

M People

"No Struggle No Progress"

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{Tec-9}

I don't like to dream about gettin' paid
No time for slippin' no time to get laid
Got to get mine, get it with the Tec-9
Nigga's on the come up, come up, come up
Ya see, time's ain't gettin' no better my momma
Want to take on another job, but I won't let her
Raised up without my daddy cuz he left me in eighty
four
I was to hard for my momma to deal with me so I
Slung all night, and slept all day
Can't figure out, how I turned out that way
Somebody come and help me, my foot is all ready in
the grave
What will it take for a nigga to get paid
Wasn't born with no silver spoon in my mouth
Without a doubt I'm strugglin'
Fuck doin' bad, I'm drug smugglin'
But never the less, I got to get my momma out of there
I got a job, just to show her that I care
The player hate'n gettin' bad but it's good
These hoes is schemin' on me they up to no good
Throwin' babies on me, reppin' on me
Talkin' shit to they friend's, bitches think that I'm broke
But I stack my end's, the money came quick, though it
was a lil' dirty
I put my money with Tee and copped the whole birdie
Slangin' that shit like it was hot when will it stop
My pockets is gettin' fat, I'm obligated to live like that
The dope game is kind of shady, go to do good for my
Momma and my lady, why is time's so hard, I always
ask my momma
She told me, part of comin' up is to survive the drama
I feel I was put o the test, I ain't about fallin'
No struggle no progress I'm only about ballin'

{Yella Boy}

No struggle no progress when I struggle I can't
progress
To kickin' it, pushin' it and fightin' try'na come the
fuckin' best

But you don't hear me though, so I'm a let you know
bout my blue
Here we go again up that ladder, stuck in the middle
see
It's the gushy attitude, that makes me once O-N-E
But some serious business shit known as the nine five
Patrol on the scene it's it's the I can't let 'em slide
Save up on some cash Incas I got to make bail
Is it a twig, go up to the window at the jail bail
Nigga ain't about the K shut the fuck up or I'ma have to
shot
See I'm on the real, no grill no smile just play that Third
Ward boo
Now leave it or love it all the hoe shit I'ma above it
Cuz if it's a chase I crack yo face mother fuck it no
struggle no progress

{Lil' Ya}

Comin' up you know a nigga struggle hard
Slangin' rock's everyday in the Third Ward
The game faded, but it didn't fade my way
Cuz I was to small, I had heart down from the start
since
The age of five, I was an artist, never took the easy way
Always took the hardest, Now I'm twenty one and I'm
almost
On my feet, can't get no job, I got six gold teeth
What the fuck I'ma do, I'm almost twenty two
Motherfuck them white folk's I'm a sign with the "U"
Want some talent show's then we made a single
Drop 6th and Baronne then all them hoes wanted to
mingle
All on a nigga dick, try'na get a nigga end's
Never was around when I didn't have no dividends
Everything I do, I do it my best remember this sayin'
No struggle no progress

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