

Hard Knock Life (The Ghetto Anthem) - Radio Edit

Jay-Z

Check the bassline out, uh-huh
Jigga (bounce wit it), uh-huh uh-huh uh-huh, yeahh
Let it bump though It's the hard knock life (uh-huh) for us
It's the hard knock life, for us!
Steady treated, we get tricked
Steady kisses, we get kicked
It's the hard knock life! From standin' on the corners boppin'
To drivin' some of the hottest cars New York has ever seen
For droppin' some of the hottest verses rap has ever heard
From the dope spot, with the smoke Glock
Fleein' the murder scene, you know me well
From nightmares of a lonely cell, my only hell
But since when y'all niggaz know me to fail? Fuck naw
Where all my niggaz with the rubber grips, bust shots
And if you with me mom I rub on your tits, and what-not
I'm from the school of the hard knocks, we must not
Let outsiders violate our blocks, and my plot
Let's stick up the world and split it fifty/fifty, uh-huh
Let's take the dough and stay real jiggy, uh-huh
And sip the Cris' and get pissy-pissy
Flow infinitely like the memory of my nigga Biggie, baby!
You know it's hell when I come through
The life and times of Shawn Carter
Nigga Volume 2, y'all niggaz get ready It's the hard knock life, for us
It's the hard knock life, for us!
Steady treated, we get tricked
Steady kisses, we get kicked
It's the hard knock life! I flow for those 'dro'ed out, all my niggaz
Locked down in the ten by fo', controllin' the house
We live in hard knocks, we don't take over we borrow blocks
Burn em down and you can have it back daddy, I'd rather that
I flow for chicks wishin', they ain't have to strip to pay tuition
I see you vision mama, I put my money on the long shots
All my ballers that's born to clock
Now I'ma be on top whether I perform or not
I went from lukewarm to hot; sleepin' on futons and cots
To king size, green machines, the green fives
I've seen pies let the thing between my eyes analyze life's ills
Then I put it down type braile

I'm tight grill with the phony, rappers y'all might feel we homies
I'm like still, y'all don't know me, shit!
I'm tight grill when my situation ain't improving
I'm tryin to murder everything movin', feel me?!It's the hard knock life, for us
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Steady kisses, we get kicked
It's the hard knock life! I don't how to sleep, I gotta eat, stay on my toes
Gotta a lot of beef, so logically, I prey on my foes
Hustling's still inside of me, and as far as progress
You'd be hard-pressed, to find another rapper hot as me
I gave you prophecy on my first joint, and y'all lamed out
Didn't really appreciate it, til the second one came out
So I stretched the game out, X'ed your name out
Put Jigga on top, and drop albums non-stop for ya, niggah!It's the hard knock life, for us
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Songwriters

SHAWN CARTER, SHAWN C CARTER, MARTIN CHARNIN, MARK JAMES, CHARLES

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