

Junior M.A.F.I.A. F/ Lil Caesar, Lil' Kim

"Still Strugglin'"

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Intro:

Still strugglin, still hustlin, tryin to get my money on
Fresh outta retirement, you know I ain't tryin to fall off,
Too \$hort records, we ain't tryin to fall off
We ain't goin nowhere, I'm tryin to see everybody make
money
I wanna see everybody get paid, everybody

Chorus:

Another day, another dollar spent
And I'm still out here strugglin
Caught in the game, and I'm just hustlin
Don't even trust my closest friends

Verse One:

Don't ever say you can't do it, it's not that hard
You wanna be a lawyer, you wanna be a star
You can do anything you wanna do
Forget what they say, as long as you believe in you
Keep chasing your dreams, wherever they take you
You gotta hustle, which shouldn't have to make you
Get your money on, like I always said
It's playin like a old song in your head
You say it ain't cool in the hood
I know some folks in the ghetto livin good
Now tell me how you get there, tell the next man, too
You ain't got it, give him yours, cause he got less than
you
Give him game, and that's all he need
The knowledge, to plant that seed
And make it grow, get the dough
Even though I make money, I'm trying to get some
more
You gotta be the best at what you do, and even though
you ain't
That's just how you need to think
Don't tell me no, I already made up my mind
It's going down my way this time

I'm so deep into this
It's like I'm in some pussy, fucking my bitch
I've been going platinum, you walk by
you player-hate, don't even try

Chorus

Verse Two:

Don't ever quit, once you get started
It's on til the end, til you're dearly departed
You know you can't quit, too much time invested
You learned your lesson, no time for stressing
Looking in the mirror, trying to act hard
Walking down the street, thinking bout a car
I been there a million times
I'm like baby, Dee, I got a million rhymes
I been a famous MC since 1983
When Run-DMC was singing sucka MC's
Niggaz in the papers ride Too \$hort
Rolling brand-new Vogues, smoking Newports
\$hort studios, in my room making tapes
When I moved up to Oakland from L.A.
I was a square, I ain't gotta lie to you
I wasn't rapping, I was fresh outta private school
Now I'm old school, Too \$hort, fuck what ya heard
There ain't no way I could memorize all these words
I been rapping for years, spitting game
Twenty years from now, you could say the same thing
If you determined, look at me
I'm getting on the car, used to roll two feet
Back in the day, selling dope fiend
Based on SunnySide, up Ninety-Sixth to Birch Street

Chorus

Verse Three:

Don't ever say it's old, I know you wanna go gold
Trying to be like me is getting old
It's been proven, there's only one Too \$hort
Most Valuable Player, you know the sport
It's time to be you, cause being me comes natural to me
I hope you make it in the industry
You could work on Wall Street, or be a doctor in a hospital
As long as you're happy, I know you got a little
Stash, stack your cash
And keep hustling, cause it ain't gone last
How many times you seen a broke nigga, wanting to be

a dope dealer
Make some money, and turn into a cold killer
Alot of people came up like that
But alot of y'all faking that ya hold that gat
Now your little ass is out
You finally realized, you took the wrong route
You got alot of talent, don't let it go to waste
Handcuffed on the ground, with dirt in ya face
I know the trap, circumstances make ya sell crack
Shotguns and change, take us all back
To slave-free, back when the days would be
Long and hot, with nobody paying me
These days we have opportunities
To blow up and give back to our communities

Chorus

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