# Hard Concrete

## The Coup

While growing up in the ghetto
My time went fast
see I be stealing from the grown ups
running from the tasks
as i dash through the grass everyday
skipping class
my daddy dont be tripping
so you can kiss my ass
pass the doogie doobie lefthand side
only nine years old getting high getting high
I wonder why my teacher's sweating me
I did my history It dont relate to me
my gpa 1.3
see i remember places the names streets dates
anybody rolling with stolen license plates
but if that faked out of date shit
wasnt in my way
ask me anything or where im from
i bet i get an A minus
in fact i am the finest
counting male faster than you can say your highness
dont combat me with dryness
cos i know the definition of any slang word
so what's that synonym you're wishing?
I want to be a lawyer
accused of a liar like LaToya
so im dropping the fourth grade
slinging lemonade
I am my own keeper
a young o'erachiever
ten cents a cup, im a gonna have to leave that shit to beaver
now I lay me down to sleep
cos i cant eat my noodles right
dead bodies every other nightwe fucking up the appetite
tragedy is an everyday thing
put on a video game sit some time
if i can stand the pain
give me the knowledge from the street
now watch me learn it

I went to get a job
but too young for a work permit
dont come my way (fool)
I might just have to gack
they say we growing up fast
but we just dying fasterchorus
always dropping the good or villain cop
slam the child on the hard concrete
repeatWell it's June 17th
it couldnt have came to me no quicker
11 years old
my chest a little thicker
how you figger
my life is gonna be bigger and better
when that path im rolling on
is similar to that crooked letter
once i get a better view
to check out that avenue
its drug infested
planted there just for me to be tested
on the hard concrete
now it's three years later
came for me literally
caught me up stacking that refrigerator
ator
catching shirley down the block
in the bucket
she stepped to the back
that's when i stuck it fuck it
my first piece of butt
it was just my luck
cause nine months later
at my door she showed up
damn I was stuck
reminiscing in my seat
I just turned sixteen but to me
it's not sweet
no edumaction
this combination of ghetto life
is a straine pass the ben gay cream
Eighteen looking as old as Don King
The indo in my brain
keep asking my
how many years is it until my life expectancy
well let's see

another three done take away
and now the hustling games a part of me
everyday
my life is on the line
fool you can catch my fist
cos any other place
can be a better place than this
im now dismissed
my body hit the concrete
the bullet had no name
as it was introduced to me
the next morning
headline front page
young man shot cos of death of ageTry to rise above it all
or drown in ...chorusman this is really something repeat

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