

Lil Boosie

"You Don't Know My Struggle"

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[Talkin']

Boosie boo!! Boosie boo, nigga!!

And I be like the best nigga at this shit right now, word
for word,
life story for life story, mane I'm the truth

[Verse 1]

We started off in the backyard, I'm that boy,
Hate to lose, If I lose, yo can get bruised,
I'm that hard. Life starts from a bad
memory,Daddy loved drugs, Can't take this from
him, He loved girls. Went from neighborhood
jackas,To neighborhood stackas I-10 ridaz,to
I-10 traffickas. Imagine us in that bottom on
that PCP,Walkin' to school wit a tool, who
gon' beef wit me. Got addicted to sellin'
drugs, marijuana and coke,Momma, she washed
her hands, and let me go, the Rest you know,
I aint gotta explain, I been a mayne, Since I
went got my own now they look at me grown.
Posted up behind the Citgo (?), on Wyoming
street,Big sacks, big gats and some artillery.
All the lil niggas Got big niggas, like Junior
and B. All old niggas showed us ropes like
they picturin' (?) me.

[Chorus 4X]

U don't know my struggle,
so you cant feel my hustle

[Verse 2:]

Hard times, me and you getting' blisted
Got a dimebag, but we couldn't buy the Philly,
Walkin' to the weed dispenser, we was short on
the special. So we got drunk, snatched purses,
Mayne it's whatever. Old niggas tried to
shortstop, we ballerblocked, fuck it. Got a
big knot,now I'm thuggin' wit a big ugly
somethin',on my waistline, bouncin' thru the
southside... Back then, it was straight gin,
dickies, and cowhides. You aint from our side,
we bustin' at ya, that's the

rules.. Used to be deep, now we down to just a few. Mayne, I'm talkin' bout them lonely nights me and My Homie on the flight sneakin thru hoes window, Robbin' niggas for indo. Runnin wit nothin but hard Heads, like Fry thang and Kevin. Goin' to clubs reppin', Hollin' "Fuck goin' to Heaven", cause I'm out chea, Look like my luck fucked up, and I done lost a lotta Niggas, so my trust fucked up, mayne.

[Chorus (4X)]

[Verse 3:]

Sittin' nites, need my medicine and my needles, All the Bondsmen. Keepin' it gutta wit my people. The thug life, back to back catchin misdemeanors.. The drug life, servin' junkies in front the cleaners. The hospitals, nurses tryin' to lift up my spirit, My momma preachin', but Boosie boo don't wanna Hear it (hard head). You know they say I was dead, two shots up in my head. Some say I OD'd off that X, what they gon' say next? Grandma died, momma House, lemme talk to ya. Niggas hate, but I don't drive by, I walk to ya. High school, 4 deep in a Monte Carlo.. dusted and disgusted tryna make it til tomorrow. When I borrowed, I gave back When it was beer time, I made stacks, 110 to 150 I shake that. The baby momma drama make me wanna holla, plus I lost all my ghetto role models, This my struggle mayne.!!

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