

213**"Speak on You"**Visit "[Speak on You](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Levitti]

I can't speak for you
But I can speak for me
I'm out here strugglin, strugglin
Hustlin, hustlin

In this game so tough I be puffin
With them ballers like Frost who be hustlin
It's a struggle in this game tryin to get right
Got them haters want me dead but I'm strapped tight
Ain't no thing where there's funk I be ?long gone?
And my paper, yes, I'm up until the bank is fund
Hit me good with a million dollar contract
And the struggle gave me muscle, now it's time to pull
back

(*background singing*)

Hit em hard on my pimpin card
Gotta hustle even though it's gonna be a struggle

(*background singing*)

I can't speak for you
Can speak for me
It's a struggle
But them ballers done bubbled

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I'm out here bubblin, bumpin
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[Baby Beesh]

Now I appease my Marihuana, can't stand my baby's
mama
Cause all she wanna do is talk a gang of shit and start
some drama
And yes, your Honor, you caught me with a half an
ounce
Because my baby boy was starvin, he's all that counts

In my whole world I'm standin on shaky ground
Relate to thugs, servin dubs, task wanna take me down
I went from dirt to rags, rags to riches
And even seen snitches dumped in ditches
The game is vicious, and not ficticious
It's real, player, checkin for that scrill
So I deal with that shit, smokin on half a hill
Of that Bammer Bobby Brown Stress weed
My money's a mess, but as a player I must assess
The situation that I'm facin, I'm paper-chasin
I'm in my twenties now, no tellin how much time I'm
wastin
I'm caught up by the one-time, have me doin dumb
time
I shoulda heard Frost: 'Ain't no sunshine'

[Levitti]

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[Nino B]

Yo, ain't nobody handed me no silver spoon
Strugglin, payin dues, singin the blues, faded, fucked
up in my living room
Hopefully soon I can get up out this muthafucka
Called the homie Frost up, he said
"Keep your head up," lookin fed up
Got a big trey, some big things, million dollar g thing
But I can't go back to slingin crack
Got too much pride for that
Now I gotta keep my game tight, with my chrome
stripes
And like them chronic sacks comin up with them bomb
raps
Gotta get them platinum plaques and all that shit
Gotta get that meal ticket, then I can really kick it
With all my homeboys and my familia
Hit me another lick real quick
Then I'm gonna go stick em up, stick em up, breeze by
the click
With at least one trick up they sleeve
And we gon' make these muthafuckas relieve
And you know we puttin it down like that
Nino B, the homie Frost and my cousin Beesh, hah

[Levitti]

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[Frost]

I take it one day at a time, I can't envision tomorrow
I came a long way since the days of 'Can you do me a ?
barro?'
Hey homegirl, don't you know me? You knew me when
you tried to do me
Back in '93 when I was rollin like I owned several keys
To them hustlers and them g's up on my block
But now as the days go by no longer do they jock
I'm just that old Chicano rapper, still keepin shit real as
ever
And hopin one day me and my people get our shit
together
The struggle's endless, but the hustle continues flowin
Sometimes it's senseless, but still my kids continue
growin
And I got them bounce smash skills, oh homeboy, you
didn't know it
You can't fuck with a real G like a poet
See, speakin on that other shit never got me nada
Nobody's trippin on static, man, all we want is dollars
Big dollars, man
Celeb status, fool
Ha-ha-ha
Yeah

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