

T-bone "Hard Streets"

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Verse 1

See I was only 16 such a tender age, A young seed
leaving my home in search of ghetto fame, Mom's
begging me to stay, crying but yo I gotta make it on my
own now, I'm tired of hustling, plus I'm almost full
grown now, packed up my bags in now pursuit of my
dreams, gave her a kiss then wiped the tears from
eyes so that she couldn't see, jumped in the car
starring up at the stars, rhyiming for hours hoping one
day I'm a hear the applause, now I'm 17, still broke loc,
no money, holes in my shoes and people laughing cuz
my clothes crummy, no food to eat so now I'm digging
in the trash can, eating left over food from last week in
tha bags man, I never thought that it could get this
hard, pray to God, then I get to stepping, cuz I know
that I'm called, I told myself I gotta keep the faith living
inside, knowing I'll make it one day, so I can't just lay
down and die, I gotta try man!

Hook

What are these hard streets doing to me, Ghetto
running through me, Thicker than blood, down in the
mud, trying to come up, these hard streets do it to me,
Ghetto running through me, thicker than blood, down
in tha mud, trying to come up another day.

Verse 2

It's 1991 getting older now, kicked out my crib nowhere
to live, wit problems and the world on my shoulders
now, if I go home mom will think I'm a loser, and if I
call the hommi then he'll think I'm trying to use em, so
now I'm stuck, sleeping on my managers sofa, even
though I know he's ripping me off, trying to play me like
a game of poker, congested wit depression I proceed
to try and count my blessing like the fact I'm still alive, I
could have died on these mean streets, cuz they aint
kind, so many killers and dealers committing horrible
crimes, dope fiends, drive-by's, muggers and drug
smugglers, no one expecting me to make it cuz I'm
from the gutter, a young G from the streets of killa cal,
where riders pack heat and smoke weed as a juvenile,
It's all good though, I'm out to prove em all wrong,

reach for the stars, and show em one day I'm a be the bomb!

Verse 3

I'm sick of all the heartaches, let downs, broken promises and feeling hopeless, I'm tired of being rejected and all the disappointments, feeling like I aint worth a dime, partners telling me I'm the greatest, but there's no deal to sign, crying, devastated and confused at the same time, my mind is telling me to quit and God's saying try, my heart is telling me It's over and I'll never rhyme, but something's telling me prevail and it will be fine.

Bridge

See there's always so much drama, from tha block or ya babies mama, in these streets that's where my peeps be running that game, why ya trying to run me over, like I'm trying to snatch ya corner, in these streets gotta get your grind on, all day long gotta grind get ya hustle on.

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