

## Styles P

### "Thru The Struggle"

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[Intro]

Spitter, wuddup?

Ghost

Radio Raheem Devaughn yea

Light that shit

Smoke it, smoke it

Smoke it, smoke it

Feelin' good

You know?

[Verse 1]

I used to have a little when I was little

A rock in the horror play stuck between the middle

Couldn't figure it out, life is like a riddle

Or maybe it's the puzzle, or maybe

it's the weed

And the liquor that I guzzle

That got a nigga troubled

I'm like a little kid, I just wanna play with  
bubbles

Bubble whip, bubble ass

Blowin' on some bubble kush, layin' in  
the bubble bath

iPad shuffle in the duffle bag

Make ring bells, any spark that I hustle that

But I'm grown now, nigga had enough of that

They tell me that it's money there

Fuck it, I'mma double back

[Hook]

I've seen struggle, I've seen hope

Seen lot of money and I've been broke

And yet you bounce back to the morning

I could grind for mine, could handle mine yea

Smoke the kush with the finest women yea

Jet life in the past minutes, yea

The home run, living life famous

Still winning, I made through the struggle, yea

[Verse 2]

I smoke joints to the head so I pass no shit

They'd rather see me dead than  
they'd look at me rich  
But I can't quit, addicted to digits  
Residual flippers, cash getters, para shiftin'  
Exotic wives shipped in, signing for that shipment  
Real live bait, attracting mermaids, they swimming  
Sunset at the lake, like Monet painted that picture  
I'm living in the midst of this continuous paper  
mission  
I'm in grind mode, stacking violence,  
changing time zones  
No bother resettin' them Rolex watches  
High up, big in the boys club  
Rockets on my pocket, rockets in my driveway  
Them for me and my partners

[Hook]

I've seen struggle, I've seen hope  
Seen lot of money and I've been broke  
And yet you bounce back to the morning  
I could grind for mine, could handle mine yea  
Smoke the kush with the finest women yea  
Jet life in the past minutes, yea  
The home run, living life famous  
Still winning, I made through the struggle, yea

[Verse 3]

Gone til November, I'll be back on my birthday  
I can't remember why I left in the first place  
Possession of a pistol was my first case  
Still possessing a pistol cuz I be in the worst place  
First I had a gun cuz I wasn't getting money  
But now I've got a gun cuz I stay getting the  
money  
Hardest nigga title, nobody could strip it from me  
It's SP, champ of the hard ballin'  
Catch me in the juice bar, fifty story carwash  
Thinking of my niggas on the yard ball  
Aughta wait back, homie nigga back safe  
Stay up on the workout, come home with the avac  
Superhero niggas in the street want their cake back  
Now a nigga played it raw, can't go  
It's the after my age but the party  
ain't old  
Respect the next super gangsta if your heart  
ain't cold

[Hook]

I've seen struggle, I've seen hope  
Seen lot of money and I've been broke  
And yet you bounce back to the morning

I could grind for mine, could handle mine yea  
Smoke the kush with the finest women yea  
Jet life in the past minutes, yea  
The home run, living life famous  
Still winning, I made through the struggle, yea

[Outro]

I made it, yea  
Through the struggle, yea  
Made it, made it, yea

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