

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

## 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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