

Strugglin'

CJ FLY

Statik Selektah

(Fly) The packs still coming in, the trap still bubbling
Should have saved our money and moved back to the motherland
Thanks to the government, Black people suffering
You can't stop the hustle, won't go back the struggling
The packs still coming in, the trap still bubbling
Should have saved our money and moved back to the motherland
Thanks to the government, Black people suffering
You can't stop the hustle, won't go back the struggling

Did what he did to feed his family by any means
Wasn't a shooter kept the Ruger for his enemies
He only had one pair of sneakers so he kept 'em clean
He said he knew that he'd be great because he had a dream
When he first came into this country, he was such a good kid
Pigs planted crack inside his pocket when he came to Brooklyn
They was just looking for someone to take central booking
His auntie saw what had transpired so they never took him
So much for the land of opportunity
Or unity or community
No immunity, guess it's you or me
It's usually just eulogies
Only right he get in where he fit in
He knew to change his surroundings when he didn't
Saw what they was getting and that's when he started dealing
He was riding on a high horse really thought they wouldn't get him
Was told that he could make more money out in Maryland
Him and his partner was so desperate they tried anything
Ain't never left the state they did a little traveling, got settled in
Didn't know his custys started babbling
It was a sting, ain't know he sold police the evidence
That's when the coppers dipped into his son's inheritance
They pat him down and took him in thought they got everything
He did a little time but never got no heavy sentencing

The packs still coming in, the trap still bubbling
Should have saved our money and moved back to the motherland
Thanks to the government, Black people suffering
You can't stop the hustle, won't go back the struggling
The packs still coming in, the trap still bubbling
Should have saved our money and moved back to the motherland
Thanks to the government, Black people suffering
You can't stop the hustle, won't go back the struggling

Call it bad timing, didn't talk he stayed silent
Switched his trade from hustling to dollar van driving
Wasn't for that he would have prolly never met my mom
Some say that Bajans and Jamaicans never get along
Didn't wanna pay her fare to go to Kings Plaza
Know he didn't think that he would be her kid's father
Thought that he was smooth and found a nice new cyatty
My mama always tell me, "You just like your daddy"
Ironic I'm his junior, all the chronic I was moving
Extra cash we could have used it, didn't last 'cause I was stupid
To make it in America, you have to gain knowledge
He made it his priority to graduate college

Got his degree and started teaching for a bit
His old friends couldn't get down with the fact he had gone legit
I'm just glad he made that switch to ensure he won't go back in
They could never talk no shit, that's because he ain't never snitched