

Sparkle F/ Memphis Bleek

"Hard Times"

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[Chorus: Carl Thomas]

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

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

Hard times (hard), hard times (hard)

[Verse One: Ludacris]

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

[Chorus]

[Verse Two: Eightball]

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

[Chorus]

[Verse Three: MJG]

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

[Chorus] - 2X

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