

# The Hard Way (feat. Saga & Ty Farris)

## Apollo Brown

Yo, what up young blood?  
Yeah, your hustle game got your funds up  
Get no thumbs up from in here you kissing dumb luck What you know about it? Acting like I had an option  
You eavesdropping, you a cop? I'm clean so stop watching No I'm not the po'  
I know how you hustle but you don't hold  
I'm an old soul  
What you sell is what I once sold  
Looking at you, I see a young version of myself  
And I'll even help you navigate your way through Hell  
So you're the future me?  
But you ain't got to press it  
You want to teach a lesson instead of counting your blessings  
I'm not your mission, no pot to piss in  
My pops in prison  
This is my tradition and I ain't got to listen  
To know one, I got food and [?] spot to live in  
So tell me how you living?  
Off prayers? Dreams and wishing?  
You're bullshit and my mistakes make you who you are  
My scars are your scars so own 'em cause they ours I can tell you who will be fam' and who will betray  
But I still had to learn the hard way  
(I can save you from those who don't do what they say  
But I still had to learn the hard way)  
I can tell you in the end everything is okay  
But I still had to learn the hard way  
(Yeah, we got a little hustle and we're winning today  
But I still had to learn the hard way)  
What up New Jack?  
Remember when you moved crack in your blue 'Lac?  
Left your mama house, never moved back?  
Trying to be the man, retro J's on your shoe rack  
Robbing niggas daily, it was crazy  
That was the way that you used to live  
Influences from foolish kids  
If the price is right, they don't care if they do a bid  
If I can tell you anything, fuck trying to do it big  
Cause they'll leave your chest smoking with holes like a sewer lid  
They don't care who it is  
Wish I could've whispered in your ear and told you, "Grab a rubber"

Used to battle rap and now you battling with baby mother  
Knucklehead for life, wish you would've took some advice  
Shooting dice all night, hit the club and start a fight  
That ain't right  
That's why you writing and your homie is doing that time  
Cause you was really doing that stupid shit you threw in your rhymes  
If you trying to stay alive, little nigga swallow your pride  
Let the little shit slide then always follow your mind  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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