

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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