

Hard Times (Feat. 8 Ball, MJG and Carl Thomas)

Ludacris

I'm tryin' to make it through these hard times (Hard, times)
I'm tryin' to make it through these hard times
I'm tryin' to make it through these hard times (Hard, times)
I'm tryin' to make it through these hard times
I'm tryin' to make it through these hard times (Hard, times)
I'm tryin' to make it through these hard times
I'm tryin' to make it through these hard times (Hard, times)
Hard times (hard), hard times (Hard) You never know how much you miss a person, until they gone
Like to hear it? Hear it go, I'm rehearsing, gotta sing my song
I know I've done some wrong, but I can't get right
'Cause life is like a big fight
I'm stickin'-and-movin', tryin' to get my shit right
My family's been houndin' me, friends they done turned against me
Kinda like they hearts was on a full tank, but now they empty
And they say I've changed, but like twins I'm just the same
It's because of my job, mo' money mo' prob in this dirty game
This industry fucked up
That's right I said it, and it's fake as ever
Keep real niggaz around me, stay "Spaced Age for Eva"
Po-ppa never went and jumped the broom, never got that one degree
But if you looked down from heaven, you'd still be proud of me
Your son was DUI, but my momma made it by
I didn't shed no tears when you left me
But the rest of the family cried
Trials and tribulations, ruined my concentration
Losin' my patience, hard times for goodness sake'n I'm tryin' to make it through these hard times (Hard, times)
I'm tryin' to make it through these hard times
I'm tryin' to make it through these hard times (Hard, times)
I'm tryin' to make it through these hard times
I'm tryin' to make it through these hard times (Hard, times)
I'm tryin' to make it through these hard times
I'm tryin' to make it through these hard times (Hard, times)
Hard times (hard), hard times (Hard) As this Valium slowly starts to kick in
Them subconscious, subliminal thoughts, start tickin'
This whole world around me, diseased, and crumblin'
Babies doin' dope cause daddy did it right in front of them
Everybody want to blame music for they bad kids
Sittin' up in the court talkin' 'bout Eminem made me do what I did
My own hard times rolled in like the fog

Try to think of others, but I can't get past my own thoughts
 My momma, in 1967, pickin' cotton
 While other blacks was gettin' liberated, boycottin'
 My old man was a player, ain't no hidin' that
 He started tootin' then he graduated to smokin' crack
 I never saw him, never needed to see that muh'fucker
 He left me and my mother stuck down here in this fuckin' gutter
 I tattoed it on my arm so I can't forget it
 It's in my mind and my heart so I'm forever with it I'm tryin' to make it through these hard times (Hard, times)
 I'm tryin' to make it through these hard times
 I'm tryin' to make it through these hard times (Hard, times)
 I'm tryin' to make it through these hard times
 I'm tryin' to make it through these hard times (Hard, times)
 I'm tryin' to make it through these hard times
 I'm tryin' to make it through these hard times (Hard, times)
 Hard times (hard), hard times (Hard) A drum machine, the old fo'-track, and a pack of new tapes
 In the middle of, 1988, in a corner cafe
 We made beats, and hung with old heads, and stayed out late at night
 Do talent shows, fo'-way split the dough, that was our way of life
 My momma stayed, home full time so she could raise me
 Knowin' without a, household father, things could get crazy
 Sometimes I listened, sometimes I thought I knew it all
 But nevertheless, momma was with me through it all
 I graduated out of nothin', not out of school, it was like
 Tweleve, thirteen, fourteen years I'm thinkin' cool
 I might as well, be focusin' on me tryin' to get paid
 Usin' these rhymes I've been writin' since in the seventh grade
 Our team played, and had physical sex with minimum wage
 It was just like a piece of pussy
 It fucked me long as I stayed
 But still I prayed, Lord I'm tryin' now please help me out the water
 It can't get no harder
 Help me to get back up and get my shit tomorrow I'm tryin' to make it through these hard times (Hard, times)
 I'm tryin' to make it through these hard times
 I'm tryin' to make it through these hard times (Hard, times)
 I'm tryin' to make it through these hard times
 I'm tryin' to make it through these hard times (Hard, times)
 I'm tryin' to make it through these hard times
 I'm tryin' to make it through these hard times (Hard, times)
 Hard times (hard), hard times (Hard) I'm tryin' to make it through these hard times (Hard, times)
 I'm tryin' to make it through these hard times
 I'm tryin' to make it through these hard times (Hard, times)
 I'm tryin' to make it through these hard times
 I'm tryin' to make it through these hard times (Hard, times)
 I'm tryin' to make it through these hard times

I'm tryin' to make it through these hard times (Hard, times)
Hard times (hard), hard times (Hard)

Songwriters

JOHN LYDON, JOHN MCGEOGH, ALAN DIAS, BRUCE NEAL SMITH, LU EDMONDS
Published by
Lyrics © EMI Music Publishing, Sony/ATV Music Publishing LLC, Warner/Chappell Music, Inc., Universal
Music Publishing Group Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnyrics.com/>