Hard Times

Baby Huey

[Chorus]
The struggle lives hard times, we do or die
My whole crews fly hands high to the sky
So maintain son elevate try to build
But now you're still 'cause incarceration is for real
Yeah son you know its on
Now who would be the clown in the nine-six to mess around and catch a

Fist
I show no mercy if you irk me
I got physical that alert me when some herb tried to jerk me
Or put the squeeze on it, break down the cipher
But it won't work, were tight like the Q-Tip in the fight
Now is you insane is your brain intact

We be official when it comes to this no B.S. rap
Here comes the lyrical, aerial raid right where you rest at
Now test that
I snatch your heart right through your chest black
Gettin ill thoughts when I sleep at night
I gotta maintain, blot the blood stains on my brain
From the clappin, we can make it happen
Remember you ain't a killer, you only rappin
I hate it, rappers over exaggeratin
And never shot a gun in they life, they only masterbatin
So come clean and keep it real if you like my sound
And wave your hands in the air and put the nines down

[Chorus: 2X]

Brothas fought daily in the streets, we reek havoc
On every block someones flippin like an acrobat
I'm kinda young but I still gotta hold my own
And Ima maintain what's mine till the day I'm grown
I keep my crew up, people say I got a gang
But I don't smoke I don't shoot and my crew don't slang
We just hang tryin to get up in this rap game
So I can gain so fame and build my crews name
Rollin with juvenile thugs wit bad grades and bad ways
Who woulda thought that I had some AIDS

Dream totes and aspirations
Brothas are tired of being broke so maybe that's why they free-basing
Wastin time doing nothing
Livin like an outcast gotta get up get out and get something

[Chorus: 2X]

Look into my eyes see if you can see what I can see
In my reality the whole world is after me
Schemin on the key but yo I got this locked down
Me and lost and found comin out the underground
Takin no prisoners my listeners we keep it real
My thoughts are militant, when I'm in the killin field
Click click, my minds automatic, so where's the static
I got some joints up in my attic if you want to grab it
I form a cipher where my peace brothers don't sleep
You try to creep I guarantee that's when you feel the heat
I come correct in this rap game
Rappers act insane
Meanwhile I'm blowin the mic an back in the frame
They can't see me, they can't feel the real G
I represent, commercial rap will never kill me

[Chorus: 4X]

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