

Hard (Featuring Scarface & J-Dawg)

Slim Thug

The streets lights are glowing, everyday's another struggle
The moon is slowly and silent staring make it so my hustle is antite
 The city streets is hectic gotta get it
 Here the mall, ain't a promise to me
So I don't live and feel working til' I touch it, stack it until I need it
 I spend it on what I want, reup and that's when I need
 It's over you never see me, it's being salt as it's lesser
 The niggas straight out the gutta, murder without a question
 Bodies in my surroundings, clickclack from downing
 All they know is he missing when niggas ain't never found him
 Assaulting is the least, I don't live it on rejects
 I'm a muthafuckin' killer foreal with the same threat
 I'm as gangsta as it gets and my advice for you is lay your life
 Ya never know when niggas might hit you in the city lights
Get it right, ya never know when niggas might hit you in the city lights
Get it right (get it right)Born and raised on the north blocks, home of the hard knocks
 Wanna get rich, find a spot to pump that hard out
 Might get robbed and shot if niggas don't think you worthy
 In my hood, I saw a lot of gangstas die early
 Mama heart broke, and brother feel like he gotta fix it
 So he loading up from straps, bout to hit it where they kick it
 Got a first class ticket to the pen
 Seventeen years old but up in that they all men
 It's just another day, one come out, another go in
 It's hard out here, you can't even trust yo friends
 They'll have a nigga set up, whatever by the curb
 It's every man for self, oh you ain't heard
 I'm a muthafuckin' hog, survive through it all
 Stand up tall, we don't fall, naw
 I been shot at but ain't been shot
 Been in plenty fight but ain't been drop
 Always came out on top like a hardknockStraight up
 Yeah, these tattoo tears cover my face
My momma got mad at first but shit she know she may
 I'm a g you gotta pray for me, it is what it is
Why these niggas out here playing, mayne this really my fear?
What'cha know about them late nights, no lights and no food?
 No diapers for the baby's, the house smell like booboo
 Think of what'chu would do what I tell ya what I does

Walk straight up off the porch, now the camus begun
My big brother on lock, so I starve his gut
He goin' lead to where he at, I been in the going stuff for crack and that
Big homie knew I had it on my mind
He ain't like it but it right that run it through my bloodline
He knew what he decline and what goin' be hard for me to find
So he choose to put me down, and I got up on my grind
The dawg and you hoes say I'm glorifying crack
My momma lights off, the whole house pitch black, bitch!
Straight up

Songwriters

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