Long Hard Times to Come (feat. T.O.n.E Z)

Gangstagrass

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

On this lonely road, trying to make it home Doing it by my lonesome-pissed off, who wants some I'm fighting for my soul, God get at your boy You try to bogart--fall back, I go hardOn this lonely road, trying to make it home Doing it by my lonesome-pissed off, who wants some I see them long hard times to comeVerse 1: My life is ill son... prepared to kill son A paradox of pain, baby; it's real son Lonely traveler, aint trying to battle ya But if you're feeling tuff dog, I welcome all challengers Aint got no family, you see there's one of me Might lose your pulse standing two feet in front of me I'm pissed at the world, but I aint looking for trouble I might crack a grin, I aint looking to hug you Think about it, nobody wants to die There's rules to this game son, I'm justified I'm ready to go partner, hey I'm on the run The devils hugging on my boots that's why I own a gun This journey's too long, I'm looking for some answers So much time stressing, I forget the questions I fear no man, you don't want no problems 'B' Eyes in the back of my head, you better not follow me[Chorus] On this lonely road, trying to make it home Doing it by my lonesome-pissed off who wants some I'm fighting for my soul, God get at your boy You try to bogart--fall back, I go hard On this lonely road, trying to make it home Doing it by my lonesome-pissed off, who wants some I see them long hard times to comeVerse 2: You probably think I'm crazy, or got some loose screws But that's alright though--I'm a'do me, you do you So how you judging me? I'm just trying to survive

And if the time comes, I aint trying to die I'm just trying to fly, and get a little love Find me a dime piece and get a little hug Hook the car up--hit the bar up--clean the scars up--hey yo, the stars up Hey this is the life of an outlaw We aint promised tomorrow--I'm living now, dog I'm walking through life. but yo my feet hurt All my blessings are fed, man I'll rest when I'm dead Look through my eyes and see the real world Take a walk with me, have a talk with me Where we end up--god only knows Strap your boots on tight you might be alright[Chorus] On this lonely road, trying to make it home Doing it by my lonesome pissed off who wants some I'm fighting for my soul, God get at your boy You try to bogart fall back I go hard On this lonely road, trying to make it home Doing it by my lonesome pissed off who wants some I see them long hard times to come

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