

Constant Struggle

Ghostface Killah

Ayo, ayo, I love my friends but I can't walk in the mall
Can't go to the parking. Just shoot some ball
I forgot what it's like to be invisible
Walking the streets without a soul knowing my name
Slave to the fame, but I chose this lane
So I graciously embrace it
All praises due to Allah, sometimes just sit in the car
With the blacked out windows, staring at the well around me
Step out and they all surround me
(Yo yo, yo Ghost, oh shit)
I'm free but it's a constant struggle to maintain
I ain't free to stand outside and enjoy the rain
I ain't free to stand in the crowd at a Mary J. show
I ain't free to walk the block without someone like, "Yo!"
I don't wanna be left alone
I need a little privacy for someone is live as me

A little freedom for myself, freedom from the Press
Freedom from the Cash Rule, money and stress
It's a constant struggle that makes you stronger
Spend your money on your health so you can live longer

Turn off my cellphone, won't read my mail when I'm home
LL to the dome, I'ma spend all alone
Come out my shell in the zone
I feel free, not guilty
Find the real me, find anxiety
Time to heal me, delete my Facebook page
I'm good looking with age
On social media, I have you put in the grave
My foot in the maze, this labyrinth is bad for strength
Push my pad to his length
Tapped him with slabs to lift
Relax like a bag of piff with candles lit
Study the health and wealth
Never abandon ship
The Sun of Man with tips on how to lift it within us

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Freedom is as freedom does
Freedom, or the absence of freedom, we wouldn't be talking about it if we really was
See them and think them free, but easily
Become a commodity when they break the law and get sentenced by the judge
The clouds of oppression in the sky, don't budge
So we never see the Sun sun, father never sees his son
So the Sun's like Dems and he never shines like one
Get overlooked like the truth in the book
See, history don't calculate the lives that evil done took

But God says forgive though, but I can't forget, no, the ghost of the Igbo
Who whispered from a watery grave, "You are our only hope"
Modern times that intertwine that Jim Crow design
You too distracted by IG and what you viewing online?
You want them likes, need that love because we empty inside
See over information causes numbing sensation
Keeps depression, homicide and suicide escalating
Freedom's kind of vague when there's all types of slaves
Slaves to the money, slaves to the fame
Slaves to addiction, slaves to the pain
Slaves to the flesh, well you fill on the blanks

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