

Struggle Rapper

Sylvan LaCue

Wassup, wassup everybody
As ya'll know, it's your man Dupri of So So Def
Host of the survival of the freshest rap battle tour at the end of last year
Now I mean I wanna thank everybody for coming out
And everybody for showing their support
Here's the deal
I watched videos from all the contestants
And I've chosen one who I think is the best
It's the homeboy QuEST from Miami
So QuEST, you're on your way to Atlanta, Southside Studios
And get a track by me for your demo deal

And all I hear is, QuEST you got the talent, so tell me why you ain't blow n
igga?
Don't even know nigga
Matter fact, I know
I just hate to admit that I made mistakes in my past
I wish I had the chance to erase
Industry be treated like a relay
And every night I replay
Situations where it could have been on nigga
Masonry is still fucking with my dome nigga
What's even worse is that my 11 G's they gave me
To compensate for the loss, I blew in less than 7 months nigga
Imagine coming back to what happened with JD
After bragging to everyone, like niggas bout to pay me
19, thinking like this is the shit I work for
I cried myself to sleep for three days straight, no homo
Fuck it, back to these rhymes, no wasting time on the could have been
Or should have been, just spit my struggles till I'm maxed out
I black out, five tapes dropped in less than a year or two
A buzz I felt would place me amongst the hottest
But nah, nigga
Sit your black ass down
You in the same situation with your black ass now
One of your projects could have got you the shine that you revered
But you dropped it, and like an idiot just fucking disappeared
I was young and stupid, plus no type of assist or direction
A proper representation, no plan to keep me a method
Shit it, I'm hard headed
Would think that I would learn, but did it again twice
Like it was nothing of my concern
Struggle rapper, what are you after
Ever since seven I looked to heaven, don't let it happen
My barber gave me free cuts
Told me if you ain't rapping, forget it
I'm fucking taxing, no asking
That's why my passion has never been lacking
I'm looking for some answers
When niggas that you started with seem to master the art of it
And climb beyond the stances
Reminiscing when Kendrick was prepping on dropping OD
When Cole released The Warm Up, but on my mama I had cold feet
Fast forward a couple years later, you see the time pass
Like what progression have I made, excuses made
At some point my jealousy raging
When I should be looking inside

But I don't want to face it, save it
Plus I'm dealing with life shit
Like how the fuck I'm finna pay my lights shit
Support a 9 to 5 or full time just rhyme shit
Choking on this music while it has me in a Heimlich
The same that saved me can destroy me, what a science
You don't get me though
But 22 and in my mama's house
Barely graduated, fuck is college when the drama's out
Fired from my recent job and filed for unemployment
Pay a bill to silence scrutiny and bring about enjoyment
This music's only real if you can somehow pay the bills
And I ain't eating worth a shit, but in time I know I will
You can't tell that to the woman who brought your life in this world
Supporting you while you chasing dream and sex with your girl
In your little brother's room while he's sleeping out on the couch
I feel embarrassed to even let it come from out of my mouth
Damn! (Shit is real)
And that's just only half of the story
I'll take you back to 07, shit is true
When I was kicked out, spent my last 20 on a cool
In the course of five years, I returned to where I left from
Acquired the desire, and lost it faster than Red Rum
Don't even fret or guess when I hear these rapper you diss
Like they got it
And I'm the one that was slept upon and just missed
I dismiss that
Peace to the niggas getting their kit kat
No love and showing hate, that's how a bitch act
I swear I'll never get that
But won't even lie I wish that it was me
Half of these niggas take for granted what they see
That's why when niggas get multiple chances to do it right
And fail to follow up, it makes me sick to my knees
Struggle rapper, what are you after
This could be beautiful, or turn into a great disaster
Truly my calling, I just hope I didn't miss it
If I did, God tell me or just leave a little message
I'm stressing on a certain when certainty lies at fate
And my faith was [?] your labor
Forgive me now for sinning, but inconsistent behavior
Sometimes I get the holy ghost like Jesus is my savior
Turn around and doubt the path you lay for me to walk your favor
A human with a dream of rhyming
Music is changing so much I barely notice the climate
Maybe my image needs improvement
Maybe I'm doing too much on my own
And need to drop some of this weight on my team for me to get known
I'm my own label, my own publicist, my own composer
My own engineer, a lone soldier
I got to keep me motivated
Everybody I know has made it
Struggling the most in a circle full of personal favors
You know I spit it from the heart nigga
It's been like this from the start nigga
The only thing that I was taught nigga
Honesty the policy and choice, so know your part nigga
For real, you joke about it but I wake up having nightmares
Lack of recognition, 30 plus, reciting white tears
I'm torn, meaning my thoughts'll never give me my shot of being where I want
to be
Looking at my peers and feeling low within economy
Pissed off, gazing in the mirror, hardly sleeping

Missed opportunities haunting me
[?] will resent me, my wife is struggling to call me
Breaking the TV when the Grammys show and I'm not part of it
That's why I got to hustle
The nightmares feel as real as the dreams, stand clean with a lot of muscle
Even the thought of becoming worthless is motivation
So fuck you to whoever thought in they soul hating
Struggle rapper, just don't become a struggle rapper
Whatever you after, don't waste your time and become a laughter
The fans turn into a blind motivation
But I still understand, it takes time, no patience
Though, this is everything I saw
Nothing else besides me and these motherfucking flows
I need this one chance, and I promise I will show
Everyone who seem to tell me what I already know

What are you after?
What will you sacrifice?
No matter what you choose
Don't let em see you die

You have one new voice message
First voice message

"Hey QuEST it's Chris from Visionary Music Group
Give me a call when you get this
Thanks"