

**JoEllen Lapidus****"Hard Times"**

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[Chorus]

The struggle lives hard times, we do or die  
My whole crews fly hands high to the sky  
So maintain son elevate try to build  
But now youre still cuz incarceration is for real

Yeah son you know its on  
Now who would be the clown in the nine-six to mess  
around and catch a fist  
I show no mercy if you irk me  
I got physical that alert me when some herb tried to  
jerk me  
Or put the squeeze on it, break down the cipher  
But it wont work, were tight like the Q-Tip in the fight  
Now is you insane is your brain intact  
We be official when it comes to this no B.S. rap  
Here comes the lyrical, aerial raid right where you rest  
at  
Now test that  
I snatch your heart right through your chest black  
Gettin ill thoughts when I sleep at night  
I gotta maintain, blot the blood stains on my brain  
>From the clappin, we can make it happen  
Remember you aint a killer, you only rappin  
I hate it, rappers overexaggeratin  
And never shot a gun in they life, they only masterbatin  
So come clean and keep it real if you like my sound  
And wave your hands in the air and put the nines down

[Chorus: 2X]

Brothas fought daily in the streets, we reek havoc  
On every block someones flippin like an acrobat  
Im kinda young but I still gotta hold my own  
And Ima maintain whats mine till the day I'm grown  
I keep my crew up, people say I got a gang  
But I dont smoke I dont shoot and my crew dont slang  
We just hang tryin to get up in this rap game  
So I can gain so fame and build my crews name  
Rollin with juvenile thugs wit bad grades and bad ways

Who woulda thought that I had some AIDS  
Dream totes and aspirations  
Brothas are tired of being broke so maybe thats why  
they free-basing  
Wastin time doing nothing  
Livin like an outcast gotta get up get out and get  
something

[Chorus: 2X]

Look into my eyes see if you can see what I can see  
In my reality the whole world is after me  
Schemin on the key but yo I got this locked down  
Me and lost and found comin out the underground  
Takin no prisoners my listeners we keep it real  
My thoughts are militant, when Im in the killin field  
Click click, my minds automatic, so wheres the static  
I got some joints up in my attic if you wanna grab it  
I form a cipher where my peace brothers dont sleep  
You try to creep I guarantee thats when you feel the  
heat  
I come correct in this rap game  
Rappers act insane  
Meanwhile Im blowin the mic an back in the frame  
They cant see me, they cant feel the real G  
I represent, commercial rap will never kill me

[Chorus: 4X]

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