

"Ludacris Feat. 8 Ball, MJG & Carl Thomas" "Hard Times"

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I'm tryin' to make it through these hard times
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Hard times, hard times

You never know how much you miss a person, until
they're gone
Like to hear it? Hear it go, I'm rehearsing, gotta sing
my song
I know I've done some wrong, but I can't get right
'Cause life is like a big fight, I'm stickin'-and-movin'
Tryin' to get my shit right

My family's been houndin' me, friends they done
turned against me
Kinda like they hearts was on a full tank, but now
they're empty
And they say I've changed, but like twins I'm just the
same
It's because of my job, mo' money mo' prob in this dirty
game

This industry fucked up, that's right I said it, and it's
fake as ever
Keep real niggaz around me, stay "Space Age for Ever"
Po-ppa never went and jumped the broom, never got
that one degree
But if you looked down from Heaven, you'd still be
proud of me

Your son was D U I, but my Momma made it by
I didn't shed no tears when you left me but the rest of
the family cried
Trials and tribulations, ruined my concentration
Losin' my patience, hard times for goodness sake an'

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As this Valium slowly starts to kick in
Them subconscious, subliminal thoughts, start tickin'
This whole world around me, diseased, and crumblin'
Babies doin' dope 'cause daddy did it right in front of
them

Everybody wanna blame music for they bad kids
Sittin' up in the court talkin' 'bout Eminem made me do
what I did
My own hard times rolled in like the fog
Try to think of others, but I can't get past my own
thoughts

My Momma, in 1967, pickin' 'cotton
While other blacks was gettin' liberated, boycottin'
My old man was a player, ain't no hidin' that
He started tootin' then he graduated to smokin' crack

I never saw him, never needed to see that
motherfucker
He left me and my mother stuck down here in this
fuckin' gutter
I tattoed it on my arm so I can't forget it
It's in my mind and my heart so I'm forever with it

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A drum machine, the old 4-track, and a pack of new
tapes
In the middle of, 1988, in a corner cafe
We made beats and hung with old heads and stayed
out late at night
Do talent shows, 4-way split the dough, that was our
way of life

My Momma stayed home full time so she could raise
me
Knowin' without a household father things could get
crazy
Sometimes I listened, sometimes I thought I knew it all
But nevertheless, Momma was with me through it all

I graduated out of nothin', not out of school, it was like
12, 13, 14 years I'm thinkin' cool
I might as well, be focusin' on me tryin' to get paid
Usin' these rhymes I've been writin' since in the 7th
grade

Our team played and had physical sex with minimum
wage
It was just like a piece of pussy, It fucked me long as I
stayed
But still I prayed, Lord I'm tryin' now please help me out
the water
It can't get no harder, help me to get back up and get
my shit tomorrow

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Said I'm seein' my ship comin' in, my ship's comin' in
Said I'm just tryin' to make it
Among all the people that I live around, live around
In my neighborhood, oh yeah
Gonna make it through this, gonna make it through this
Hard times

