

# Struggling

AJ Tracey

Listen, uh  
Don't talk like you ride with the heat  
Big 45, put your mind on your feet  
Studio grind when we light up the cheese  
And if you've got a problem, write for me G  
But darg don't make me have to ride on your team  
I holla at Loons like 'Rise up the P's'  
Spray a round, lay 'em down  
Mumma gon' have to say prayers now  
I don't know why these yout's used to follow me  
Cah their girlfriends wan' holla me  
She wan' honour me  
On her knees, gave her the wood, no mahogany  
So if I choose to ride with the weapon  
You'll be looking mad like Ryu in Tekken  
Don't get it? Tekken vs. Street Fighter  
Man I bun herbs, real leaf lighter  
I ain't banging on these same roads  
But if I'm banging then I'm banging for my main bros  
My team on the grind tryna get dough  
Lava on the riddim, I'm a walking volcano

My soul's black, my heart's grey  
Both sides of my brain tryna part ways  
So tell me what'd you know about hard pain?  
You're on FaceBook bitching about a hard day  
My soul's black, my heart's grey  
Both sides of my brain tryna part ways  
So tell me what'd you know about hard pain?  
You're on FaceBook bitching about a hard day

I never listen when the haters are talking  
I keep my mouth shut, eyes up, keep walking  
Cah I know where I'm going gonna make it  
Haters, you better turn, can't face it  
Cah they're weak and their flow sounds basic  
Looney wanna turn rapping to a payslip  
And if a nigga wants beef, I embrace it  
Sutting like a Heskey penalty, I'll space it  
Snakes wanna see me fall on my backside  
I've got the Caribbean courage from my black side  
I just stack notes, act broke, trap life  
Fast pace, haters can't see me, I'm MAC5  
You're not me cuz, na you're not that guy  
You hit a zoot, one bun then you act high  
You rock Lonsdale loafers and act fly  
Me, I rap tight, LochWest is the catchline  
I know a lot of man are snakes in the grass  
Telling me I'll make it, telling me I'll pass  
Watching what I'm doing then reporting to the babylon  
But I does this for myself, gotta carry on  
I know a lot of man are snakes in the grass  
Telling me I'll make it, telling me I'll pass  
Watching what I'm doing then reporting to the babylon  
But I does this for myself, gotta carry on  
A lot of man'll move funny for the paper  
Fuck a hater, bin bag, see you later

I don't need no more stress, I'm a thin man  
Aged eighteen living life like a big man  
Talk to me 'bout paper, I'm listening  
And I never cop jewels if they ain't glistening  
Take things off my mind fam  
My boy passed away couple years and I'm missing him  
I live life, real facts, no fabrication  
I keep stacking up the notes for a vacation  
But in the meanwhile I'ma phone Charlie like 'Jump on the PlayStation'