

Hard Times (feat. Vic Mensa, Casie Veggies;)

Asher Roth

My mother told me never to tell, a dirty old lie
My mother told me never to sell, and just to get by
It's been a long damn summer
And I've been working by the furnace, fire burning
An inferno with a purpose, feeling like I don't deserve this
Like I've been cursed, I don't need your sympathy
Although I know you know it hurts - it ain't perfect
Life's not no nursery rhyme
It's as much of a blur as it is our whole lifetime
And that's fine, I'mma ride with it, take my time with it
Never underestimate the power of the blindness
Yes, your highness. Follow your instincts
Fingerprints ain't always gonna match the logistics
Little bit different, it isn't yet typical
Won't always do to others what you wish was reciprocal
My brothers and sisters all the way out there in Liverpool
I feel you a hundred numbers?
Don't ever fall in love, cum in somebody's number two
You may call it dumb but true
You know that we're coming for you: mama said
Lord knows I take my secrets to the grave
Til I'm in a crown, I'm on my own two
Coming straight from a chunk of cave money
Swimmin in the river with a stone shoe
But I be in that bitch still kicking, I'll teach you kung-fu
Show and prove, the whole team be on the same page
Niggas telling me I'm their idol and we the same age
While back, it wasn't nothing in my mind but stay in place
Now picking bitches, calling options like I'm sayin plays
Take a picture mayne, I'm on some magazine spread shit
Hold the mic tight, I got that
rigamortis dead grip
Got some good brain on the road, I'd say head trip
Fuck her face and bust on her mouth: call her lead lip
I'm the baker, I make the bread flip
Niggas be wyling but you could talk like it's crackin
To get your eggs split
Shells drop and it's an everyday thang
It's a shame, but it's all a part of the game.

Young boss, new dreams
Fresh shoes, new jeans
Tell me what do you see?
So I had to find out, now you can't find me
Remember three years ago? Like "why you can't sign me?"
Thoughts in my mind, I can do all that times three
I grew up not a young'un like "nevermind me""
took time to find where my mind be
Now I tell time with gold time piece
My mama told me grind.
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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