

**Friedl Hensch & Cypres****"Struggle"**

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Real motherfuckas man  
You gotta hustle just to beat the struggle  
I know

[Fed-Ex]  
You couldn't fuck wit me  
If we was runnin' trains together  
Heard you keep your heat under your pillow  
OK whatever, you's the victim  
In and out of jail was me  
Frontin' drugs to thugs  
So who else could it be  
I let the nine fetch ya  
Bitch nigga, you catch the stretcher  
I'm all about perfection  
I run more blocks than you ran  
When they was dumpin' you was actin' like a scared man  
I boosted up my prices  
Like the price of power  
Or the cost of gas  
We get money by the hour  
Move fork on a hustla  
I was raised that way  
Young thugs on the block  
Been out there all day  
Catch me hustlin' in the rain feelin' pain that way

[chorus] x 2  
You gotta hustle just to bet the struggle, I know  
You gotta bust down doors  
Go and get it for doe  
Don't nobody wanna see you live  
You know why?  
Cuz everybody wanna see you die  
And that's real

[Fed-Ex]  
All the way in New York  
Cali on my plates  
Funk Master Flex hit the tunnel for a day

Giving depth to them big stack holders  
Dirty money folders pushin' valves on the corner  
Cracks under they tongue  
Garlic's on they shelves  
Bodies on they guns  
Chickens in the business  
Celebrate when they done  
Through the light like it's green  
In my Benz, roadies fiilin' my team  
Hittin' weed that's the ? off my jeans  
California dream, and I'm livin' it up  
Up in Vegas at the magic show blowin' a buck  
Spittin' more in niggas' face  
Then the police done laced  
I'm a boss at the top of the list  
Come fuck wit me  
Drug indictment, how could it be  
Got runner's pushin' crack  
Got runner's pushin' ? than me

[chorus] x 2

[Fed-Ex]

To all my G's up in a duffle bag  
How would you approach it?  
Wit your demo wit your gun out  
Barrel already smokin'  
Never A-rab wit this rap cat down on the floor  
Or push it off on the North Star on highway 4  
Reckless drivin'  
A grown man locked in the trunk  
Fed him a sock for lunch  
Or a hog, tying him up  
Yeah you know  
The type a shit that happens in the ghetto  
Heavy metal get pierced if you ain't careful  
And that's real  
I seen as the shit go down  
Like being locked in a box  
Buried under the ground  
We do it mob style  
And I swear that on my kids  
If you come searchin' for clues and get did

[chorus] x 2

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