

Game, The "Hard Times"

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[Intro]

They don't seem to want me but they won't admit
I think I'm some kind of creature that they are having
fear of
Hard times
Theres no love to be found

[The Game]

I'm feeling like a black Democrat,
Barack Obama but the only nigga that can catch Osama
Spray lambas and get good head and fuck fly bitches
with no covenant
Only the kitchen oven and rules to the government
Ask the republicans how crack cocaine get smuggled
in?
Watch them throw they hands up and say it wasn't
them
As for rap, this is my lyrical asthma attack
It's all I know, the guns, the cash, the dro
Fidel Castro on my own right, capone like
My fioso been franky on the low pro.
Drop top Bentley, chromed out semi
Two ran on popular demand like the first penny
My order more PK, wrist saying kinda deep
Throw DJ quake, tell em other niggas to taste this
Who the buck 50 what's coming out the speakers
got every video bitch scared the fuck of me

[Chorus]

Having hard times
There's no love to be found
Having hard times
There no love to be found

[Lil Wayne]

Shit gangster to the core
Ain't no rap flame paint your kitchen floor
What you, you can't ignore
Things you endure went up against the board
All I hard was easy don't feel me no more
I hear your bullshit I play mad at door

I'm outta category I ain't there with you
I got a positive vibe I ain't scared of yours
Hit the kid nigga they've never did it wrong
I got a girl so fine her name Perrignon
She know how to get them thangs and carry on
I blow outta town when gas is outta town
Uptown in the building how that sounds
Cause killas don't get dirty about
They get whispered about and get murdered about boi

[Chorus]

Having hard times
There's no love to be found
Having hard times
There no love to be found

[Lil Wayne]

You got it on your mind look daddy say something
All I played buttoned get your face buttoned up
And now when you smirk you look like Jay Z's shirt
Sippin on turf

[The Game]

Give them hard taking tampons
Shot of patron and don
The ones trained get ran on my crew hard
Louis V sweaters on the boulevard
Poor niggas cars throw up signs and bang on

[Lil Wayne]

They call me J.R. I tell em come holla
I tell my poppa put away your dollars your son got
choppers
And if you get enemy's your son got enemies that
uptown energy

[The Game]

Niggas never gon be on my level
Get a shovel dig a hole
Bitch impala with he devil you an acquired hustler
I'm a 80's baby for real born in 79 and ready to kill

[Chorus]

Havin hard times
Theres no love to be found
Havin hard times
There no love to be found

