

Hard Times

Ludacris

I'm tryin to make it through these hard times (hard, times)
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Hard times (hard), hard times (hard)

You never know how much you miss a person, until they gone
Like to hear it? Hear it go, I'm rehearsing, gotta sing my song
I know I've done some wrong, but I can't get right
Cause life is like a big fight
I'm stickin-and-movin, tryin to get my shit right
My family's been houndin me, friends they done turned against me
Kinda like they hearts was on a full tank, but now they empty
And they say I've changed, but like twins I'm just the same
It's because of my job, mo' money mo' prob in this dirty game
This industry FUCKED UP
That's right I said it, and it's fake as ever
Keep real niggaz around me, stay "Space Age 4 Eva"
Po-ppa never went and jumped the broom, never got that one degree
But if you looked down from heaven, you'd still be proud of me
Your son was DUI, but my momma made it by
I didn't shed no tears when you left me
but the rest of the family cried
Trials and tribulations, ruined my concentration
Losin my patience, hard times for goodness sake'n

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As this Valium slowly starts to kick in
Them subconscious, subliminal thoughts, start tickin
This whole world around me, diseased, and crumblin
Babies doin dope cause daddy did it right in front of them
Everybody wanna blame music for they bad kids
Sittin up in the court talkin 'bout Eminem made me do what I did
My own hard times rolled in like the fog
Try to think of others, but I can't get past my own thoughts
My momma, in 1967, pickin cotton
While other blacks was gettin liberated, boycottin
My old man was a player, ain't no hidin that
He started tootin then he graduated to smokin crack
I never saw him, never needed to see that muh'fucker
He left me and my mother stuck down here in this fuckin gutter
I tattoed it on my arm so I can't forget it
It's in my mind and my heart so I'm forever with it

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A drum machine, the old fo'-track, and a pack of new tapes
In the middle of, 1988, in a corner cafe
We made beats, and hung with old heads, and stayed out late at night
Do talent shows, fo'-way split the dough, that was our way of life
My momma stayed, home full time so she could raise me
Knowin without a, household father, things could get crazy
Sometimes I listened, sometimes I thought I knew it all
But nevertheless, momma was with me through it all
I graduated out of nothin, not out of school, it was like
12, 13, 14 years I'm thinkin cool
I might as well, be focusin on me tryin to get paid
Usin these rhymes I've been writin since in the 7th grade
Our team played, and had physical sex with minimum wage
It was just like a piece of pussy
It fucked me long as I stayed
But still I prayed, Lord I'm tryin now please help me out the water
It can't get no harder
Help me to get back up and get my shit tomorrow

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