

Hard Time Hustlin'

Krayzie Bone

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Mama been laid off, she ain't workin' no mo'
Papa been laid off, he say things done got slow
My brother's been laid off, he been locked down
For more than two years now

My world is crumblin', time is hard they were before
But, oh, my God, mama mad at pops 'cause he ain't workin'
But today she lost her job, now what in the fuck
Is we suppose to do? We on our last loaf of bread

Got cereal, but no milk, Kool-Aid, no sugar, what the hell?
And here come Mr. Bill collector beatin' down our door for dough
Mama say when they come knockin'
Y'all don't say nothin', shh, get on the floor

Kind of hard to see at night
In a house when it ain't got no lights and shit
No gas or water, had to borrow H2O from my relative
Man, it feels like I ain't even here

I'm ready to get up and get all my own
But I got three more fuckin' years
Nigga 15, with a big dream to make it on out this ghetto
But the devil won't settle, fuckin' up my levels, he won't let go

I'm livin' to die, it seems I just can't win
Now I'm high but I'm stoppin' to realize I drunk this whole fifth of Gin
(Nigga damn)
I'm 17 and drinkin' like I'm grown up
I got some problems, plus I need some money
And it's really all because

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Juvenile nigga, done strugglin', hustlin', strugglin' like I want it
Then fuck school, right now I'm hungry
And I can't eat that damn diploma
But on this corner I can eat everyday, all I gotta do is slang this yay

Nigga, if business keep going this way me
And my family is fin to be straight
I'm glad I took that fifty dollars that grandma gave me
Bought me a double up, now it's all about comin' up

I'ma pay ya back next week, repeat
Took my ass straight to the block with hand full of rocks
Y'all and it's my first time I'm lowin', watchin' for cop cars
By the end of the night a nigga sold all the rocks

I'm trippin' out lookin' at all the dough I got
I shoulda been came a sold the block and locked it
Made me some profits, so nigga tonight
My people gonna be eatin' on lobster

Hate to say it but I think these streets done really created a monster
'Cause now that I see how quick I can come about breakin' the law
Why in the hell is you steady tellin' me to go and get a job?
Fuck that, nigga, this my thing right now I know
I'm walkin' home happy, smilin' and I ain't even thinkin' about

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Business was boomin' so a nigga assuming I could do some improving
Like new jewels, clothes, shoes, Cadillac Coupe, I'm out here doin' it
Got me a cold ass broad and that's something I never had
But I'm never mad 'cause I done snagged one bad

One with my young ass, once I turned 18 it was on
But my brother started writing home, tellin' me to leave this shit alone
I say, what? Nigga, he don't know that I'm too deep in this
I'm livin' and breathin' the street shit

And if I don't play the crook, you ain't gonna have shit on your books
Look, gimme a minute, I'll chill in a minute, I promise I will
As soon as I finished this last load, I'ma drop the dice after this last rol
l
Little did he know, I got no intentions on leavin' this shit here
I'm feelin' to get rich here

When you get out, you'll have some shit here if you still care
Made enough money to move my moms and pops to a new pad
They was suspicious but they ain't trippin'
'Cause this more shit than we ever had

But shit went bad, six in the morning
Crashing through my door was the Feds
And they want that bread, we want you and I'm like ooh, shit
Shoulda listened to my brother, huh? But I'm like fuck it now

Mama got to buggin' out when them po, po got to cuffin' pops
Now I'm in the courtroom when that asked me how I plea
I tell the judge straight up, I've been havin' problems
And it's all because

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