

Gangsta Boo

"Bad Times"

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My rent is due and I ain't got it paid, shit I ain't got
nothing
I swear it ain't enough time in a day, these bills keep
coming
Shit's rough and money slow but I tell you one thing
It ain't much I know but I know how to hustle
So I hustle, get it by any means, I'm sick and tired of
this struggle

I gotta keep my head up, head up, head up, head up
You gotta keep your head up, head up, head up, head
up
Going through bad times

Let me take you into my world
Where some parts is all good and some parts is fucked
up
Salute to all of my ladies taking care of their babies in
the Projects
Where it drive them crazy, your strength amazing
I see you, boy, I see you over there shining nickel and
diamond
But you steady climbing and I'm reclining, smoking,
smoking on the best weed
Sometimes I buy, sometimes I get it free but I respect
the hustle
Ain't never been a petty pincher in this game
I just wanna look good, I just wanna have things
And make my grandmamma proud of me
That's why I'm up early in the morning, I'm tryina get it
And it ain't nothing going on but the money, if you ain't
got that you can get away from me
I'm a hustler like you, I be all about chips
Every month my rent's due, I don't wanna hear your
shit
Yeah, hoe

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My rent don't pay itself, motherfuckers don't know my
worth
I've seen the ups and downs, I be in the undergrounds
like I can taste the dirt
I got a shady love but nowadays I really rep it up 'cause
niggas jack move
And I ain't that dude to give up something that I love so
much
'but just to play the game one more time, homie
Let me roll the dice, I got a good feeling about mine,
homie
Shake, shake it all, I came to pin up note, enough to
make the books
I'm losing friends over petty ends, a lot of
motherfuckers are just fake as fuck
So I play the corner, scope the scene, do a duffle bag
and then getting green
Take it back to my hideout then split it up with my whole
team
Then we mash out, then we pass out ' that you cashed
out
You ain't grinding you aced out so don't come around
me with your handout and that's real
Motherfucker faker, swerve with them when I had the
paper
Put enough numbers in the major league until I made a
name in the majors
Gets greater later, all the time, thank God it let a player
shine
'Cause even when I feel short 'cause I wanted more, he
never let a player down

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When I'm focused I'm focused, pulling all kinds of
tricks to get whole hocus pocus
I done seen niggas get it, I done seen niggas lose it
'Cause they friends snitched on them, now they in jail
doing numbers
Shit crazy, ain't it? Keep your head up, in jail doing your
time
I'm a rep you all up in my rhyme and I'mma pour some
liquor and rest in peace
To my girl Latina, that shit is fucked up, I forever miss
you
But keep a mental picture of everything that we did as
young as '
We was out here thugging, them bitches wasn't
It's like tic tac, tic tac around the clock, hustle hard and
I don't stop
Why you think I'm hot? And I still keep it real with my
niggas, my niggas in the hood
You know I fuck with you, push forward like Obama
said, have faith like Jesus said
And get your money, that's what Lola says, yeah

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