

Hard Times

The Roots

[John Legend]

Yeah-yeah, ooohhhhhhhhhh
So many hard times
Yea-yeahhhhhh, ooohhhhhhhhhh
Yeahhhh-yeah-yeah-yeah, yeah-yeahhhh
YEAHHHHH, yeah-yeah
YEAHHHHHHHHHHH

Cold, cold eyes upon me they stare
People all around me and they're all in fear
They don't seem to want me but they won't admit
I must be some kind of creature up here having fits
From my party house, I'm afraid to come outside
Although I'm filled with love, I'm afraid they'll hurt my pride
So I play the part I feel they want of me
And I pull the shades so I won't see them seeing me

[Chorus: John Legend - 2X]

Having hard times, in this crazy town
Having hard times, there's no love to be found

[John Legend]

Yeah, yeah, yeah
In my party house I feel like meeting others
Familiar faces, creed and race, a brother
But to my surprise I find a man corrupt
Although he be my brother, he wants to hold me up

[Chorus: John Legend - 2X]

[Black Thought]

Check it out, seventeen years and counting
I'm tryna climb up the rough side of the mountain
Friends warned me I'ma have to do it without them
No problem really, it was never about them
So my house, I never come out from
cause every day a drought, then a shadow of doubt come
I'm down to do whatever if it better my outcome
The city's like the Audubon Ballroom waiting on Malcolm
Cause people wanna see my blood flow like fountains
I got nowhere to go and still feel like bouncing
I'm looking for the closest window I can rap from
or for the highest speaker-box that I can shout from
And I'm hoping to feel like something is real
But it's no hope when you are but a spoke in a wheel
A brick in a wall, tryna find an opening still
Having hard times, tryna climb over the hill

[John Legend]

Yeah, so many hard times, yeah, yeah
Sleeping on motel floors, yeah, yeah
Knocking on my brother's door
Eating Spam, Oreos
Drinking Thunderbird baby, yeaaaaaaahhhh

[Chorus: John Legend - 4X]

[John Legend]
Yea-yeah, yea-yeah, yeah
Yeah, yeah, yeaaaaahhh, yeah
Yeah, mmmmm, yeah, yeaaaah
So many hard times, yeah, yeah
Sleeping on motel floors, yeah, yeah
Knocking on my brother's door
Eating Spam and Oreos
Drinking Thunderbird baby, ohhhhhhhhhh, yeah
I don't wanna do it no more
No-no-no, no-no
I don't wanna go back there no more
No-ohhhhhh
I don't wanna, I don't wanna, I don't wanna, I don't wanna..