

Chris Rock**"The Struggle Will Be Lost"**

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[Chorus]

Now this is the tale of a murderer who comes from the
caucus cliffs

(busta in background) happy Thanksgiving
he robbed and stole and killed for greed and packed
us on slave ships

(busta in background) happy Thanksgiving
he took us off to stolen lands it seemed like hell for
sure

(busta in background) happy Thanksgiving
with the crack and the guns, death and disease they
called for you and your

(busta in background) happy Thanksgiving
No whips no brew no weed to smoke not a single luxury
If not for the bloodshed that it cost the struggle would
be lost

(busta) say it again
the struggle would be lost

(busta) say it again
the struggle would be lost

(busta) say it again
the struggle would be lost

(busta) say it again
the struggle would be lost

(busta) say it again
the struggle would be lost

[Verse 1]

The struggle will be lost

If you continue to do the shit you be doin' with
disloyalty nigga

Now that explains why in each ward you avoiding me
nigga

Knowing now it takes nothing to be destroying a nigga
Conditioned with a mind to shit on your brother
Flossing with jewelry and whips just like a dick and still
live with your mother

Copping shit that superceded your salary

Where is your loyalty to your own blood and taking care
of your family

Funny how you sit and drink what you drink

Thinking the foulest shit and not even knowing why you
think how you think
Must be the reason why we aren't aware
Because the devil know how guilty and filthy he is in all
his affairs
Fucking with my mind when I was a youngster
Cause he know if we knew the truth we'd make his ass
run from amongst us
That's why we thinking that it's better to ball
while the devil be sitting and watching plotting how to
murder us all
now this

[Chorus]

[Verse 2]

Hey yo
That's why I'm hustling harder
Now I'm in a huddle seeing the struggle in my mother
and father
That's why my persona will come with such a karma to
be getting this paper
Cause I ain't with the slavery labor
A lot of niggas in the hood probly relate to me greater
than those that believe when they die they going to
meet the creator that's crazy
how we become slaves
to mental death and power that comes with becoming
even more of a dumber ass
the devil robbing you blind
concealing the truth from niggas while we be
struggling they murder the mind
the wickedness sneak on you quicker when they creep
from behind
continue to speak the truth 'til it weaken your spine
now check it
the jewel I give you be the beat the beat for the time
you can't see it like you living on a street for the blind
young whitty hustler niggas that stick with the grind
fly cuisine food poisoned cause you eatin' the swine
I stay struggling and doin' for delf
Then I dig in my body deeper and do a little knowledge
of self
They wonder why they catch a nigga on the weed sell
Better be careful what you saying on them e-mails
Now listen
They got your mind in a prison
You can do whatever you want but focus if you desire
to listen
As I say it I hope you feelin' the wrath
Create a hammer to make a man that a beat you in the

head with the math
Now this

[Chorus]

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