

Hard Times (Feat. 8 Ball, MJG)

Ludacris

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

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