

Slim Thug "Hard"

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[feat. J-Dawg & Scarface]

[Scarface:]

The streets lights are glowing, everyday's another struggle

The moon is slowly and silent staring make it so my hustle is antite

The city streets is hectic gotta get it

Here the mall, ain't a promise to me

So I don't live and feel working til' I touch it, stack it until I need it

I spend it on what I want, re-up and that's when I need

It's over you never see me, it's being salt as it's lesser

The niggas straight out the gutta, murder without a question

Bodies in my surroundings, click-clack from downing

All they know is he missing when niggas ain't never found him

Assaulting is the least, I don't live it on rejects

I'm a muthafuckin' killer foreal with the same threat

I'm as gangsta as it gets and my advice for you is lay your life

Ya never know when niggas might hit you in the city lights

Get it right, ya never know when niggas might hit you in the city lights

Get it right (Get it right)

[Slim Thug:]

Born and raised on the North blocks, home of the hard-knocks

Wanna get rich, find a spot to pump that hard out

Might get robbed and shot if niggas don't think you worthy

In my hood, I saw a lot of gangstas die early

Mama heart broke, and brother feel like he gotta fix it

So he loading up from straps, bout to hit it where they kick it

Got a first class ticket to the pen

Seventeen-years-old but up in that they all men

It's just another day, one come out, another go in

It's hard out here, you can't even trust yo friends

They'll have a nigga set up, whatever by the curb
It's every man for self, oh you ain't heard
I'm a muthafuckin' Hogg, survive through it all
Stand up tall, we don't fall, naw
I been shot at but ain't been shot
Been in plenty fight but ain't been drop
Always came out on top like a hard-knock

[J-Dawg:]

Straight up

Yeah, these tattoo tears cover my face

My momma got mad at first but shit she know she may

I'm a G you gotta pray for me, it is what it is

Why these niggas out here playing, mayne this really
my fear?

What'cha know about them late nights, no lights and no
food?

No diapers for the baby's, the house smell like boo-boo

Think of what'chu would do what I tell ya what I does

Walk straight up off the porch, now the Camus begun

My big brother on lock, so I starve his gut

He goin lead to where he at, I been in the going stuff
for crack and that

Big homie knew I had it on my mind

He ain't like it but it right that run it through my
bloodline

He knew what he decline and what goin be hard for me
to find

So he choose to put me down, and I got up on my grind

The dawg and you hoes say I'm glorifying crack

My momma lights off, the whole house pitch black,
bitch!

Straight up

Yeah

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