

Busta Rhymes, The Struggle Will Be Lost

[Chorus]

Now this is the tale of a murderer who comes from the caucus cliffs

[Busta in background] happy Thanksgiving
he robbed and stole and killed for greed and packed us on slave ships

[Busta in background] happy Thanksgiving
he took us off to stolen lands it seemed like hell for sure

[Busta in background] happy Thanksgiving
with the crack and the guns, death and disease they called for you and your

[Busta in background] happy Thanksgiving
No whips no brew no weed to smoke not a single luxury
If not for the bloodshed that it cost the struggle would be lost

[Busta] say it again
the struggle would be lost

[Busta] say it again
the struggle would be lost

[Busta] say it again
the struggle would be lost

[Busta] say it again
the struggle would be lost

[Busta] say it again
the struggle would be lost

[Verse 1]

The struggle will be lost

If you continue to do the shit you be doin' with disloyalty nigga

Now that explains why in each ward you avoiding me nigga

Knowing now it takes nothing to be destroying a nigga

Conditioned with a mind to shit on your brother

Flossing with jewelry and whips just like a dick and still live with your mother

Copping shit that superceded your salary

Where is your loyalty to your own blood and taking care of your family

Funny how you sit and drink what you drink

Thinking the foulest shit and not even knowing why you think how you think

Must be the reason why we aren't aware

Because the devil know how guilty and filthy he is in all his affairs

Fucking with my mind when I was a youngster

Cause he know if we knew the truth we'd make his ass run from amongst us

That's why we thinking that it's better to ball

while the devil be sitting and watching plotting how to murder us all

now this

[Chorus]

[Verse 2]

Hey yo

That's why I'm hustling harder

Now I'm in a huddle seeing the struggle in my mother and father

That's why my persona will come with such a karma to be getting this paper

Cause I ain't with the slavery labor

A lot of niggas in the hood probly relate to me greater

than those that believe when they die they going to meet the creator that's crazy

how we become slaves

to mental death and power that comes with becoming even more of a dumber ass

the devil robbing you blind

concealing the truth from niggas while we be struggling they murder the mind

the wickedness sneak on you quicker when they creep from behind

continue to speak the truth ?til it weaken your spine

now check it

the jewel I give you be the beat the beat for the time

you can't see it like you living on a street for the blind

young whitty hustler niggas that stick with the grind

fly cuisine food poisoned cause you eatin' the swine

I stay struggling and doin' for delf

Then I dig in my body deeper and do a little knowledge of self

They wonder why they catch a nigga on the weed sell
Better be careful what you saying on them e-mails
Now listen
They got your mind in a prison
You can do whatever you want but focus if you desire to listen
As I say it I hope you feelin' the wrath
Create a hammer to make a man that a beat you in the head with the math
Now this

[Chorus]