

Just Tryin' Ta Make It

Freddie Gibbs

Yeah, okay
Gangsta, Gangsta Gibbs, nigga
Yeah, I'm down
I got my back against the wall, ready to ride
Better livin' on my mind
See it in my eyes, I'm just tryin' to make it
Yeah, life at a hundred miles an hour, nigga

I live my life in the fastlane, hundred miles an hour
Anything for the cash, mane, marijuana to powder
Peep the style of a ghetto child runnin' wild
At the park, hydroponics gettin' sparked, steppin' over broken crack vials
It's like this way of livin' chose me
Police approaching me, this ain't the way I wanna be
This ain't how I wanna live
I dream about having kids, but I'm afraid
That as they grow they won't see they daddy live
'Cause daddy is problematic, daddy got bad habits
Hopefully when I'm older, I look back and I laugh at it
For now, I'ma deal with it
Get my heat and kill with it
I'm droppin' any nigga in the way of my meal ticket, I wonder why
In the ghetto, we really living to die
Hunger pains make you fiend for a slice of the devil's pie
But it gotta be a better way
Before I lay me down to sleep, I hit my knees and pray

"I'm doing good if I live to see another day"
That's what they say
People wonder why I live this way
But I'm just tryin' to make it
Yo, I'm just tryin' to make it
I got my back against the wall, ready to ride
Better livin' on my mind
You can see it in my eyes, I'm just tryin' to make it
Yo, I'm just tryin' to make it

My attitude is shady from the hood that made me
My parents said they worked so my grandmama raised me
And you know, eventually she got too tired to chase me
So I jumped up off the porch and hit the street runnin' crazy
Nickel-plated .380
I earthed a couple sacks and got my first piece
Ready to raise hell out on the streets
Some old head said: "Freddie, keep your mind on your grip
Ignore the bullshit and never get caught up for a bitch"
Pimpin' ain't easy but my granddaddy he showed me the ropes
My uncle had me packin' them pistols and hustlin' coke
This ain't a joke, the results of my love for the dollar, dollar
Got yo baby momma coppin' my product, it's Guatemalan
Fuck tomorrow, 'cause it ain't guaranteed
Show me the money, mothafucka
I got a family to feed, a life to live
Stuck between a rock and a hard spot
Another prisoner of the block

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