

Big Tymers "Hard Life"

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For sure, lil' one, I know what you're goin' through to shine

Niggas pullin' off all type of shit

But, look if you don't know what you're doin'

You'd better catch the sideline, catch the sideline

Nigga, the block look the same, it's just crack and cocaine

Niggas losin' but we still maintainin'

Livin' life like a penitentiary with a ki in my hand

Knockin' project bricks, flippin' chickens, and movin' out quick

Hard-hustlin' 'cause we love slingin' this white shit

S.S., Monte Carlo's, hard-tops, we love that shit

'Bout two-hundred thugs with this clique

We multiply everyday for the bullshit, for the hood shit

Burned down buildin's ain't no good, slick

Niggas pullin' auctions on they own cars to get money quick

Then we dippin' and dabbin', goin' back to the labbin'

Lil' niggas payin' me for cookin' they slabbin'

Cook a brick and make it out a brick-and-halfin'

Chargin' them young g's ten G's for cookin' they slabs

Say, lil' wodie, I gots to have it

It's a hard life we livin', they 'bout they drama

We earn stripes from killin', attack like piranhas

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Look, look on the streets it ain't sweet

They be [unverified], it's not a game, homeboy, this ain't the NFL

Him just [unverified] from rippin' with the mid-deck

twelve

Hit the block in twin-SL's and spit at gals, you get that,
pal?

Once it's war, nigga, skip town
'Cause if I don't do it, be swimmin' with fish, clown
Now, crack a whole chick down, sell it in quarters
If the drama happen to hit town, I'm 'nappin' your
daughter

If the broad try to flip out, I'm cuttin' her water
If your boys try to help out, I'm killin' they fathers
When and wherever, what and however you bring it
good
I'll have your mom singin', "Hmmm hmm hmmm"

'Cause nowadays lot of niggas got coward ways
So I ride with K's to knock off the side of heads
But I'm tryin' to stay man, I'm tryin' to stay focused
What I'm tryin' to say we gon' bust it wide open

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What? What? Pimps, playas, riders, rollers, hustlers
Gangstas, thugs, criminal motherfuckers
Hit it, quit it, fuck it, leave it, flee
No evidence at your residence, that's me

Black, ugly, mean, sheisty bastard
Preachers and teachers sayin', "I'm surprised you
lasted"
Guns, drugs, bitches hot sex
Weed, crack, heroin, what's next?

Feds, cops, killers politicians
Hookers, hoes, [unverified] all on missions
Crooks, mayors, presidents, and leaders
N double A C P, rednecks and meat beaters

Mommas, baby-mommas, aunties and cousins
Scatter sites, knocked out lights, projects by the
dozens
And cars, broads, murders ghetto life

I went through all that shit
For platinum ringers and a little bit of ice

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I've been blessed, I thank the Lord everyday
For gettin' me from 'round these devils in these dark
hallways
How the fuck you gonna help me when I don't care?
Niggas see me front it all, they just look and stare

And talk about how it should be and how it could be
Bentley in my basement, ain't nobody understood me
Take care of your people like you take care of your kids
'Cause money ain't shit when you don't know how to
live

And niggas gon' pretend to be your friend when they
ain't
You expect 'em to be there until the end but they can't
Now, how many of you can say you're a real nigga?

Play the Prowler but scared to go in the field with ya
You gon' know your nigga, he gon' be there, still with
ya
Whether if it's talkin' or slingin' the steal with ya
Don't answer nobody questions
Gotta turn to the Lord with a confession

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