

# My Struggles

Missy Elliott

Yeah, Missy Elliott, Grand Puba

Y'all don't really know who I am, God damn  
I'm like grease in the frying pan cause I am  
bacon, eggs, toast, butter  
Smooth sexy lover more FRESH than others  
Go ask your brother if y'all don't believe  
I control the industry cause Missy in the lead  
{\*scratching\*} Uhh, I'm talkin to you man  
With my upper hand, the fans call me Dapper Dan  
When I was young my pops, throw rocks  
Always shit talk to my moms and call the cops  
Couldn't wait 'til I was nice and grown  
Sick of daddy mouth 'til six in the morn'  
On and on and on 'til the record scratch  
And if I made a few scraps I would never come back (YES!)  
Take moms with me and a few ADAT's  
And make a song about dad and tell pops he's a rat (YES!)  
Oah-KAYYYYY!

hold up

Y'all don't really know my life  
Y'all don't really know my struggles and how much liquor I guzzle (YES!)  
Y'all don't really know my fears  
And how many years to get here but I'm ready to rumble

Yeah, I be that throwback cat, I throwback 'gnac  
I spit hot raps, then I check my traps  
Pockets stop the bulk, green up like the Hulk  
Ram up in somethin like that nigga Marshall Faulk  
I'm a low key nigga, a O.G. nigga  
Entertain my guests in "The Basement" like Tigger  
Grand Puba and the name ring bells  
And if it ain't about paper I don't waste my sells  
So the new school new school need to learn yo  
I burn baby burn like a Hunt's Pointe ho

Yo yo Puba, hold up  
Let's take 'em back on some "411" shit  
MA-RYYYY!

I'm Mary J. Blige, for a fact I don't rap  
I'm known around the map to always make a comeback  
I went through some struggles fightin with my ex-lovers  
Stayed in lots of trouble, blessings then I had recovered  
Had to pay them bills, the places I lived  
Messin with them cats that's said to get I had to give  
I had to tell them back up cause I was quick to smack 'em up  
I didn't give a WHAT, Mary J. would act up

Y'all don't really know my struggles  
(I had two or three jobs I had to juggle)  
And all them liquor shots from the pain I covered  
(Strugglin from the break-ups with my lover)  
(Y'all don't know the half) Don't know the half  
(I'm better off now that was in the past)

I had to take the good stuff with the bad  
Now I'm (thankful for the little things that I have)

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