

Gon' Be

Lute

(Sick and tired of strugglin') Yeah
Uh, uh (Yeah)

Sick and tired of strugglin'
On the corner hustlin'
Shoot outs and tusslin' (Man)
Baby mama cussin' me (Yeah)
These record labels fuckin' me (Man)
Yeah, but it's gon' be (But it's gon' be)
What it's gon' be (What it's gon' be)
And I'm sick and tired of strugglin' (Sick and tired)
On the corner hustlin' (On the corner hustlin')
Shoot outs and tusslin' (Man)
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Yeah, but it's gon' be (Yeah, but it's gon' be)
What it's gon' be (Yeah, what it's gon' be)

But I just keep truckin' it, I done fell in love with it
Pistol off safety, play with' me and I'm bustin' it
Burned so many times now I'm strugglin' to trust
These bitches wanna fuck, now I'm strugglin' with lust
Askin' God, "Is there a heaven for a nigga like us?"
Or better yet, me, but I don't wanna die just to see
Couple niggas changed up that was ridin' with' me
Peeped everything, I might not say nothin', but I see
Four years straight, I was signed to a major
They ain't do shit for me, the lessons I learned later
Made me even greater, hustle harder and I'm grateful
Won't nobody give you shit and strings come with the favors
Milli' on the crib and it came with no neighbors
Me, my sons, and my guns, and a whole lot of acres
Nights on the block, serve fiends like a waiter
Takin' orders on the phone for niggas that want it catered
Root to all evil is the money, get yo evil up
Cold ass world, that's why I ridin' with my heater tucked
Yeah, uh
And it's gon' be what it's gon' be, yeah

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Niggas judge me, but don't know the half
Niggas count me out, but can't do the math
Pull up on the west side, they like, "You the man"

I'm like, "Nah, I just had a plan"
Shit, wouldn't be a real nigga if I ain't like to see my niggas win
Couple niggas got the city on ten
Much respect, don't let the hate reflect the nigga within
I'm still learnin', my wheels still turnin', foot on the gas
I ain't worried 'bout the shit in my past, the people I passed
My only concern is will it outlast?
Pay me in cash, free me at last, the whip never crashed
'Cause I'm in control, can't fuck with the flow, I'm hot like a stove
The miles that I drove, got further to go
The shit that I wrote came straight from the soul, I'm fully exposed
I rose from the cracks, rappin' is wack, don't fall for the trap
Or the pat on the back, 'cause niggas be cap
Fuck all my stats, gain some respect
Fuck all my stats, nigga, gain some respect

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I remember tellin' mama I'm rappin' now
Plus I got the 808 slappin' down
But all she wanted for me was the cap and gown
"Don't get caught walkin' on the trappin' grounds"
But them streets callin' my name
"Jay, we need some shit to make the trunk go "bang""
It's gettin' tough to find like pure cocaine
And won't nobody there step in your lane
Pimp, I ain't no shrimp
So don't try me, like this my first time 'round the way
Promise I ain't new to the game
I spent a whole life being true to the game
And we don't do no fakin' for no cameras
We just out here makin' plays
It ain't worth a damn to me, I got a real big fam to feed
Cold and sick and tired of strugglin'