

## Young Scooter

### "Made It Threw The Struggle"

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featuring Mase Verse Simmonds

(Chorus)

I made it through that struggle,  
I cried it out that gutter  
This a letter to my mama,  
I never had a fucking father.  
Ain't no more going broke,  
Ain't no more going broke,  
Ain't no more going broke,  
Ain't no more going broke.  
I made it through that struggle,  
I cried it out that gutter.

(Verse)

Woke up broke a thousand times  
No days I stayed on the ground  
You convicted of a felon, you can press rewind  
Had a thing like 50Cent can reach a dollar trying  
For this black sheep, my life is on the line  
We made it out the struggle through the hard times  
Jugging in that gudda, gudda, under the power line  
I do this shit for my lil brother, it's like it is mine  
Got me stressed out, cause he thought I'm facing out  
of time  
And it's crazy, cause I just had him another child  
And I got two myself and I take care of my niggers  
I take care of my family, no, the world don't  
understand me.

(Chorus)

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(Verse)

I'm thinking white hoodie, white shades,  
White Js on white snow  
White Bugatti and a white Ferari  
And white diamonds on white gold.  
White grill, white Benz, fool around with my white  
friends,  
White furr in the right rims,  
You say my name and you're right in.  
I'm not afraid of him, I got the ammo in,  
You gotta handle him and who stand with him  
I got the lambo in, I'm in the mandarin  
And ask on it rit Hamilton.  
Jordy acting like a mannequin  
It's all equipped with the shenanigans  
She said she gonna keep my car,  
Instead I'm never gonna be a man again.  
She murder the track as a boobie,  
Young Scooter ain't Gucci  
So many Maybachs out front  
Make you think I'm rolling with Gucci.  
I ain't taking no jewelery off,  
You caught me, nigger, come shoot me.  
I am ready for the old murder,  
Then what you gonna do with the new me?

(Chorus)

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(Verse)

My man don't have a dad and still want do shit to me  
Six years old, I ain't had shit to eat  
My stomach getting biled up, I can't get no sleep,  
Can't wait to get to school, that's my million dollar  
week.  
You still watch from the old bling and I got flow six  
I used to catch rise, now it's falling o six  
A free fifty bands, that's a full for a week  
My mama come upfront, talk to my daddy last week.  
He heard I got a song on the street called Columbia,  
My daddy smoked Columbia, so daddy, I don't fuck

with you  
My mama raised a hustler, mama was a hustler,  
Gotta thank my mama, had to move her out of gudda.

(Chorus)

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