

Ludacris "Hard Times"

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I'm tryin' to make it through these hard times
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You never know how much you miss a person, until they
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
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 4 Eva"
Poppa 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 DUI, 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'n

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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 muh'fucker
He left me and my mother stuck down here in this
fuckin' gutter
I tattooed 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 fo'-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, fo'-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 twelve, thirteen, fourteen 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
seventh 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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