

Hard Knock Life (Ghetto Anthem)

Dr. Evil

It's the hard knock life, for us
It's the hard knock life, for us
Steady treated, we get tricked
Steady kisses, we get kicked
It's the hard knock life From standin' on the corners boppin'
To drivin' some of the hottest cars New York has ever seen
For droppin' some of the hottest verses rap has ever heard
From the dope spot, with the smoke glock Fleein' the murder scene, you know me well
From nightmares of a lonely cell, my only hell
But since when y'all know me to fail? Uh huh Where all my brothers with the rubber grips, bust shots
And if you with me mom I rub on your tits, and what not
I'm from the school of the hard knocks, we must not
Let outsiders violate our blocks, and my plot Let's stick up the world and split it fifty-fifty, uh huh
Let's take the dough and stay real jiggy, uh huh
And sip the cris' and get pissy pissy
Flow infinitely like the memory of my homie biggie, baby You know it's hell when I come through
The life and times of Shawn Carter
Y'all volume 2, sing It's the hard knock life, for us
It's the hard knock life, for us
Steady treated, we get tricked
Steady kisses, we get kicked
It's the hard knock life

Songwriters

Mark James; Shawn Carter; Charles Strouse; Martin Charnin Published by

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Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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