

Benzino f/ 2Pac, Freddie Foxxx

"Trying to Make it Through"

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Fam Base
All my thugs say

[Verse 1: 2Pac]
Sick, Thicker than most of these tricks
I got my mind on makin money but you stuck on these
fake bitches
I stay blunted, And never fronted and I doubt if I do
Cause if I do, Then I get beat up by my fuckin crew
A real nigga, Since you figure that you ready to box
You catchin knots from my nigga Freddie Foxxx
And I, You really don't want none from Pac
Cause I'll be strapped wit a glock
And throw thangs like I'm born to box
I'll hit this motherfuckin gin then I'll be all in
Hell yeah, Young niggaz straight ballin
And everybody wants to see if I'm a g weighin 185
And I'm high 'til I fuckin die
Thug life in this motherfucker catchin wreck
Big stretch hit me off when I hit the set
But now I'm full cause I'm tipsy and I filla
Nigga tryin to see if I'm a killa
Cmon

[Chorus]
If my pain don't speak my story, If these words don't
speak my soul
If my struggle be the legacy, In this world if I let go
Is it the only thing that's constant is a change that's
overdue?
If they fault me for my attitude, I'm just tryin to make it
through

[Verse 2: Freddie Foxxx]
It's Bump Knucks from the underground still full of
rage
Rhymes, I write 'em in blood, They spill through the
page
I been on my lelow, Time is layin in the cut
Waitin for feds and snitches to move, Nigga what?
I'm a smooth nigga but, I'm extra deadly

I'm 45 minutes of gangster medley's
I'm a crook, You the heart beat, Master the theft
Steal everything but air, I won't take ya breath
Y'all know, The 3 pound 7 cali revolve
Got a murder to solve, My heart was involved
I'm a thug nigga, I still say fuck a label
Fuck wit ray, And nigga you will duck a table
Corrupt mob, Nigga we bounce from the jake's
Tryin to turn into key's, The ounces we take
I'm a lock men, Dimin, Rhymin godzilla
Wit the calico's cocked, You fuckin wit a killa

[Chorus]

[Verse 3: Benzino]

Don't you ever think for a minute I wasn't comin back
Makaveli would never be on a Shady track
How could you ever insinuate the improbable?
The number 1 rapper alive? How is it possible?
Runnin through these industry niggaz like I was Ray
Lewis
Never scurred to press on the trigger because I been
through it
Tryin to keep me from flyin, They gonna let you do it
Only thing that kept me from dyin is makin rap music
Tell me what you hidin for, Was it miami on memorial
day?
Up in the all-star in La, Super bowl sunday
We up in houston where niggaz like the gunplay
And everybody's shootin, I'm a universal hood nigga,
Me and Bumpy put it down
Wit Makaveli, These niggaz wasn't even around
What's the difference between ya niggaz and mine?
We was up in the studio wit the realist of all time

[Chorus]

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