

**Jim Cuddy****"A Glimpse at the Struggle"**

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[Mr.Lif in the background]  
(This is what I gotta do)  
Mic Check!

[Verse 1]  
Well if you can't beat em', join em', build a memoriam  
This kid got gold teeth, fuck it, coin em' so we can get  
some loot in our pocket  
My man who just did a bid said you haven't tried it  
don't knock it  
I wear the rings of Saturn on my knuckles, like trucks  
do  
Life 40 acres and a mule I'm down to buck soon, my  
tool iller starts  
Could make the world around my lost souls keep my  
mind in two colds  
Keep the world in two holes in my head just oppose  
I cited murder flows, on the low I contra flows the way  
that its supposed to be  
I keep 10 rings around the frozery  
I'm bout to rob the store I need some loot and some  
groceries  
I need a lout with 3 blunders, fuck another night of  
hunger  
I been a good man and I don't deserve to suffer  
After this night, I'll return to being peaceful I put this on  
my people  
Working exchange and worth the peep though, yo  
Do you recall the days when brothers used to chill  
Flex on the mic and display ghetto appeal  
Yo those were the days when it was really real  
Yo those were the days when it was really real  
But we'll, all get it back together one day  
But until then its stuff gunspray  
I bless my head with every night I lay, and I pray for a  
brighter day  
But anyway gotta get them thoughts out of my mind  
now  
Wipe the sweat off my eyebrows, and stop to caught  
bring my hideout  
Lie down you two niggaz in a second now

First brother shook with fear, and the second nigga  
caught a smile, wow  
You doing that why don't you strip white Gaza  
This nigga yells you "well youse a frontin ass roster"  
By my actions I have to say that thats true  
But shut the fuck up I didnt ask you  
I might blast you, If I have to, no mask  
They can't find me, even if you ID  
But yo thanks for checking me, then unexpectedly  
This pet nigga right behind the counter started wettin'  
me  
9 mm weaponry or ya be sleepin on the chest next to  
me  
Nobody understands society molested me, they just  
questioned me  
Nature of the arm going clean up crew clean my blood  
stops flowin  
All my enemies out on the block, plus the government  
is smiling  
Cause they sense the scent of death blowing, just  
showing  
They plans run in precisely, "this nigga ought to fit into  
a wood box nicely"  
Ghetto stress have my own fuckin people ice me  
If you look you can find me, on the corner store tile  
floor  
Another landmark of the ghetto I saw  
Is it all worth to die for? Noooooo

Its not worth it ([echoes]nooooooooooooo)

[Three Men talking]

Man 1: Yo oh shit this dude got shot!

Man 2: He got shot?

Man 1: Yeah fucking shot dawg tryna rob a store

Man 3: What? The fuck is this!?

Man 1: Thats fucked up yo

Man 2: We gotta get out of here

Man 1: Yo this ain't cool

Man 3: Yo where you goin?

Man 2: We gotta get the fuck out of here, this nigga  
wildin, HE WILDIN IM

OUT!.....yo I think I went to high school with this kid

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