

# Speak On You

Frost\*

I can't speak for you  
But I can speak for me  
I'm out here strugglin, strugglin  
Hustlin, hustlin  
In this game so tough I be puffin  
With them ballers like Frost who be hustlin  
It's a struggle in this game tryin to get right  
Got them haters want me dead but I'm strapped tight  
Ain't no thing where there's funk I be ?long gone?  
And my paper, yes, I'm up until the bank is fund  
Hit me good with a million dollar contract  
And the struggle gave me muscle, now it's time to pull back

Hit em hard on my pimpin card  
Gotta hustle even though it's gonna be a struggle

I can't speak for you  
Can speak for me  
It's a struggle  
But them ballers done bubbled  
I can't speak for you  
But I can speak for me  
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Now I appease my Marihuana, can't stand my baby's mama  
Cause all she wanna do is talk a gang of shit and start some drama  
And yes, your Honor, you caught me with a half an ounce  
Because my baby boy was starvin, he's all that counts  
In my whole world I'm standin on shaky ground  
Relate to thugs, servin dubs, task wanna take me down  
I went from dirt to rags, rags to riches  
And even seen snitches dumped in ditches  
The game is vicious, and not fictitious  
It's real, player, checkin for that scrill  
So I deal with that shit, smokin on half a hill  
Of that Bammer Bobby Brown Stress weed  
My money's a mess, but as a player I must assess  
The situation that I'm facin, I'm paper-chasin  
I'm in my twenties now, no tellin how much time I'm wastin  
I'm caught up by the one-time, have me doin dumb time  
I shoulda heard Frost: 'Ain't no sunshine'

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Yo, ain't nobody handed me no silver spoon

Strugglin, payin dues, singin the blues, faded, f\*\*ked up in my living room  
Hopefully soon I can get up out this muthaf\*\*ka  
Called the homie Frost up, he said  
"Keep your head up," lookin fed up  
Got a big trey, some big things, million dollar g thing  
But I can't go back to slingin crack  
Got too much pride for that  
Now I gotta keep my game tight, with my chrome stripes  
And like them chronic sacks comin up with them bomb raps  
Gotta get them platinum plaques and all that shit  
Gotta get that meal ticket, then I can really kick it  
With all my homeboys and my familia  
Hit me another lick real quick  
Then I'm gonna go stick em up, stick em up, breeze by the click  
With at least one trick up they sleeve  
And we gon' make these muthaf\*\*kas relieve  
And you know we puttin it down like that  
Nino B, the homie Frost and my cousin Beesh, hah

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I take it one day at a time, I can't envision tomorrow  
I came a long way since the days of 'Can you do me a ?barro?'  
Hey homegirl, don't you know me? You knew me when you tried to do me  
Back in '93 when I was rollin like I owned several keys  
To them hustlers and them g's up on my block  
But now as the days go by no longer do they jock  
I'm just that old Chicano rapper, still keepin shit real as ever  
And hopin one day me and my people get our shit together  
The struggle's endless, but the hustle continues flowin  
Sometimes it's senseless, but still my kids continue growin  
And I got them bounce smash skills, oh homeboy, you didn't know it  
You can't f\*\*k with a real G like a poet  
See, speakin on that other shit never got me nada  
Nobody's trippin on static, man, all we want is dollars  
Big dollars, man  
Celeb status, fool  
Ha-ha-ha  
Yea