

Inq \$ Theory

"Hard Livin'"

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[Merc]

Yeah, yeah, uh

Young Merc

For all my youg niggaz (All of my young niggaz)

On the block, Naa mean (On the block)

Going hard (Blow hard nigga)

Yo I was raised in poverty (in poverty)

Yeah, life was hard

Growin up 'round, killaz and hust-lers

I used ta, sit on the porch

Watch pops smoke luports

Trying when he was going to get his next bag to snort

I just sit back, deep in thought like (man)

Wishin I had a plan to make him a better man

But I can't, but that's what made it worse

Then I started smokin weed and hustlin work

I turned to the streets, fifteen, mind on cash

Highschool fliest nigga in the class

Why all y'all was studyin trying to pass

I was tryna, get the pass, to cut out and get ass

I was always ahead of my time

Neighbours in the hood said I be locked up

Or dead by twenty-five

But still I, Ride, wit my head high

Knowin I'm a young thug and I will survive

[Chorus: Merc]

I can't stop (I can't stop)

I gotta keep it movin (I gotta keep it movin)

Knowin this life I'm livin (Knowin this life I'm livin)

It's either death or prison (It's either death or prison)

Hard livin

(Repeat Once)

[D.O. Cannon]

Uh, the ghetto

We prayin, Lord

All of my thugs be given strength

POV Shitty

You ain't gotta show me love when I'm wearin the glove

And I just found out my man done chick slugs
And my man rever diss touch down
Means alot of niggaz on the streets ain't really gon eat
right now
Man I'm so mad dog, I can't tell you why
If the Lord don't bow down I'll murder the damn sky
I'm to hot for this shit, please calm me down
I stay doing right, I stay doing wrong
I stay huggin my moms I lost in eighty-nine
I'm still bangin that nine I had since eighty-nine
You niggaz feelin my vibe?
Man it's hard to walk, man it's hard to talk
Dog I keep quiet
Cuz playas wear wires when we start to bring the riot
I'm tired of this shit, take me now
I'm gon be back in a minute dog don't hate me now
I heard the streets wanna smoke me
Dog, I'm to lokey
It's murda

[Chorus: Merc]

I can't stop (I can't stop)
I gotta keep it movin (I gotta keep it movin)
Knowin this life I'm livin (Knowin this life I'm livin)
It's either death or prison (It's either death or prison)
Hard livin
(Repeat Once)

[Black Child]

Word to god, Yeah
I was only twelve when I first went to jail
Locked up and sparked it, fucked up and heartless
My moms had a habit, heron and acid
A bad lil' basterd always needed my ass kicked
A five member family living in one room
Cookin on hot plates, eatin on plastic spoons
I don't esagerate, or imagnate
I had to go to jail to graduate
Growin up in Foster homes, You Fosters own
I had to get up, get out and get my own
Niggaz was throwin bricks I'm tossin stones
Then I floss the chrome, the boss is home
But the block is gone, the cops is wrong
Yellow got paralyzed, Little Jemel died
Put me in hell and I still rise
Put me in the chair I'll fry
Do my whole twenty-five

[Chorus: Merc]

I can't stop (I can't stop)
I gotta keep it movin (I gotta keep it movin)

Knowin this life I'm livin (Knowin this life I'm livin)
It's either death or prison (It's either death or prison)
Hard livin
(Repeat Once)

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