

Chicago Bears Shufflin' Crew

"Hard Times"

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[Esham]

For the suckas that hate me
Keep my gun up off safety, while you actin all shady
Baby, thats where the snakes be
Three-one-three, D-E-T, 7 M-I-L-E
Oozi still in my pelli
It's Esham, not Alizam
Butter man, bitch swearing hard out the gutta lane
Run tell your mother man, the motherfucking cutter
man
Its just another mothafucking brother strugglin
"UH" one time for Biggie
"UH UH UH" three times for Pac, and it don't stop
When I set up shop, I bought my glock fresh up out the
box
Up out the plastic, situations drastic
Don't fuck around and get stretched like elastic
Once the glock Austria seventeen blasted
I put the bastard in his casket
Now they wrapping another up in plastic

[Chorus]

Tryin to get mine, steady with the nine
Steady on the grind, hard times (and I'm tryin to get
mine)
Tryin to get mine, steady with the nine
Steady on the grind, hard times (and I'm steady with
the nine)
Tryin to get mine, steady with the nine
Steady on the grind, hard times (and I'm steady on the
grind)
Tryin to get mine, steady with the nine
Steady on the grind, hard times (hard times)

[Violent]]

Hard times
I found a dead body on the way to school
I told nobody 'bout it, man I thought it was cool
I went and visited it, and talked with it, made it my
friend
Until it smelled so fuckin bad I couldnt handle it man

My daddy was a hard worker, always hussling change
Because he drank so much, I think he drowned his
brain
The only time we ever spoke was when he was beating
my ass
He slapped my momma up, and grabbed her purse
and dipped in for cash
It don't stop, tick tock until the break of dawn
A crooked-ass pig-cop I'm quick to break your arm
I climbed up into a tree at five-thirty AM
I'm huntin hay-am, pig-skinner good god damn
Somebody tried to kill me, but they missed, and pissed
The shit they ass when the black glass hollowtips
hissed
And I blew his head clean off, his hat landed on his
neck
And I thought, "Look at that"
Hard times

[Chorus]

[Shaggy 2 Dope]
Marinating with my forearms hanging out the jail bars
Bitch, I ain't no Mel Fahr, I ain't no superstar
But nontheless, he in a cell right next to me
I seen him sellin hot cars on this lot right on Court TV
So I sit back on my slab thinking "What the fuck?"
Toilet paper roll for a pillow, "How'd I get locked up?"
Was it the stalking, or maybe the murders?
Oh shit, maybe the booty-stabbing of Kim Mathers?
Naw, it couldn't be, she was cool with that shit
On top of that, when I pulled out, she sucked on my
dick (ewww!)
Could it have been the gat in my sock? (Nah!)
Could it been the block getting hot? (Nah!)
Could it be about the snitch getting caught? (Nah!)
Could it have been about stinkin body rot? (Yeah!)
I could've killed or I could've killed time
But I chose number one, now I'm doin hard time

[Chorus]

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