

The B.G. "Hard Times"

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Who put this shit together

I done done it all from jackin' and slangin' nigga trust that

Stealin' cars snortin' dope gettin' bust at

Never goin' ta school all kinda bull-shit

They callin' my moma in I got her lookin' unfit

But look it aint Cint fault I turned out this way

Its my fault she told me right from wrong everyday

When my daddy got killed I think thats when I went a stray

Mark Nell L.T. and me made niggas lay on they face

We was about that gunplay and on the grind

We was on a paper chase we wanted ta shine

Gotta get it how you live where the fuck I'm from

Gotta keep it on the real where the fuck I'm from

Growin' up in the streets best believe its dangerous

They lock us up but the jail aint changin' us

You'll make it how i live if you don't mind dyin'

Growin' up in my shoes best believe was hard times nigga

(Chorus) 2x

Hard times got a nigga in all black

I'm goin' jack for that silver pack where its at

Hard times got the B.G. drove nigga

Hard times got me duckin' them white folks nigga

Its a hard time comin' up where I'm from like a twister spinnin'

Don't get caught in it

Its drastic drama its everyday life whoa

Jackin' is a way of livin 'if you aint on the right road

I move fast my people say I need ta slow down

Close ya nose or ya gonna go down

I'm beefin' with different sets I'm duckin' them white folks

Playin' my hoes close

They tied up like a rope

I'm slangin' tryin' ta make a million and chill

Buy a ten story buildin' and a football field

Diamonds round my neck and wrist plenty golds in my

grill
Niggas gone get holes in they head if they don't keep it
real
My mama cryin' cuz she think I'ma get my head bust
But I tell her growin' up with no daddy is rough
Welfare aint enough
And I wanna shine
So I'm goin get mine nigga and get out these hard
times whoa

(Chorus) 2x

Me and my niggas buyin' cars don't give a fuck what its
costin'
Neighborhood superstar Hot Boy\$ bout flossin'
Crossin any of us get that put in a coffin
You don't hear we loss a shoot-out very often
We ballin'
Shot callin'
Walkin' to the top
And when we get there believe we closin' shop
I'm lettin' my law down makin' Gs nigga
I done been through them hard times I'm makin'
chesse nigga
Me and Fresh can hook up and make a hit with ease
nigga
Fade me the B.G. pretty please nigga
I'm a six figure
Money go-getter
Drivin' expedition
Bet a bitch quick and put another hoe in her position
Riches is what I'm chasin' everyday nigga
Killin' bustas bringin that bitch in my way nigga
Tryin' ta shine Ca\$h Money on the grind nigga
Stackin' gingles cuz we done been through hard times
nigga peep me

(Chorus) - repeat to end

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