

# Hard Life

## Big Tymers

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 sidelineNigga, 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 quickHard-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 shitBurned 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 gots to have itIt's a hard life we livin', they 'bout they drama  
We earn stripes from killin', attack like piranhas  
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We earn stripes from killin', attack like piranhasLook, look on the streets it ain't sweet  
They be [unverified], it's not a game, homeboy, this ain't the NFL  
Him just [unverified] 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 daughterIf 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 openIt's a hard life we livin', they 'bout they drama  
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We earn stripes from killin', attack like piranhas  
 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, [unverified] all on missions  
 Crooks, mayors, presidents, and leaders  
 N double A C P, rednecks and meat beaters  
 Mommas, baby-mommas, aunties and cousins  
 Scatter sites, knocked out lights, projects by the dozens  
 And cars, broads, murders ghetto life  
 I went through all that shit  
 For platinum ringers and a little bit of ice  
 It's a hard life we livin', they 'bout they drama  
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 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  
 It's a hard life we livin' 'cause they 'bout they drama  
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