

# 2Pac, Stugglin

(feat. Live Squad)

(Eat a dick up)

&quot;Stick up, stick up, stick up kids...

still don't nothin move but the money&quot; -- [Rakim]

[Verse One: Live Squad]

Strugglin, jugglin, got it to the black man  
Eatin the scams like I was motherfuckin Pac Man  
Cops step off, you know the flavor  
They fear the ruffneck niggaz with the lunatic behavior  
And now we gotta eat, gotta make ends meet  
Stabbin for a fee, it gets hard on the fuckin streets  
It's like a madness, fuck making gravy  
I rhyme and do crimes, cuz either way pays me  
A little rough with a hardcore... theme  
Couldn't rough something rougher in your... dreams  
Mad rugged so you know we're gonna... rip  
With that roughneck nigga named 2Pacalypse  
Representing YG'z yo  
Flip Stretch Homicide and my nigga Gambino  
Seek and Po can't forget Money Bags  
Stickin up spots and jumpin in Jags  
Gotta get ahead and always stay bumblin  
And always keep a hand on the gat  
Cuz a niggaz straight strugglin

[Verse Two: Live Squad]

I used to be on tour, but now I'm sick of strugglin  
I thought about bumpin, but mother-fuck jugglin  
I know it lasts longer, gets my pockets thicker  
But I'd rather use my gun cause I get the money quicker, so bust it  
Look as I cut the records hard to eject  
A quick clip threw my body down uhh! it's another hit  
I got energy to blast now you want the task here  
Cuz of the light a motherfucker shot that ass up  
But rugged and rough is how I'm steppin  
Mac is the weapon, and it's always kept in  
Eye on the Mac cause the dogg got it goin on  
If you come up steppin you'll be lit like a hick  
So you better chill, cause I got too much money to get  
A street thug in the motherfuckin house, I'm strugglin  
Get drunk but I don't think  
I'm just in it for the money, don't be a punk snitch  
When I yank up my gun, don't run don't bitch  
Cause ya know if you do, you'll be layin in a ditch  
You'll get your stupid ass blown out the frame  
Cause I'm playing to win, and survive in the game  
I'm strugglin

[Verse Three: 2Pac]

Big up, big up, got him in the frame, bang  
Ain't nothin changed set it off I let the brains hang  
Guess who's back, to put niggaz on they back  
Till I call back, niggaz runnin free better fall back  
I'm fifty niggaz deep beat sleep  
with a Mossberg wrapped in my seats  
three deep in my Jeep chief run with the Young Gunz  
Strugglin and strivin, that's how the dough come  
Now get gunned by the one with the gun for the low goal  
Throw a bolo so low when I flow yo

Much too high to read the signs, I'm blind  
Clickin on the nine, out to get mine  
I go big up, big up, gotta make the room, boom  
Blowin motherfuckers to the moon  
Niggaz need to feel me a real G, home from the bumblin  
See me on the block, strugglin  
And rollin with the roughnecks nuff checks cashed  
I get in niggaz ass, blast  
Straight strugglin