out there

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