

Mr. Lif**"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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