

# Ghostface Killah "Struggle"

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(feat. Trife Da God)

[Chorus: sample]

All my life, it's been one big struggle

Born and raised... in the slums of trouble, I'm all...

[Ghostface Killah]

Yo, I was born and raise in New York City

The home of the Yankees, the Jam Master Jay's and the Biggie's

Ralph Icey's, Jet mags, cops surveillance, it's high tech

Our appearance is we still in the grind, and direct

But on my side of town shit's gorilla, phone booths is broke

Behind the building niggaz on post

What up Doc? What up Lord? I'm chilling

These motherfuckers got my name and my face

Placed up in every building

You see what that do to the children, that ain't right

I've been raised in these projects, damn near, all my life

And these faggots wanna do this to me, I'ma lay low

And blow that cop, son, you watch, no lie, word to my momma, dunn

They don't want the drama, thunn, 'member me in '86?

Knocked out four cops, got knocked on the outer bridge

Bagged me with two clips, a fifth of Bacardi Dark

I spared them, cause all of them left with they body parts

I'm not crazy

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