

# Hard Life (feat. Juvenile & Lil' Wayne)

## Big Tymers

[Baby]

For sure, lil' one

I know what you're goin' through to shine

Niggas pullin' off all type of shit

But, look: if you don't know what you're doin',  
you'd better catch the sideline

Catch the sideline Nigga, the block look the same - it's just crack and cocaine

Niggas losin' but we still maintainin'

Livin' life like a penitentiary with a ki in my hand

Knockin' project bricks

Flippin' chickens, and movin' out quick

Hard-hustlin' 'cause we love slingin' this white shit

S.S., Monte Carlo's, hard-tops - we love that shit

'Bout two-hundred thugs with this clique

We multiply everyday for the bullshit

For the hood shit

Burned down buildin's ain't no good, slick

Niggas pullin' auctions on they own cars to get money quick

Then we dippin' and dabbin'

Goin' back to the labbin'

Lil' niggas payin' me for cookin' they slabbin'

Cook a brick and make it out a brick-and-halfin'

Chargin' them young g's ten G's for cookin' they slabs

Say, lil' wodie, I gotta have it [Chorus - 4x (Juvenile)]

It's a hard life we livin' - they 'bout they drama

We earn stripes from killin' - attack like piranhas [Lil' Wayne]

Look

Look

On the streets it ain't sweet

They be

It's not a game, homeboy - this ain't the NFL

Him just from rippin' with the mid-deck twelve

Hit the block in twin-SL's, and spit at gals

You get that, pal?

Once it's war, nigga, skip town

'Cause if I don't do it, be swimmin' with fish, clown

Now, crack a whole chick down, sell it in quarters

If the drama happen to hit town, I'm 'nappin' your daughter

If the broad try to flip out, I'm cuttin' her water

If your boys try to help out, I'm killin' they fathers  
When and wherever  
What and however - you bring it good  
I'll have your mom singin' "Hmmm hmm hmmm"  
Cause nowadays lot of niggas got coward ways  
So I ride with K's to knock off the side of heads  
But I'm tryin' to stay man, I'm tryin' to stay focused  
What I'm tryin' to say we gon' bust it wide open! [Chorus - 4x (Juvenile)] [Mannie Fresh]

What  
What  
Pimps, playas, riders, rollers, hustlers  
Gangstas, thugs, criminal motherfuckers  
Hit it, quit it, fuck it, leave it, flee  
No evidence at your residence - that's me  
Black, ugly, mean, sheisty bastard  
Preachers and teachers sayin', "I'm surprised you lasted."  
Guns, drugs, bitches hot sex  
Weed, crack, heroin - what's next?  
Feds, cops, killers politicians  
Hookers, hoes, all on missions  
Crooks, mayors, presidents, and leaders  
N-double-A-CP, rednecks, and meat beaters  
Mommas, baby-mommas, aunties and cousins  
Scatter sites, knocked-out lights, projects by the dump  
And cars, broads, murders ghetto life  
I went through all that shit  
for platinum ringers and a little bit of ice [Chorus - 4x (Juvenile)] [Juvenile]

I've been blessed  
I thank the Lord everyday  
for gettin' me from 'round these devils in these dark hallways  
How the fuck you gonna help me when I don't care?  
Niggas see me front it all - they just look and stare  
And talk about how it should be and how it could be  
Bentley in my basement - ain't nobody understood me  
Take care of your people like you take care of your kids  
'Cause money ain't shit when you don't know how to live  
And niggas gon' pretend to be your friend when they ain't  
You expect 'em to be there until the end, but they can't  
Now, how many of you can say you're a real nigga?  
Play the Prowler, but scared to go in the field with ya  
You gon' know your nigga - he gon' be there, still with ya  
Whether if it's talkin' or slingin' the steal with ya  
Don't answer nobody questions  
Gotta turn to the Lord with a confession [Chorus - 4x (Juvenile)]

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