

V1  
West going on, n da world today,  
everybody be act fake,  
tryna be like da next person,  
n be quick 2 playahate.....  
N if i dont, make it 2 heaven,  
who gonna look out, foe da kidz,  
u got hoochyz, actn skanless,  
skemen on foolz, foe dey endz....  
Trappn ballerz, dat be slippn,  
neva discussing safe sex,  
crying n kourt, kuz its who's fault,  
foe gettn n, between her legz....  
Dey tryna hide us blak brothaz,  
n hoez be turning snitch,  
tryna come up off welfare,  
throwing us in & out da system....  
Female feally dont know shit,  
chasen foolz, dat got money,  
n dont know, how 2 raise dey kidz,  
dat be actn like dummyz....  
Droppn outta skool 2 get doe,  
not knowing how, 2 read & write,  
tryna hook up, wit snow bunnyz,  
snortn linez, of chyna white....  
Quick 2 blast u n da bak,  
once dey hear u coming up,  
layn up n da hospital,  
when u find out, who it was....  
I cant trust nobody nomore,  
dey wanna bust yo' bubble,  
everymorning i wake up,  
all i see is da struggle....

Chorus:  
growing up i neva had nathan,  
out a gat, n my drawlz,  
running da streetz, puttn n work,  
open i neva fall off....  
everynite i be n da hood,  
tickn game 2 da brothaz,  
smashn bustaz who talkn spit,  
all i see is da struggle...

V2  
U gotta watch ,who u funk n wit,  
kuz everybody gettn hung,  
gettn swung, against patrol carz,  
thinkn dat we got a gun....  
Police be aiming at yo'head,  
ready 2 use dat excuse,  
dat u was reachn foe a gun,  
before dey execute u.....  
Just like da judge, be tryna do,  
when u go up, n kourt,  
dey tryna hang us like a slave,  
given yo'potna da rope.....  
After he testify against u,  
what da hell, can u do,  
given yo'people, da bad newz,  
about da hommy, aint true....  
U got girlz, running away,  
tryna meet dem a baller,  
gettn turned out, n da streetz,  
lookn foe dat, almighty dolla....  
Claimn dat, she was molested,  
so she whoren, on da corna,  
gettn money, by playn trix,  
talkn about, nobody loves ya.....  
It neva makes no sense 2 me,  
growing up, n a broken home,  
momz used 2 play, all typez of foolz,  
n den drag us 2 church....  
Itz jus a crazy ass world,  
dat wanna bust yo'bubble,  
everymorning i wake up,  
all i see is da struggle.....

V3  
Fresh out da joint, wit a hundred  
dollaz n my pocket,  
stil getn frisked, like a krimina  
up n da parole office....  
Kuz white folx built dis pen,  
2 keep us blax locked up,  
hopen dat, we neva get out,  
from da gangz & da drugz....  
Gettn rich, off dopefiendz,  
stealn all da white folx goodz,  
dey strung out on cocaine,  
white folx, put n da hood....  
Dey got brothaz doing time,  
day 4 day on a sentence,  
pissn off foolz, bekuz dey girl,  
dont ever write, or come visit...  
Taken away da t,vees,  
cigarettes & education,  
tryna ban a bunch of shit,  
so we cant learn nathan....  
Hopen us brothaz stay dumb,  
when u get, out of jail,  
do a crime & come bak,  
i hear it neva failz....  
Brothaz be killn brothaz,  
everyday n da streetz,  
until samthan drastik happenz,  
dey neva squash da beef....  
Its jus a crazy ass world,  
dat wanna bust my bubble,  
everymorning i wake up,  
all i see is da struggle....

