

Hard (Feat. J-Dawg & Scarface)

Slim Thug

The streets lights are glowing, everyday's another struggle
The moon is slowly and silent staring make it so my hustle is antite
The city streets is hectic gotta get it
Here the mall, ain't a promise to me
So I don't live and feel working til' I touch it, stack it until I need it
I spend it on what I want, reup and that's when I need
It's over you never see me, it's being salt as it's lesser
The niggas straight out the gutta, murder without a question
Bodies in my surroundings, clickclack from downing
All they know is he missing when niggas ain't never found him
Assaulting is the least, I don't live it on rejects
I'm a muthafuckin' killer foreal with the same threat
I'm as gangsta as it gets and my advice for you is lay your life
Ya never know when niggas might hit you in the city lights
Get it right, ya never know when niggas might hit you in the city lights
Get it right (get it right) Born and raised on the north blocks, home of the hard knocks
Wanna get rich, find a spot to pump that hard out
Might get robbed and shot if niggas don't think you worthy
In my hood, I saw a lot of gangstas die early
Mama heart broke, and brother feel like he gotta fix it
So he loading up from straps, bout to hit it where they kick it
Got a first class ticket to the pen
Seventeen years old but up in that they all men
It's just another day, one come out, another go in
It's hard out here, you can't even trust yo friends
They'll have a nigga set up, whatever by the curb
It's every man for self, oh you ain't heard
I'm a muthafuckin' hog, survive through it all
Stand up tall, we don't fall, naw
I been shot at but ain't been shot
Been in plenty fight but ain't been drop
Always came out on top like a hardknock Straight up
Yeah, these tattoo tears cover my face
My momma got mad at first but shit she know she may
I'm a g you gotta pray for me, it is what it is
Why these niggas out here playing, mayne this really my fear?
What'cha know about them late nights, no lights and no food?
No diapers for the baby's, the house smell like booboo
Think of what'chu would do what I tell ya what I does

Walk straight up off the porch, now the camus begun
My big brother on lock, so I starve his gut
He goin' lead to where he at, I been in the going stuff for crack and that
Big homie knew I had it on my mind
He ain't like it but it right that run it through my bloodline
He knew what he decline and what goin' be hard for me to find
So he choose to put me down, and I got up on my grind
The dawg and you hoes say I'm glorifying crack
My momma lights off, the whole house pitch black, bitch!
Straight up

Songwriters

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