

Ludacris "Hopeless Ft Trick Daddy"

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Oh, you feel that as I take you to them dirt roads
Deep down in your southern roots
Where nobody said life was gon be easy
And we travel through this emotional rollercoaster
called life
And we have our ups and downs
Just keep in mind when you hit rock bottom
There ain't nowhere to go but up, baby
Just all about how you deal with it, ya feel me, listen
here

When life seems hopeless
It make a nigga lose focus
Empty beer bottles and roaches
Helps to get it off my chest
'Cause I'm so stressed
And all I hear is fuck the world

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Man, ever since life's been a gamble
My life's been in shambles
Double-edge swords burning both sides of the candle
But Chris, you can't handle the truth
Don't wanna face reality
So Lord, accept my apology
Please like when police say freeze
And I ain't do shit but I'm down on my knees

It's a crooked system but gin straight take the pain
away
I charge the game and put my problems on layaway
A black man but I feel so blue
So I smoke green and purple 'til my dreams come true
And my eyes turn red, the sky turns gray
Children slangin' white in the hood, we call it yay
Drinkin' Ol' Gold down my yellow brick road

Then we write my script until my story's untold
See I got a little money and my life's fed up
Now I'm fallen and I can't get up

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I had a dream about a dope fiend
And it's strange 'cause he get a Bentley right away
Seem to get just for 'bout anything
Pure survival, I want to talk with him
He said he was too busy for that
But I was more than willing to walk with him

So as we walked, he talked and I just listened
He said there's a big difference between crackers and
niggaz
And he said white folks look out for the white folks
But, uhh, black folks blame other black folks
When there ain't enough black folks

But yo, to make a long story short
We need to pay more attention
And do things that's way more convincing
He told me you know, I wouldn't say something
That wasn't worth it
And I damn sure wouldn't waste my time
Tellin' you something that'll hurt you

It's your fault for anything if you don't stand
For something that's for certain
But niggaz don't be listenin' and that shit be hurtin'
Not, not all of us but some of us
And if we don't hurry up
They gon bury each and every life of us

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Sometimes I can't deal with my daily issues
Just being sober
Life's a bitch and I can't control her
I wish I could and sometimes to cry on we need a
shoulder
The government stand us up to run us over
And in the hood, they don't seem to understand,
goddamn
What's really got me wondering if this part of the
bigger plan?
Man, I smell something fishy going on

It's way beyond blowing away the smoke
From all of swishas going on
There ain't much that I can do about it
No
But preach the word, tell my people's spend your
money wisely
Yup
Don't be absurd by somethings that are fishy
Like what?

Like at home, wake up and open your eyes
To what the fuck is going on
'Cause they constantly getting rid of us
Yup
One by one, whether it's drugs or diseases or it's gun
by gun
I ain't no saint either, I feel I'm even doing wrong
By using what's in this chorus just to get through this
song

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You know, y'all gonna mess around
Keep on complaining 'bout slavery and umm
That was over 40-50 years ago, you know
And black folks need to move on
No stay strong and umm, y'all keep playing with us
crackers
They gonna have your ass somewhat tied up, wired up
Of the backroads of South Florida, Georgia, you know
And they make [Incomprehensible] can't do nothing for
you

Can a church get an Amen
God for the thugs too
Amen

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