

## **Coup**

### **"Hard Concrete"**

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While growing up in the ghetto  
My time went fast  
See I be stealing from the grown ups  
Running from the tasks  
As i dash through the grass everyday  
Skipping class  
My daddy don't be tripping  
So you can kiss my ass  
Pass the doogie doobie lefthand side  
Only nine years old getting high getting high  
I wonder why my teacher's sweating me  
I did my history It don't relate to me  
My gpa 1.3  
See i remember places the names streets dates  
Anybody rolling with stolen license plates  
But if that faked out of date shit  
Wasn't in my way  
Ask me anything or where im from  
I bet i get an A minus  
In fact i am the finest  
Counting male faster than you can say your highness  
Don't combat me with dryness  
Cos i know the definition of any slang word  
So what's that synonym you're wishing?  
I want to be a lawyer  
Accused of a liar like LaToya  
So im dropping the fourth grade  
Slinging lemonade  
I am my own keeper  
A young o'erachiever  
Ten cents a cup, im a gonna have to leave that shit to  
beaver  
Now I lay me down to sleep  
Cos i can't eat my noodles right  
Dead bodies every other night

We fucking up the appetite  
Tragedy is an everyday thing  
Put on a video game sit some time  
If i can stand the pain  
Give me the knowledge from the street  
Now watch me learn it

I went to get a job  
But too young for a work permit  
Don't come my way (fool)  
I might just have to gack  
They say we growing up fast  
But we just dying faster

Chorus

Always dropping the good or villain cop  
Slam the child on the hard concrete  
Repeat  
Well it's June 17th  
It couldn't have come to me no quicker  
11 years old  
My chest a little thicker  
How you figger  
My life is gonna be bigger and better  
When that path I'm rolling on  
Is similar to that crooked letter  
Once I get a better view  
To check out that avenue  
It's drug infested  
Planted there just for me to be tested  
On the hard concrete  
Now it's three years later  
Came for me literally  
Caught me up stacking that refrigerator  
Ator  
Catching Shirley down the block  
In the bucket  
She stepped to the back  
That's when I stuck it fuck it  
My first piece of butt  
It was just my luck  
Cause nine months later  
At my door she showed up  
Damn I was stuck  
Reminiscing in my seat  
I just turned sixteen but to me  
It's not sweet  
No education  
This combination of ghetto life  
Is a strain pass the Ben Gay cream  
Eighteen looking as old as Don King  
The indo in my brain  
Keep asking my  
How many years is it until my life expectancy  
Well let's see  
Another three done take away  
And now the hustling games a part of me  
Everyday

My life is on the line  
Fool you can catch my fist  
Cos any other place  
Can be a better place than this  
Im now dismissed  
My body hit the concrete  
The bullet had no name  
As it was introduced to me  
The next morning  
Headline front page  
Young man shot cos of death of age

Try to rise above it all  
Or drown in ...  
Chorus  
Man this is really something repeat

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