

Proper Dos "Hard Tiempo"

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What's up mija? Just thought I'd write these few lines
just to see how

you're doing. And let

you know how I'm doing here in the pinta

Sittin' here in the yarda

I do nada but wait

Staring at the barb wire at the top of the gate

Beyond that linea is mi familia and friends

Everyday I hope that this nightmare will end

Pero this shit is serio it's not a dream

I'm seeing inmates dying I'm hearing their last scream.

It's making me sick,

Surrounded by bars and three walls made of brick

I gotta sleep with a knife

I'm doing hard tiempo, cause I took a vatos life

I thought I was slick-but not slick enough,

Now I have to prove to the whole prison that I'm tough.

The only way out is the easy way suicide

when I think of that I think of mi familia on the outside

I miss my homeboys and my carnales

My jefita's homemade tamales.

But I got nada, now in prison blues,
I think I'll go get tattoos,
nothing else to do
but hard time..HARD TIEMPO
I remember when I used to play shoot em up,
It seems like just yesterday
Going to another varrio drinking my pisto,
with my cuete, listo to spray,
but now I live for today and I can't think about
tomorrow,
Cause that'll just bring me pain and sorrow
SIMON! Hard tiempo!
Compared to this place man, the calle was simple.
It's no fun being torcido my jefita misses me,
and I miss my nino
Instead of livin by the gun,
All I do now is think of the shit I should've done
Instead of doing jale's, I should of got one,
I should have carried books, instead of a shotgun
Instead of driving by shooting at the raza,
we should have all been at the park eating carne
asada.
Just kicking back drinking,
thinking of a master plan,
To bring up the MEXICANS.
But I had to show my friends that I was down with it
Now they know I'm down-but they don't come down to

visit

A big shot in varrio,

jainas Y todo, but now I sit here solo,

All I get's letters from my jefita

Telling me my carnalito's starting to smoke frios.

AND do things that I did when I was his age.

DIRT

Puttin in work with a 12 gauge

So now I can't concentrate,

Imagine having your lil brother for a cell mate

But if he wants to lead the life of crime

it won't be long before he's with

me and we're both doing hard time

HARD TIEMPO!

It's all south, but I dont keep both eyes shut,

cause I share my cell with this loko ass nut,

He sits in the corner and refuses to sleep,

I gotta stay alert just incase he decides to creep

I can't take no more

I'm sick of sleeping with rats and roaches on a concrete
floor

So the next chance I get I'm gonna shank the prison
guard

Take his gun and his keys and run real hard.

If someone tries to stop me from doing my break,

I'll just put a cap in his ass til his body no longer shakes

That's murder 2 so now it's do or die

and if I can't get beyond that line, My ass will fry

Everything went black,

I woke up chained up and I knew I was back

at the same place,

Cuts on my body from the sharp fence

Now I'm gonna have to face the consequence

Trying to escape is a serious crime,

Now the time will get harder HARD TIME

Hard Tiempo!

I guess that's it for now...Prepare yourself and DON'T
LET NO ONE GET

YOU DOWN.,

maybe someday will be together...but until then I'll
suffer

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