

Her Personal Pain "Strivin"

Visit "[Strivin](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[CHORUS]

Can't nobody really stop my strive
How I live, that's my life

(Vallejo, V-Town, Valley-Joe)
(Vallejo, V-Town, Valley-Joe)
(Vallejo, V-Town, Valley-Joe)
(Vallejo, V-Town, Valley-Joe)
No respect for the muthafuckin po-po) --> E-40

[VERSE 1: Baby Beesh]

I'm feelin tight, so tight when the funk's on hit, potna
Playa down like Pimp Slick, potna
And I gotta give game before I get game
Cause muthafuckas mo' dirty than a shit stain
I'm Johnny [Name] about my shit when I'm flexin
Strivin to get my music on, nabbin in the right direction
Now you see me, now you don't, now you do again
Fat tracks, mail stacks, I'm livin to the end
I found my nuts, let em hang, dangle, watch em swing
I keep the gat in case the devil wants to intervene
And now it's on to the fullest extent
Crew potnas poolin together, pool players payin the
rent
Uh, and watchin my back for them hookers with the hoe
hook
But you can't play a playa, read the whole book
Adequate with my shit, had a script on my hit
Fatter grip makes a muthafucka wanna flip
And player status upheld, see, it don't stop
Drop top, mob shot, flippin on the cop
Crooked, trunk full of the thunder
It's like a jungle sometimes, it makes a muthafucka
wonder

[CHORUS]

[VERSE 2: Rube]

It's a dream, niggas strive for it, never take a dive for it
Try to stay alive for it, niggas wanna die for it
Put you in my deck and had to reject your weak shit

Makin shit to get keyed with is a nigga's secret
We get noisy, shootin' crap, perk late night where my
boys be
Gettin' rowdy, I'm Audi 5 after I strive and struggle
I kicks it with my muthafuckas passin' dank in a huddle
Trick, this ain't a fairytale, untrue sit-com
I don't really like you silly hoe, so won't you get gone?
Stay out of dodge, watch for the sabotage
Cause P Deuce'll stay loose off the jungle juice
Never paid full price, fool, won't you make a truce?
??? to hit the fuckin' ??? boost
To every player on strive I makes a toast
I'm adios, out, ghost to the next host

[CHORUS]

[VERSE 3: Chezski]

Raised in the ditch, went to \$hort school
Dependin' on nobody from the side, troop
And suffocatin' ???????
Never has my life been a cake walk
My family wasn't tight and had a lack of (money)
So I seen the picture from the back of
Again you see me strivin' to help myself
And get an edge on the hand that I was dealt
And lookin' at my life brings a cold view
I'm makin' just a dollar and a 0 too
But still keep strivin' so I'd advance
Survivalist, I was taught to take a chance
And move with the dirt, I gotta push on
The nights is gettin' cold and the days long
So never tell me shit about a rough time
Dependin' on your parents while I'm helpin' mine

[CHORUS]

Yeah man
We in a sound proof gettin' perked with these Young D
Boyz from the Southside
My cousin Mac Lee from that Triple C, mayn
They finna come and get at y'all ass in a real
muthafuckin' way
Can you dig it?

[VERSE 4: Young D Boyz]

I gotta keep on strivin', a player just survivin'
Non-stop hustlin', 24-7
Hustles I'm manipulatin', gotta stay paid
How much money can be made?
It's how the game is played
Can I money-mack upon a million?

Is there a pre-dealin?
Man, these player-haters killin me
All up in my PG tryin to slow down my program
Cause I'm strivin for a '94 Brougham?
And your kinfolk need money
101's of that ??? and sendin snow bunnies
Up to the hoe stroll without lleyo
Cause who said ain't no pimpin in Vallejo?
I get it poppin like Frisco
My mouthpiece my pistol
My bitch is that lleyo, ??? that powdered snow
And if tomorrow I flash
If you ever come short with the cash
Hoe, as long as y'all choosin I'm sidin

[CHORUS]

[VERSE 6: Mac Lee]

Strivin in a real way, ain't nothin like the old days
Strollin through the ?????, gettin off much lleyo
Doubs, tens and even five shots
Lookin out for the rollers cause the rollers used to ride
the jock
Of a young black soldier, darkly dressed
Mob code, much dope growin up in the Crest-
Sideways is how I used to get
Forever dank tweakin, juvenile delinquent
The hall couldn't hold me for no longer than a weekend
stay
Which was cool, cause I couldn't stand another day
Locked up, locked down, I couldn't beat em
But now I'm much wiser and wouldn't trade my
freedom
For a \$20 bill with marked numbers
I hate to be videotaped by them undercovers
In '94 I'm in the do' with the saucy flow
Mac Lee, crew thing, oh, you didn't know?

[CHORUS]

Yeah man
I have to give a couple of strivin shout-outs out there to
that ballin-ass V-Town
What's up witcha, mayn?
Give a couple more shouts out to..
Country Club Crest, Rancho, mayn, College Park,
[Names]Court
Now I'm finna take this shit across the way, mayn
Westside Players, [Name] Quarter, Waterfront Boys,
City Park Boys
Washington Park, them old [Name] Street players,

mayn
[Name], [Name] Side, Central Side, South Side
What you doin, Hillside?
Now we take it across the water, mayn
Oaktown, E.P.A., Berkley, Richtown, Frisco, Pittsburgh
And them fools out there in Sac, man
Y'all keep strivin
Much love

(Vallejo, V-Town, Valley-Joe
No respect for the muthafuckin po-po)

Visit [Her Personal Pain](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.