

Another Place & Another Time

Struggle Jennings

That was another place an' another time

Raised by an outlaw, born to a hustler
Searchin' for my daddy's killer, where's Colonel Mustard
Never knew black an white, only rich or poor
Momma's standin' in the rain, knockin' on the preacher's door
She had problems, had to mend on her own
So she left her little homey at home (yeah)
To fend for his own, fourteen an I'm forced to be grown
I'm at the kitchen table splittin' a zone
Gotta get money
No lights, stay warm, smell the propane
Lookin' through the neighbor's window just to catch the Soul Train
Live by the creed, persuaded by the dope man
I seen lives turn to ashes on a coke can
Still received profits from things that were wrong
The CD was scratched but they was playin' my song
With the clip on the K I'm so bananas
Tryna hide myself behind black bandannas

There were Kings an Queens on down the line
That was another place and another time
An your memory is splattered on my mind
That was another place and another time

I feel immortal, ways are so immoral
Fate trapped on tapes in a Federal recorder (yeah)
So force the aura to give ya'll a good vide
No paranoia, constant smiles like a good high
But all the while inside the chamber anger bubbles
Why struggle, hear the pain inside a hustler's mumble
Even though it sounds subtle I can still hear it loud
Got faith to move mountains can I move this crowd
I got my goals in clear view I'm headin' for it
But first I gotta' hit these streets an get the bread for it
Feds takin' pictures, but I still move
I might win this round but I'ma' still lose
Ten grand in the bag, brown bag special
Underneath the seat, a thirty eight special
Witness said "sketch 'em", detective said "we'll catch 'em"
Papa's still contestin', but momma said "arrest 'em"

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Real life I'm out here fightin' the curse
Real talk, my real life lives on every verse
I'm an outlaw, life has took a turn for the worse
Feel like I'm hustlin backwards like the fifth to the first
But I endure the struggle, I embrace the hustle
With the weight of my hood on my back it's makin' muscle
I'm like a hustler on his last pack, Earnhardt on his last lap
Pac on his last track, It's all on the line
I struggled for a moment in time, now I feel like this moment is mine
(Whatchu' say Struggle?)

I struggled for a moment in time, now I feel like this moment is mine
An I'll be damned if I let you throw a wrench in my grind, I'm clenchin' my
nine
Be damned if I sit in this line, I wait for no man
It's certain what I got I deserved it, if you try to take it from me then it
's curtains
(We'll holler atcha')

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An your memory's are splattered on my mind
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I know that only mountains an rivers remained
But that was another place an another time
Oh your memory's splattered on my mind
Oh but that was another place an another time