

# STRUGGLIN

Kash Doll

(DJ Drama)

Bitch (My nigga Lee, I think we got another one)

With the queen of Detroit

Hold on

(Gangsta Grizzills)

See, me and Kash got somethin' in common

Y'all be strugglin' tryna do what we do

You niggas and bitches is one-trick ponies

Our resumes is stacked with horsepower

Keep it up, though

Kash told me to tell you the effort looks cute

(Gangsta Grillz, you bastards)

DJ Drama

Every time I step in an event, I bring my tool in

I'ma catch a body before niggas get a new pic

Heard a nigga cappin' 'bout he fucked, my whole mood switched

Everything that fly out niggas' mouths be some bullshit (Damn)

If I need advice 'bout some money, I can't ask you

You been trappin' five summers, still ain't make a bag move

I won't pay a lame no attention, niggas past due

You spent less than a brick on your kit, I'd be mad too

Bitch in my DMs askin' do I know her nigga?

I cried, he ugly

Dirty fingernails a firm no, won't be touchin' me

That's a lil' Scat, it ain't a Demon, boy, you strugglin' (Bitch)

Big-ass AR pistol 'round my neck, boy, I be clutchin' it (Ahh)

Redeye, two-twenty on the dash, I be stompin' it

My lil' bro been scammin' all his life like fuck the government

High as hell, crashed the rental, paid the driver for the coverages (Damn)

We got bags full of gas, we got bags full of cash

I got a thousand on a six, I'm finna pass on they ass

Police got behind the striker, do the dash on they ass

Bitch tried to fuck me raw, I threw a Mag' on her ass

I'm a Ghetto Boy

Yes, we both rap, but they like me, shit, I'm the better choice

Fiends come shoppin' every day 'cause we got better boy

A lot of horses in that SRT, this not a standard, boy

Fifty shots in this new FN, it came standard, boy

Choosin', if that's your main bitch, I'm finna fuck her then

Trippin', forgot I hit this bitch, I'm finna fuck again (Ooh, damn)

Her ass so big, I had to slap it with both of my hands

I can tell you ain't got no pape', you goin' broke again

Once a fiend, always a- damn, alright

Once a fiend, always a fiend, you sniff coke again

In the lab with Dexter Laboratory, I'm the potion man

I heard your mama caught you jackin' off, you the lotion man

Freak bitch wanna ride my dick like roller coasters, damn

I think dog died, I seen his face on a poster, damn

"I'll kill him dead before he beat me," Color Purple, damn

Ayy, like how the fuck you rich on the internet, in person, you be broke as shit?

New cribs on the internet, in person, you can't pay your rent?

New cars on the internet, in person, you just crashed that bitch

Nigga thinkin' she ain't got no bodies, I just smashed that bitch

You don't never watch them damn kids, that's why they bad as shit  
Somebody stole some fuckin' tails out your ashtray, that's why you mad as sh  
it?

Bitch say she bought a new car, but she just caught a Lyft

I really got it, when they talkin' money, I'ma be the topic  
Them niggas wasn't on shit, it's me who really shot it  
Once you light the fuse, take off like a rocket  
I got eyes on my trap, it's cameras all around me  
It's pussy waitin' everywhere I stop, shit, I feel surrounded  
This whole time, I was sellin' drop, I ain't really count it (Swear)  
A hundred thousand dollars worth of jewels, jeweler got me drownin'  
I been up and I been down, got me well-rounded  
I been puttin' pressure on the pussy, got me cat poundin'  
Every time I hit her from the back, this how the back soundin'  
I keep cash on me, but I'm showin' out 'cause I'm with Kash Doll  
Big racks, more than just a couple, this a cash pile  
Shit could cool down, or I pop a nigga, make it back wild  
Big loud, I was sellin' eighthies in the frat crowd  
This an Off-White shirt and coat, but my hat brown  
Even if it's lookin' like a challenge, I don't back down

(Gangsta Grizzill)

She roll deep

Queen of Detroit

Back on Dexter

Westside, what up, though?