

**Jay-Z F/ M.O.P.****"I'm Tryin'"**

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Verse One: B.G.

I'm tryin' to do right  
But I'm surrounded by wrong  
Avoid the all night flight  
And still make it on my own  
I'm tryin' be cool  
Do what I gotta do  
But playa haters all over  
So I roll with my crew  
I'm tryin' stay over  
And just stay my ass in school  
Ain't many choices to choose  
And this rap game I can't refuse  
I wanna win don't want to be the one to loose  
My pistol my only friend  
Cause busters try to bring the blues  
Leavin brains with no clues  
Spin the ben in black clothes  
They tryin' ta' take my only life  
Leave my folks on the front row  
Bury me in providence  
Heavy weight that rose  
They wanna steal the B.G.  
Now tell me Alton  
Ain't that cold  
What can I do  
Now what can I do to get out the game  
What can I do  
Now what can I do to make change  
Every other day around my way niggas dyin'  
Hours flyin I want to go straight boy I'm tryin'

-Chorus- (Juvenile)

I'm tryin' to shake the monkey off of me  
Lord please let me go where I needs to be  
Ball 'till I fall it's a poor family  
Fo' sho' I know the future got a lot of stuff for me

Verse Two: B.G.

I'm tryin' to get my mail straight  
Sell cd's and tapes  
I don't want to be jail bait  
Niggas want to kill me  
And increase the hell rate  
They almost got me  
But I slip the spot it was too late  
I wanna be a role model for my lil' brother  
And buy a fifteen room manison for my mother  
Settle down wit' a silent hoe  
And drop a tight seed  
So I can raise another uptown B.G.  
Just like me  
I'ma give 'em but I wish had a dad  
He goin' be smart and bad nigga  
Throwin' up a solga rag  
This world is kurupted  
The police is crooked  
My boy was runnin with a ??? gun  
His young life they took it  
This ??? is rotten  
Everyday it get's colder  
They throwin' away the key  
Sendin' the soldiers to angoula  
My round slangin' that yola  
With they hand on that iron  
To keep my mind right  
Beleive nigga I'm tryin'

-Chorus-

Verse Three: Lil' Wayne

I'm tryin' to be a man at fourteen  
Choppin iron at fourteen'  
Nigga that tells my only way  
(B.G.: Look where you stand at fourteen)  
A lil' bity something  
Whuckin, representin' partners  
Ain't to good in my neighborhood  
Uptowns my partner  
I ain't lie i'm tryin  
To go the right way  
But the night flight way  
Just ain't the right way  
I wan' be a gangsta but also wan' live  
So I choose to be a uptown HotBoy hard to kill  
Sittin' behind the cruiser wheel  
Can't even see me I'm so lil'  
And you expect me to give this  
Just to switch to positive

As hard as I'm tryin' do it I just can't make a shape  
School I'm tryin' go through it but I just can't make a  
shape  
Gettin' in beef that resultin' into serious gun slingin  
Do good I want yeah but on half i just keep hangin'  
I'm lookin for a change but change ain't lookin for me  
Will I remain a B.G.  
Or a A student  
We'll see

-Chorus- 2x

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