

The Struggle

Reema Major

Sinister ministers unholy nuns, why you niggas got guns
When you know you pop none
Couple of lies and some wax and some wanksters
Big front they disguised as some gangsters big tee tip tims and
the fitted cap
Hella speech mad front with an empty gat, what type of shit is
that
See I don't know, you said you the type quick to grab the four
four
But more like them dirty niggas singing to the po-po
keep if real or fucking go home is the motto
Boys look good speakin' quick
Young girls don't believe that shit, believe that shit
Down to earth wifey type mad loveable
But young boy don't mistaking me for gullable
Separate all the lies from the truth
Who you think you gon' deceive boo? I don't believe you

Yo, never alter my appearance to satisfy no eyes
Cause it's all lies, silicon is in the suicide
You alive but you really dead,
And the traits you be looking for in life you cannot buy with b
read
Ah, my testimony homie, indicate I ain't phony
I'm popping rounds at all them clowns that be fronting on me
Seat back tinted windows tinted shades callin my versace raise
coppin bigger pay
But you fully grateful that I love to see another day
Life in another way, feel got distract, just the biggest brain
It ain't a secret that I'm running this effect that I'm hot
So if you dumb ___ try to be something you not