

Styles P

"We Still Strugglin"

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(feat. 354)

Come on man

Sp 3 5 4

Strugglin my life
God damn I reflect on
Those I used to hustle with
And now we just fly kites
Damn we be living some wild lifes
We got to get them crackers to right
They treat us like wild life
Got to pay the bills for the building
The precious building the type of shit that make you
rob us a billion
My whole generation was brainwashed
Lookin' at the rims should I get em detailed or
handwashed
A man like his watch and his jersey
Try to bring bricks down south and we stopped in new
jersey
Told them that the game was painful
If you don't want to take time to think the bullets are
brainful
Big when they bang you then angels a change you
I ain't trying to game you cause I'm in the game to
Shit I been struggling for far too long
My niggas on the block bubblin' for far too long

354 shit

Shadow wah folly

My pain my thoughts my tears
My struggle my life my fears
I engraved my name in d streets
But you don't know what I go through just to see my
kids eat
Those ain't pay up in 10 weeks
The baby mumma drama all day cause I'm breaking
home ends meet
Past cota with me what the fuck you expect

Wonder when this music industry gone cut me a
cheque
Chad told me look at my beeper I got the connect
And even listen to the streets dog I got the respect
If I die and go the hard way fuck it I'm a go hard
Presense gonna be felt on the streets or in the prison
yard
Next I invision god right beside me with duck mella
speil lotion and lee roy dolby
Puck rock incidents dog that shit scarred me
Picture me scared to die now nigga that's harvy no

Some real shit

Ay yo this is my clip my hammer my slugs
And I still shed blood for the love of my thugs
Still breaking days end while I blaze in the wind
The struggle of my life hustlin right and after gym
See I'm gifted with this curse
You can feel in every verse
I'll bring it from the dirt
I'm the hell on this earth
You can smell what I'm worth
If these cheques don't cut
Then these tecks gon buck
You can tell how it hurt
See my niggas need work
My dog just got 25 and he need church
And he seen worse
When you try to take my pride and leave me stuffed
with the pain
Left my only stride nothing to lose only the game
When I bang for the suffering 400 years
We had enough of it
It's etched in our veins we still thuggin it
If I had to do it again I thug it twice
Take a slice of the struggle in my life, one

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