

## **Southside Playaz f/ Big Moe, H.A.W.K. "Hard II Survive"**

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(\*talking\*)

It ain't as easy as it seem, gon put it down though  
Know I'm saying, holding our head up steady getting  
fed up  
19-9-8 Laf-Tex Records, Boss Hog Corleone take one

[Hook: (Big Moe) - 2x]

Man it's so hard, to survive in the game (it's so hard)  
When these trials and tribulations, man it's fucking with  
my brain  
If I could rearrange, every damn thang (it's so hard)  
My skin is my sins, so this shit'll never change

[Mike D]

They say it's hard but fair, chopped off welfare  
Expect us not to sell dope, you tell me what's fair  
This judicial system, is modernized slavery  
And Uncle Tom niggaz getting pimped, on the daily  
Seems to me, why you got the situation under control  
But if we stay fed up, we can't hold our head up  
Without focus one faith move, and you lose  
Feel my blues, cause many niggaz know my shoes  
I just ask the Lord, to forgive me of my sins  
And when I make it to the gates, make sho' that he deal  
me in  
Reel me in feel me yeah, so I can reunite  
With Fat Pat, Michael Price and my boy Pat Lemon  
See these niggaz, got the rules of the game all wrong  
I'm that Don Corleone, and I'm a hog till I'm gone  
Gotta be strong just to hold on, can't fold homes  
Through the struggle we got to roll on, on the realer

[Hook - 2x]

[Mike D]

Why everytime a young nigga, trying to have it and  
shine  
Fucked up situations occur, to bring you right back  
down  
That's why I hustle like it's legal, and pray on trying  
Stanging my licks out of town, sliding my bricks

through Greyhound  
See I'm a young self made nigga, out to get it  
I'm hungrier than a pit, that been starving a million  
minutes  
To them smidget digit hustlers, pan hustling on the  
streets  
Trying to say they on ass, by bringing cool niggaz heat  
But I'ma point you out, cause you's a snitch bitch  
And all my G's that's round me, need to know about  
flow about  
Show about, cause you's a fake G  
Trying to be something you not, like that boy Mike D  
But I be moving on, because it's hard in these streets  
And if you don't work, you don't eat  
I break concrete, like I split down them ki's on a daily  
basis  
Counting my big faces, going different places

[Hook - 2x]

[H.A.W.K.]

See I'm caught up in this game, on my quest for pocket  
change  
Where attitude is the golden rule, if you wanna  
maintain  
My distribution of cocaine, that's getting me worldwide  
fame  
So sit back and let me explain, how I mastered this  
thang  
This dirty game now who's to blame, for all these trials  
and tribulations  
Jealousy and envy, only adds to frustration  
Law confrontations plus player hating, and this white  
man's legislation  
Leads to racial segregation, with less of than  
occupations  
More complications ain't gon help, to fulfill my needs  
I want it all so I could ball, to contain my greed  
Oh yes indeed smoe plenty weed, as I aim to succeed  
Gotta have paper mayn, must feed my brother's seed  
As you can see it's up to me, to utilize my strategy  
And be all I can be, and put it down for P-A-T  
Now feel me and see, that I keep up my guards  
From the fakes and frauds, and these scandalous  
broads life is hard

[Hook - 2x]

