

## Unlv "No Struggle No Progress"

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{tec-9}

I don't like to dream about gettin' paid  
No time for slippin' no time to get laid  
Got to get mine, get it with the tec-9  
Nigga's on the come up, come up, come up  
Ya see, time's ain't gettin' no better my momma  
Want to take on another job, but I won't let her  
Raised up without my daddy 'cause he left me in eighty  
four  
I was to hard for my momma to deal with me so i  
Slung all night, and slept all day  
Can't figure out, how I turned out that way  
Somebody come and help me, my foot is all ready in  
the grave  
What will it take for a nigga to get paid  
Wasn't born with no silver spoon in my mouth  
Without a doubt I'm strugglin'  
Fuck doin' bad, I'm drug smugglin'  
But never the less, I got to get my momma out of there  
I got a job, just to show her that I care  
The player hate'n gettin' bad but it's good  
These hoes is schemin' on me they up to no good  
Throwin' babies on me, reppin' on me  
Talkin' shit to they friend's, bitches think that I'm broke  
But I stack my end's, the money came quick, though it  
was a lil' dirty  
I put my money with tee and copped the whole birdie  
Slangin' that shit like it was hot when will it stop  
My pockets is gettin' fat, I'm obligated to live like that  
The dope game is kind of shady, go to do good for my  
Momma and my lady, why is time's so hard, I always  
ask my momma  
She told me, part of comin' up is to survive the drama  
I feel I was put o the test, I ain't about fallin'  
No struggle no progress I'm only about ballin'

{yella boy}

No struggle no progress when I struggle I can't  
progress  
To kickin' it, pushin' it and fightin' try'na come the  
fuckin' best  
But you don't hear me though, so I'm a let you know

bout my blue  
Here we go again up that ladder, stuck in the middle  
see  
It's the gushy attitude, that makes me once o-n-e  
But some serious business shit known as the nine five  
Patrol on the scene it's it's the I can't let 'em slide  
Save up on some cash incas I got to make bail  
Is it a twig, go up to the window at the jail bail  
Nigga ain't about the k shut the fuck up or i'ma have to  
shot  
See I'm on the real, no grill no smile just play that third  
ward boo  
Now leave it or love it all the hoe shit i'ma above it  
'cause if it's a chase I crack yo face mother fuck it no  
struggle no progress

{lil' ya}  
Comin' up you know a nigga struggle hard  
Slangin' rock's everyday in the third ward  
The game faded, but it didn't fade my way  
'cause I was to small, I had heart down from the start  
since  
The age of five, I was an artist, never took the easy way  
Always took the hardest, now I'm twenty one and I'm  
almost  
On my feet, can't get no job, I got six gold teeth  
What the fuck i'ma do, I'm almost twenty two  
Motherfuck them white folk's I'm a sign with the "u"  
Want some talent show's then we made a single  
Drop 6th and baronne then all them hoes wanted to  
mingle  
All on a nigga dick, try'na get a nigga end's  
Never was around when I didn't have no dividends  
Everything I do, I do it my best remember this sayin'  
No struggle no progress

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