

## Yukmouth

# "Hard TymeZ"

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f/ Trae, Z-Ro

[Hook - Tonya]

Its hard tymeZ...its hard tymeZ...its hard tymeZ  
Its hard tymeZ...its hard tymeZ...these hard tymeZ

[Z-Ro]

My people get crushed on by poverty, got lives that  
scarred  
Single mother selling her body, nigga times are hard  
Wheres the Lord when I need a blessing  
Devil's be after me supply your child with a weapon  
My nigga ran up in a bank, sixty seconds for a lifetime  
bid  
And I don't get ???, now he selfish just for trying to  
feed his kid  
I'm living for mo', lead us out of slavery  
Revolution is coming but for now we waiting patiently  
Started out fiending to eat and starving together  
So when we crumble, survive of this place start robbing  
each other  
We got 'jects and those that eject, and those that die  
Refuse to come up out their shit so now they close they  
eyes  
Ask my nilla servin milla at that mexican joe  
Muthafuckers ran up with AK's straight letting em go  
We tried to walk straight and narrow but we end up  
going to jail  
For selling drugs, no wonder my people out here  
smelling blood

[Hook]

[Trae]

These hard times really be crazy and I don't want to  
lose it  
But the reality got the pistol b, and I feel like I abused it  
Till the banks peeping through cracks hoping I see the  
light  
So every night I praying to God, I'm beggin he make  
me right

True 'nuff, we gotta be our own man dying ain't part of  
my plan  
I've been broke all through my life so struggling and  
new to me man  
I lost family after family, sittin lonely in my zone  
The only way I express myself is when I'm doing these  
songs  
I throw the drugs I prefer to face ??? with my pain  
I stay in my lane but appeal to people I'm doing the  
same  
My brother Deeky in the pen facing three with a L  
The only thing that he ever see was penitentiary cell  
Through all my niggaz pass, even Big Mello too  
To Mafio to Screw Up Click, we gotta ride for you  
Cause these be hard times, deep down I be scarred  
times  
I want to cry but then I can't 'cause it be bar time

[Hook]

[Yukmouth]

We got evicted so its crunch time  
See me and my little sister earning free brick cheese in  
the lunch line  
Now I'm running from one time under the sunshine  
With one nine, stick to my hustle stay on my grind  
With the fine mind, body, and soul  
God placed my feet on solid ground, all ten toes  
Like the deeper than each holes in the benz-o, it's more  
like a trap  
To see how far you could get without getting blowed  
off the map  
Get stabbed in the back, getting blast with a gat  
In this ghetto and havoc thats when they move slabs of  
crack  
My parents both died, how to handle that  
We light candles and cry wish we had them back  
Sometimes I want to commit suicide blaze the steel  
My father died from having HIV, AIDS is real  
Lord forgive us 'cause we hustle just to pay the bills  
Struggled in the projects never stayed in the hills...hard  
times

[Hook] X2

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