

# Rock and a Hard Place

Ludacris

Yeah yeah  
It's an everyday struggle  
Trying to get out  
Trying to get out  
Trying to make it  
Check this out nigga  
What

I'm stuck in between a rock and a hard place  
Bad luck is what results from my paper chase  
I keep looking it ain't no dough  
So I don't wanna look no mo what  
(2x)

I need to get away to another day or place in time  
And find where reality can ease my mind  
And shine on me like the sons of the earth  
For what it's worth my turf is ruff and rugged so I gave birth  
To a dream where cream lies between  
All the dirt and the gravel so I battle to achieve my green  
And still try to move forward at a steady pace  
Cause bad luck is interfering with my paper chase  
So I erase the crime lies and sad cries  
Wit sore eyes and keep mines on the uprise  
But it don't work cause im steady getting jerked  
By my neighborhood up to no good where bad niggas lurk  
The urk me leaving effects that's too negative  
So Ludacris is looking for a better place to live  
And I can't stand it it's really got me buggin  
It's like im in the war and I just keep on tuggin cause i'm

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I try to find a way outta this maze  
It's got me crazed im in a daze  
So many ways to boost into a different phase  
But I can't think I can't do nothing  
You think I'm fronting  
You hear me grunting  
Lord you ain't even saying nuttin  
I need some currency before there's an emergency  
Forget crimes I won't let my mind get the best of me  
It's not gone happen I'm trapped in two worlds  
On one side I see diamonds on the other I see pearls  
It's a whirlwind disaster with two damn sides  
So i'm gone with the wind and come right back with the tide  
Cause I keep my eyes on the skies and my head in the clouds  
And when my mouth is shut up it makes my thoughts get loud  
It's like a crowd in a stadium  
Mils I be craving em  
Money making schemes locked up in my cranium  
Cause I need outta this critical situation  
My mind's in jail I don't know the time that it's facing i'm

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I'm sick of knockin I'm sick of clocking  
I'm sick of droppin in a hole never reaching my goal  
It's got my soul separated into pieces  
It just increases  
I'm hit wit anger like a cooked tit wit hot greases  
So if you understood my attitude  
Maybe you feel what i'm feeling  
And then it start appealing  
To ya intellect and aspect of dreams and aspirations  
Death by temptations even got my heart basting  
So i'm tracing the line where I can find a better path  
And make it last sit back and laugh before the aftermath  
The tragic flaw is what makes it raw  
So let it fall and i'll get through it even if I have to crawl  
My way, I see the sun and there's no delay  
And i'ma pray cause the lord will make a brighter day  
Or will he keep me in his holding cell  
But enough wit the questions the only story to tell  
is that I'm

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