

# It Ain't Easy

## Stackwaddy

Keepin' it real  
I take a shot of Hennessey  
Now I'm strong enough to face the madness  
Nickel bag full of sess weed laced with hash  
Phone calls from my niggaz on the, other side  
Two childhood friends just died, I couldn't cry  
A damn shame, when will we ever change  
And what remains from a twelve gauge to the brain  
Arguments with my Boo is true  
I spend mo' time with my niggaz than I do with you  
But everywhere it's the same thang, that's the game  
I'll be damned if a thang changed, fuck the fame  
I'll be hustling to make a million  
Lord, knows ain't no love for us ghetto children, so we cold  
Rag top slowin' down, time to stop for gas  
Beep my horn for a hoochie with a proper ass  
It ain't easy, that's my motto  
Drinkin' Tanqueray straight out the bottle  
Everybody wanna know if I'm insane  
My baby mama gotta mind full of silly games  
And all the drama got me stressin' like I'm hopeless, I can't cope  
Me and the homies smokin' roaches, 'cause we broke  
Late night, hangin' out till the sunrise gettin' high  
Watchin' the cops roll by  
It ain't easy, that's right  
It ain't easy, being me  
Will I see the penitentiary or will I stay free  
It ain't easy, being me  
Will I see the penitentiary or will I stay free  
It ain't easy, being me  
Will I see the penitentiary or will I stay free  
I can't sleep, niggaz plottin' on to kill me while I'm dreamin'  
Wake up sweaty and screamin',  
'Cause I can hear them suckers schemin'  
Probably paranoid, problem is, them punks be fantasizin'  
A brother bite the bullet, open fire and I died  
I wonder why this the way it is, even now  
Lookin' out for these killer kids, 'cause they wild  
Bill Clinton can you recognize a nigga representin'

Doin' twenty to life in San Quentin  
Gettin' calls from my nigga Mike Tyson, ain't nuttin' nice  
Yo 'Pac, do somethin' righteous witcha life  
And even though you innocent you still a nigga, so they figure  
Rather have you behind bars than triggers  
But I'm hold ya down and holla Thug Life, lickin' shots  
Till I see my niggaz free on the block  
But no it ain't easy  
Till I see my niggaz free, on the block, oh  
It ain't easy

It ain't easy, being me  
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It ain't easy, being me  
Will I see the penitentiary  
Lately been reminiscin'  
'Bout Peppermint Schnapps in Junior High hit the block  
Keep an eye on the cops while D-Boys slang rocks  
It's the project kid without a conscience,  
I'm havin' dreams of hearin' screams at my concerts  
Me all my childhood peers through the years  
Tryin' to stack a little green  
I was only seventeen, when I started servin' fiends  
And I wish there was another way to stack a dollar  
So my apoli', 'cause these hard times make me wanna holler  
Will I live to see tomorrow, am I fallin' off?  
I hit the weed and then proceed to say fuck all of y'all  
Ain't nobody down with me I'm thuggin', I can't go home  
'Cause muh-fuckers think I'm buggin'  
So now I'm in this high powered cell at the county jail  
Punk judge got a grudge, can't post no bail  
What do I do in these county blues  
Gettin' battered and bruised by the you know who  
And these fakes get to shakin' when they face me  
Snakes ain't got enough nuts to replace me  
Sittin' in this, livin' hell, listenin' to niggaz yell  
Tryin' to torture 'em to tell, I'm gettin' mail  
But ain't nobody sayin' much  
The same old nuts is makin' bucks  
While these sluts is gettin' fucked  
They violated my probation  
And it seems I'll be goin' on a long vacation  
Meanwhile, it ain't easy

No, it ain't easy  
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