

## Krayzie Bone "Hard Time Hustlin'"

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We hard time, hard time hustlin', hustlin'  
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Mama been laid off, she ain't workin' no mo'  
Papa been laid off, he say things done got slow  
My brother's been laid off, he been locked down  
For more than two years now

My world is crumblin', time is hard they were before  
But, oh, my God, mama mad at pops 'cause he ain't  
workin'  
But today she lost her job, now what in the fuck  
Is we suppose to do? We on our last loaf of bread

Got cereal, but no milk, Kool-Aid, no sugar, what the  
hell?  
And here come Mr. Bill collector beatin' down our door  
for dough  
Mama say when they come knockin'  
Y'all don't say nothin', shh, get on the floor

Kind of hard to see at night  
In a house when it ain't got no lights and shit  
No gas or water, had to borrow H2O from my relative  
Man, it feels like I ain't even here

I'm ready to get up and get all my own  
But I got three more fuckin' years  
Nigga 15, with a big dream to make it on out this  
ghetto  
But the devil won't settle, fuckin' up my levels, he won't  
let go

I'm livin' to die, it seems I just can't win  
Now I'm high but I'm stoppin' to realize I drunk this  
whole fifth of Gin  
(Nigga damn)  
I'm 17 and drinkin' like I'm grown up  
I got some problems, plus I need some money  
And it's really all because

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Juvenile nigga, done strugglin', hustlin', strugglin' like I  
want it  
Then fuck school, right now I'm hungry  
And I can't eat that damn diploma  
But on this corner I can eat everyday, all I gotta do is  
slang this yay

Nigga, if business keep going this way me  
And my family is fin to be straight  
I'm glad I took that fifty dollars that grandma gave me  
Bought me a double up, now it's all about comin' up

I'ma pay ya back next week, repeat  
Took my ass straight to the block with hand full of rocks  
Y'all and it's my first time I'm lowin', watchin' for cop  
cars  
By the end of the night a nigga sold all the rocks

I'm trippin' out lookin' at all the dough I got  
I shoulda been came a sold the block and locked it  
Made me some profits, so nigga tonight  
My people gonna be eatin' on lobster

Hate to say it but I think these streets done really  
created a monster  
'Cause now that I see how quick I can come about  
breakin' the law  
Why in the hell is you steady tellin' me to go and get a  
job?  
Fuck that, nigga, this my thing right now I know  
I'm walkin' home happy, smilin' and I ain't even thinkin'  
about

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Business was boomin' so a nigga assuming I could do  
some improving

Like new jewels, clothes, shoes, Cadillac Coupe, I'm out  
here doin' it  
Got me a cold ass broad and that's something I never  
had  
But I'm never mad 'cause I done snagged one bad

One with my young ass, once I turned 18 it was on  
But my brother started writing home, tellin' me to leave  
this shit alone  
I say, what? Nigga, he don't know that I'm too deep in  
this  
I'm livin' and breathin' the street shit

And if I don't play the crook, you ain't gonna have shit  
on your books  
Look, gimme a minute, I'll chill in a minute, I promise I  
will  
As soon as I finished this last load, I'ma drop the dice  
after this last roll  
Little did he know, I got no intentions on leavin' this shit  
here  
I'm feelin' to get rich here

When you get out, you'll have some shit here if you still  
care  
Made enough money to move my moms and pops to a  
new pad  
They was suspicious but they ain't trippin'  
'Cause this more shit than we ever had

But shit went bad, six in the morning  
Crashing through my door was the Feds  
And they want that bread, we want you and I'm like  
ooh, shit  
Shoulda listened to my brother, huh? But I'm like fuck it  
now

Mama got to buggin' out when them po, po got to  
cuffin' pops  
Now I'm in the courtroom when that asked me how I  
plea  
I tell the judge straight up, I've been havin' problems  
And it's all because

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