

French Affair

"Hard World"

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[Timbo King]

Yo, it all started when my pops left moms
At a early age, grownin up my left half gone
Reality was like a big brother keepin me wise
I used to see my mom stressed out with tears in here
eyes
My little sister at night was afraid of the dark
My aunt as she started smokin brought pain in my heart
Everyday was like a struggle cuz we had no funds
If it wasn't for this city, we was damn near bums
I went to school just to learn how to cut class quick
I was bored of education, they ain't teachin me shit
Startin hangin with the older crowd, growin in streets
The game room was the place where I met mad peeps
Got my first piece of pussy, eight-two was the year
Uncle Mooky was a drunk, always passin me beer
British walkers was the shoes that I couldn't afford
I wish life was a tape that I could push fast forward
Playin spit ball with sis cuz we had no games
Grandma spendin change just to buy rice grains
When it came to sellin drugs, my man Tre' had it sewn
Until his space got blown by the corner payphone
You see, my lifestyle was poor growin up in the slums
Always frontin like we happy when it came to the
crumbs
My fam' tree was infected with a deadly disease
No money, no jobs, no college degrees, what?

[Girl, (Timbo King)]

It's so hard in this world, It's so hard in this world
(No money, no jobs, no college degrees, what?)
It's so hard in this world, It's so hard in this world
(No money, no jobs, no college degrees, what?)

[Timbo King]

By the time I found out that the streets was a maze
Some got out, but others got burried in graves
Our jobs came and went, but it wasn't enough
My mom's rent was \$350, I was make a buck
Cold nights, no heat, had to turn on the stove
One blanket on the bed, had to sleep with our clothes

Things happened for a reason, so I made up for plans
Since I'm the man of the house, I had to bring in the
grands
My first thought was to run in a store real fast
Take the cash out the register, be out in a flash
But in the back of my mind, I heard my mom dukes say
Son, never fall victim cuz crime don't pay
My little sister started askin why we livin like this
I couldn't answer cuz society was gettin me pissed
Took a pull off a spliff to release some stress
I guess livin in the ghetto really makes you depressed
If you notice how the system got us packed like rats
Do you know why the poor blacks act like that
The whole moral of the story is that life is a blessin
Rather you here for the day or return to the essence
Set examples for the kids cuz the kids don't know
Even seeds need soil for the plants to grow
But if the soil gets spoiled, then the crops turn bad
Cuz nobody really cares about the problems you have
what?

[Girl, (Timbo King)]

It's so hard in this world, It's so hard in this world
(Cuz nobody really cares about the problems you have,
what?)

It's so hard in this world, It's so hard in this world
(Cuz nobody really cares about the problems you have,
what?)

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