Eve F/ Drag On "Times So Hard"

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Chorus:

Mo.B Dick and O'Dell

We wont be neglected
We wont be denied
We will not be hated
cause we're hustlin to survive
Times so hard
tryin to make it
Times so hard
tryin to make it

Fiend:

Now all jokes aside
I'm having to realize I'm still breathing
Since a baby teasin i knew i was gonna live
Even reasons after celebrated seasons we was broke
Hope was selling dope
or robbing these other folks
i know every bad confrontayion that we was facing
I'm a young black male what would you do in my
situation
Lately dozen altercation that win like a deck of cards
sayin we all out if you gonna accept the lord

Chorus

Master P:

Bad times my cousin had done
I sent two g's to his wife and son I'm sayin
Dear god dont take me
why these bitches and these niggas tryin ta break me
I see dead presidents my friends get bent and mama
in the ghetto tryin to pay the rent
in high school used to be kings and queens
came home of a two now they jackers and fiends Ugh!
Survival play ghetto games
lose your life these days for some yards or gold rings

Chorus

Young Bleed:

Can you visualize perfection in a section of a crib

And a yard full of ghetto kids

when i was drawnin and grawnin and wasnt makin

when i was dreamin and creamin and wasnt makin no money

steady hustlin high to make it for niggas to die for me thats gonna forever be real

and nigga thats regardless feelin like I'm still in my faith

I'm hollowed headed and heartless

balancing life on a triple beam and gambling with the arts of fate

and niggas got the nerve to playa hate
a young nigga in this game to survive with a 45
lookin at the sky gettin so high nigga
above the law with underguard right between the sky
and the earth

aint touchin dirt claim to the dirty game for what it's worth

Chorus

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