

# Hard (Ft. Scarface and J Dawg)

## 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 hardknockStraight 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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