

Struggle

Ghostface Killah

All my life, it's been one big struggle
Born and raised... in the slums of trouble, I'm all...

Yo, I was born and raise in New York City
The home of the Yankees, the Jam Master Jay's and the Biggie's
Ralph Icey's, Jet mags, cops surveillance, it's high tech
Our appearance is we still in the grind, and direct
But on my side of town shit's gorilla, phone booths is broke
Behind the building niggaz on post
What up Doc? What up Lord? I'm chilling
These motherfuckers got my name and my face
Placed up in every building
You see what that do to the children, that ain't right
I've been raised in these projects, damn near, all my life
And these faggots wanna do this to me, I'ma lay low
And blow that cop, son, you watch, no lie, word to my momma, du
nn
They don't want the drama, thunn, 'member me in '86?
Knocked out four cops, got knocked on the outer bridge
Bagged me with two clips, a fifth of Bacardi Dark
I spared them, cause all of them left with they body parts
I'm not crazy