

K-Rino

"Doin' Bad"

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[Verse 1]

Man I'm doin bad I'ma come real with it
It Ain't struggle that make a man, it's how the man deal
with it
Last days ya gotta recognize the negative ways and
turn from 'em
We all make mistakes G but the key is to learn from
'em
I've been blessed to come across a lil paper
Made a lick and spent it quick then had lost a lil paper
Appreciating what we got, we true hood scholars
Then sat in circles with my partners, pitching in change
to scrape for 5 dollars
When ya leave home the world change all of a sudden
Full grown you on ya own partner the world don't owe
you nothin
I'm in this hole duckin and dodging the grim reaper
But the more I try to dig my way out it's gettin deeper
I'm doin bad baby

[Chorus]

When everything around you is going wrong
And hard times seems to last too long
Your old school homeboys dead and gone
The game don't change keep pushing on

[Verse 2]

I'm tryna show love but people take the bad and
provoke
If I give this bum a dollar will he eat it or smoke it?
Put speculation to the side and jus go out on a limb
I'm visualizing myself one day being just like him
So I focus on my paper, Got a mission to rise
Try to see life thru the eyes of the poor and despised
Cause there my people man, I never turn my back on
'em
To my young hustlers walkin these cuts with crack on
'em
It's another way, I hope you're feelin ya brother
I know that cash be comin fast, but dog we killin each
other

Making bad moves trusting fools, caught up in crosses
And you ain't different from the rest player, we all done
took loses

Better shake it off, coz a real man would accept
Responsibility and play it with the hand he was dealt
See my shrink done even ran outta questions to ask
Plus I'm holdin family animosity from the past

[Chorus]

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And hard times seems to last too long
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[Verse 3]

My paper playin out, really ain't too much in my stack
In a Lacc, clutchin a gat, my stomach touching my back
The world is testing me, but at the same time my girls
stressin me

My actions be the reason why the man ain't blessin me
Should I chase mine with skill or a gun on my waist
line?

And face time, these question go deep as a bass line
I'ma take it the whole nine, or catch a case tryin
Confess my sins hoping that god will erase mine
Gotta raise ya game level when the trouble appears
I got partners I been hangin with for 15 years
Yeah I'm strong but I'm worn out and tired in the mind
Cause water drippin on a rock can wear it down over
time

ya feel me? I ain't a baller, I'm a child of the ditch
Being broke is a test, but money is a trial for the rich
And to the ones that past on, G'z we lost in the game
Y'all come to life every time somebody mention ya
name

[Chorus]

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[Outro]

Throw 'em up for ya partner that done past away
Throw 'em up for that baby that was born today
Throw 'em up if ya hustlin and making ya pay
Throw 'em up if ya feelin every word I say

