It Ain't Easy

Tom Paxton

Keepin' it real
I take a shot of Hennessey
Now I'm strong enough to face the madness
Nickel bag full of sess weed laced with hash
Phone calls from my niggaz on the, other side
Two childhood friends just died, I couldn't cry
A damn shame, when will we ever change
And what remains from a twelve gauge to the brain
Arguments with my Boo is true
I spend mo' time with my niggaz than I do with you
But everywhere it's the same thang, that's the game
I'll be damned if a thang changed, fuck the fame
I'll be hustling to make a million
Lord, knows ain't no love for us ghetto children, so we cold
Rag top slowin' down, time to stop for gas
Beep my horn for a hoochie with a proper ass
It ain't easy, that's my motto
Drinkin' Tanqueray straight out the bottle
Everybody wanna know if I'm insane
My baby mama gotta mind full of silly games
And all the drama got me stressin' like I'm hopeless, I can't cope
Me and the homies smokin' roaches, 'cause we broke
Late night, hangin' out till the sunrise gettin' high
Watchin' the cops roll by
It ain't easy, that's right
It ain't easy, being me
Will I see the penitentiary or will I stay free
It ain't easy, being me
Will I see the penitentiary or will I stay free
It ain't easy, being me
Will I see the penitentiary or will I stay free
I can't sleep, niggaz plottin' on to kill me while I'm dreamin'
Wake up sweaty and screamin',
'Cause I can hear them suckers schemin'
Probably paranoid, problem is, them punks be fantasizin'
A brother bite the bullet, open fire and I died
I wonder why this the way it is, even now
Lookin' out for these killer kids, 'cause they wild
Bill Clinton can you recognize a nigga representin'

Doin' twenty to life in San Quentin
Gettin' calls from my nigga Mike Tyson, ain't nuttin' nice
Yo 'Pac, do somethin' righteous witcha life
And even though you innocent you still a nigga, so they figure
Rather have you behind bars than triggers
But I'm hold ya down and holla Thug Life, lickin' shots
Till I see my niggaz free on the block
But no it ain't easy
Till I see my niggaz free, on the block, oh
It ain't easy

It ain't easy, being me
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Will I see the penitentiary
Lately been reminiscin'
'Bout Peppermint Schnapps in Junior High hit the block
Keep an eye on the cops while D-Boys slang rocks
It's the project kid without a conscience,
I'm havin' dreams of hearin' screams at my concerts
Me all my childhood peers through the years
Tryin' to stack a little green
I was only seventeen, when I started servin' fiends
And I wish there was another way to stack a dollar
So my apoli', 'cause these hard times make me wanna holler
Will I live to see tomorrow, am I fallin' off?
I hit the weed and then proceed to say fuck all of y'all
Ain't nobody down with me I'm thuggin', I can't go home
'Cause muh-fuckers think I'm buggin'
So now I'm in this high powered cell at the county jail
Punk judge got a grudge, can't post no bail
What do I do in these county blues
Gettin' battered and bruised by the you know who
And these fakes get to shakin' when they face me
Snakes ain't got enough nuts to replace me
Sittin' in this, livin' hell, listenin' to niggaz yell
Tryin' to torture 'em to tell, I'm gettin' mail
But ain't nobody sayin' much
The same old nuts is makin' bucks
While these sluts is gettin' fucked
They violated my probation
And it seems I'll be goin' on a long vacation
Meanwhile, it ain't easy

No, it ain't easy
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