

Pearl Copper

"Life's So Hard"

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Ma-ah-an, it ain't easy
They got me goin cold-hearted
Probation, violation, incarceration
Frustration, you know
Fuck that, nigga damn near bouts to start basin
It's hard! Hard on a nigga {*coughing*}
Hard on a nigga (yeah it is, yeah it is)
{*whispered*} Kill kill kill, murder murder murder
Watch out nigga!

Chorus: Now tell me do you see
Life's so hard on a nigga when you livin like a G
(repeat 2X)

[Tupac - chorus 2X throughout]
Daz in this motherfucker
Alright bwoy, drop that shit
Whassup man? Always listen to that shit?
That thug criminal shit? Peep game nigga, peep game,
feel me

[Verse One]
Travel through my mind am I blind it's a shame
Young niggaz gettin murdered straight took out the
game
As I sit here puffin on a cigarette
Gotta be ready, never know who's plottin on a niggaz
death
These are the rough times, best to hurry up
and duck muh'fucker 'fore I buck mine
It's gettin crazy and everybody's strapped
Surrounded by niggaz but nary a motherfucker down to
watch my back
These are the bitch made niggaz, you been played
nigga
While you starvin and broke they pullin six figures
Oooh, what can you do
when you can't trust your crew, time to bust out the
wenty-two
Boo-yaow! Ran out of weed, so I'm sippin
on this Hennesey, tell me, do you feel me?

Heyyy, I have no remorse
as I take another sip of my liquor and spit my sick
thoughts, oooh

[Chorus]

[Verse Two]

Thuggin to the fullest, got my strap, I'ma pull it
I'm the first muh'fucker that can outrun a bullet
It's them Thug Life niggaz and we don't like tricks
Got these punk wannabes and they jockin like bitches
Now my riches is gettin hoes on it's own
Fuck a mystery, do you wanna get with me, then let's
bone
I'ma take her to my hideout, cause I'm smokin that
spinach
and stayin strong to the finish and then I ride out
See you on the freeway, sorry baby
but I gotta call my homey see what he say
I ain't got no time, I gotta get mine
I keep my mind on my loot, I'll shoot everytime
And ain't no way I'ma let bitch made nigga worry me
Catch me slippin, empty the clip and bury me
Hell nah nigga have to plug me twice
Ain't no slippin when you Thug for Life, motherfucker
can you see?

[Chorus 2X]

[Verse Three]

Never bow down let these other bitches crawl
I'm a Thug motherfucker and these Thugs only ball
Ain't no half steppin here, from the cradle to the grave
I'm a muhfuckin fool, but I choose to get paid
Now my pockets gettin empty, and I'm panicked in a
fright
Me and my bitch named Nina are fiendin tonight
Ain't nobody livin safe, got a plot, and I'm stressin
All I want, is my muh'fuckin money, ain't no question
Don't try to stall little trick, cause we hit
So bring in the scissors and get to clippin at his dick
I'd rather die young than die old and broke
That's why I stay drunk, and I constantly smoke
My memories as a youngsta, hangin with the homies
But now I'm doin bad and them bitches don't know me
(Who? Who?)
But playa haters can't fade me (Why?)
Cause this is Thug Life nigga and we're crazy, tell me
do you see?

[Chorus 2X]

[Verse Four]

Yeah, constantly runnin from danger ain't no stranger
to cop cars
Gettin arrested and tested wearin a vest and don't
drop my guards
My life is hectic my homies send mail from jail
Niggaz in Hell got some horrible stories to tell
I'm catchin cases and still tryin to stack a grip
The IRS is tryin to stress off a niggaz shit
A young nigga never had a prayer to prevail
And all my peers doin years locked up in jail
What can I do, stay strapped, get a bigger crew
And creep around with them Dogg Pound niggaz too
And now we rich ain't no bitch than can touch us
And it's a trip, how we clown, when we fuck sluts
Bust nuts then I cut, that's my new thang
And motherfuckers got on do-rags

[Chorus 2X]

Can I get paid, can I get paid, can I motherfuckin get
paid
Nigga can work for his money all motherfuckin day and
still never see a piece of it, you understand me?
It's not about the nice guy
It's bout the hardworkin motherfuckin Thug nigga
If you ain't a Thug nigga, you ain't really doin nothin

(Chorus repeats in background)

You ain't really makin nothin
These motherfuckin po-po's and these pink folks
got it all locked up for us to fail
See how they did O.J., and they doin niggaz like that all
day
So if you don't watch your motherfuckin stack
believe me, this could be your last breath...

[Chorus 2X] to fade

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