## **Hard Times**

Born in the hood, I'm a O.G. gangsta My Poppa Was A Rolling Stone, rock-n-roll gangsta There's a war on the streets Like the war in Iraq Viva la raza, bring our gente back Hard time on the front line, A.K.'s and tech nines Soldiers comin' home Half dead and half blind Diein' for what? I'm a drug cause Six hundred and seventy, 'round soldiers lost That's some bullshit Like the war on the streets Young ones diein' over some twenty year old beef Cholo shot back, hood's still up to no good Now he's doing 25 up in the real hood Life in the pen With no real friends Just shut the fuck up and cough for the men Raza, wake up It's my job Slow Pain, the O.G., with the homie Lil Rob Man, I know this vato talkin' this and that About where he from, and about where he's at How gangster he is, and how he's bustin' cap You need to kick back, homie, just relax And take a chill pill, for real, pull down the steel And put ya fists up, when it's time to get, I'll The grill from the chest, mano a mano Somos Chicanos Somos hermanos What up, loco, it's the real O.G. Lil Rob got my back, when I'm ballin' in the S.D. Packin' a chrome I'm a sign like a cellphone Loc'ed After Dark like the homie Tone Loc Bang Banq And I burn rubber Trey sit back to a stolen Hummer When I'm dippin' out In my brown Impala The brown super hero, hold it down for the raza Yeah Yeah To all the soldiers livin' hard times My heart goes out That's why I write lines From the cora, hun We speak ahora And drop those gangsta hits we call rolas This is for the homies and for the cholas You know Mexicanos got the chrome pistolas

It's all about the green

## Lil Rob

The white The red This Mexicano sets the west coast trend Hey, what's happenin', man It's ya homeboy Ese Lil Rob That's right Thanks for pickin' up the Mextape Twelve Eighteen Uncut For the streets For the calles That's right Put it down for the brown side of town That's right I say what's up to everybody out there, doin' they thang