

Struggle

Slaughterhouse

Lord!

I'm having rob-a-nigga thoughts, like the Horseshoe
Got all the tools in my box
I'm a nut, missing a corkscrew
Sittin' on my porch thinking this rapping ain't gon' happen
Cause faggots reppin' that, like I'm the wrong nigga to pass the torch to
Momma stressing cause her rent's due
Can't borrow money from none of the homies, them niggas in a pitch, too
My co-connect, he got pinched, too
Andy Dufresne escaping Shawshank, the shit I been through (Lord!)
Refridgerator empty, inner anger in me simply waitin' and incubating
For if a hater tempt me, I'mma disintegrate him quickly
Spray the 3-80 'till bullets penetrate his kidney
Sometimes I just wanna fall asleep in the tub
Loaded on drugs - like I was imitating Whitney
Talk to god, just pray that he forgive me in sleep (Rest!)
Depressed, I been stressed
And weighted the world on my chest, like I'm bench-
pressing a planet I get dressed
On a one man mission - hopped in my bucket with a bad transmission
My hands itching
Yeah I'm past bitching and complaining
And ain't trying to land in nobody's damn prison
But I gotta take a chance - Man listen
My pops was a magician, like David Blaine mixed with a mime
He disappeared, didn't say a thing
Nigga bounced out, out to [?] in Kansas
Now I gotta find out where this fuck nigga pants is
Man of the house, throw on his trousers
Nothing like a child in them pedophile browsers
But still a child lost his innocence 'n a frown live where the smile did
Snatch purses and rap verses - I was a wild kid
Fast forward to this gun in your face
Mouth covered in tape
I want what's in your safe
I want you to resist
So I can take all my anger out on somebody who ain't got nothin' to do with
this shit
Lord!

You don't know about the struggles in this bitch
Late at night, stomach growling
While you cuddle with your bitch
And they tell me I would even go through troubles if I'm rich
But I rather have something
Cause having nothing is a bitch (Lord!)

La La La La La
You don't know about the struggles in this bitch (Lord!)
La La La La La
You don't know about the struggles in this bitch (Lord!)

God bless the child that got his own, let's see
I ain't got nothing I wonder will God bless me
I ain't saying being rich 'll make me stress free
but I'd rather see what that do while I'm on my jet skis

(Yeah right, I'm hungry e'ry night, and I never smile, got my poker face air tight)

Down on my knees accidentally using profanity

I can't even say a prayer right,

I just want a pair o' nikes

I just wanna wear a white tea and keep my hair tight

I just want a fair fight

I just want a fair life

Is that too much to ask for?

Tell me is that too much to ask for?