

## Hard Times

Z-Ro

Hard times, look over your peoples cause everybody dying  
Osama Bin Loden is dropping bombs man, in a situation like this  
How can I reach calm man, calm man, my nigga  
This is hard times, like its so much gun smoke and see the stars  
Shine  
We living on dreams but is they coming true, what I'm gonna do  
Make a million and pull a stunt or two, a stunt or two

Step into the world of a mob nigga, live in so much pain  
The rain steady pumping me up, locked down on hard times  
But I'm knowing that I gotta make it, running on my deadline  
Giving out flat lines, cause if you think that I'm feeling  
Fucking up by mine man, I gotta maintain  
Its like everything that I had, it won't ever be the same  
I feel I'm sicking home the cemetery  
'Cause that's where all of my people rest  
I can't take the stress, I'm fin to send it through somebody chest  
That's why I walk around pissed off, strapped with a vest  
I done been through a lot, ready to release the glock  
Vicinity South, a brother on my Dickie, I be ready to ride  
And I'm sick of this shit, I ain't fin to be hiding out, lately  
Street life's got a nigga lost, will I wind up in a coffin  
I don't know, I'm about to blow, I don't wanna take no mo'  
But when I bust in a rush, you better hit the flow  
Reality is a motherf\*\*ker, that's what they was telling a nigga  
That's just the truth, I lost my nigga Screw  
And Relay too and Andrew, now what about Danny Boo  
That's fucked up, growing up in a childhood all alone with nobody  
No mama no daddy, Z-Ro I see why these niggas can't relate to us  
'Cause we them thugs of another kind  
Making these niggas feel us two rhymes  
'Cause if they lived the life that we live  
They'd probably be broke down, crying and dying

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Living in the ghetto, everyday is a motherfucking test  
And I just can't rest, gotta keep a vest around my chest  
Seem like everybody wanna start a little plex  
Nigga but not me though, I'm trying to focus  
On bigger and brighter thangs  
Steady trying to come out the storm  
From hurricanes, to heaven and lighter rain  
Running away from the police

Nigga fuck peace, its all about war  
Nothing but a A-K and a H-K and a Tommy Gun  
Sitting in the back of the car, I just can't cope  
Everybody is a suspect, even if you don't bust I'ma bust back  
We down to ride and, all you little  
Bitches and niggas get off my nut sack

Been eighteen lonely years, since I buried my T Dogs  
When I be shooting the breeze  
But I'm still conversating like she ain't gone  
You can take a look at this light of mine  
Never did glimmer, never did shine  
'Cause I resort to a life of crime  
And I know I'm wrong, but I gotta get mine  
Fools don't understand me, a nigga be nervous 24/7  
Puffing on sticky, eyes redder than period candy  
Look at my pockets, I might as well stop it  
Because them hoes on flat, look in the freezer  
And a sive, ain't nothing but a stomach, these are hard times

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Ro pass me the AK, one of these niggas  
Fin to pay for everything that I'm feeling, ain't no more healing  
To the head with lead, is the only thing I'ma be drilling  
My nigga this hard times, and the way that it look  
I don't think that it's gonna get better, the only thing that's here  
Is to suck it up, inside I know that's why we not giving a fuck  
Ready to bust, on anything this life feeling, like we on our last breath  
I'm quiet as kept, my nigga don't start  
Or else somebody gon see they death  
Or hate us like that, but this side of Trae it be like that all times  
The only thing that I know more than pain, is pain and me never dying

Poverty stricken and headed to prison  
Running because of the life, you looking for codeine  
Or amphetamines, I got em at the cheapest price  
Living by the rules of the street life, fin to get niggas  
Better beat the street light home, after dark I par-park  
Everybody be tripping, attempting to get rich  
Dig a bigger ditch bitch bleed, I'm a motherfucking man  
Trying to do all that I can, I always held my ground  
And I never ran, got shot for taking a stand  
I need a plexing, because I'm stressing, losing my mind  
Smoking Wesson, my head I'm pressing, hard times

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(2x)