

# B.G., Hard Times

B.G.

Chopper City In The Ghetto

Hard Times

Who put this shit together

I done done it all from jackin' and slangin' nigga trust that  
Stealin' cars snortin' dope gettin' bust at  
Never goin' ta school all kinda bull-shit  
They callin' my moma in i got her lookin' unfit  
But look it aint cint fault i turned out this way  
Its my fault she told me right from wrong everyday  
When my daddy got killed i think thats when i went a stray  
Mark nell l.t. and me made niggas lay on they face  
We was about that gunplay and on the grind  
We was on a paper chase we wanted ta shine  
Gotta get it how you live where the fuck i'm from  
Gotta keep it on the real where the fuck i'm from  
Growin' up in the streets best believe its dangerous  
They lock us up but the jail aint changin' us  
You'll make it how i live if you don't mind dyin'  
Growin' up in my shoes best believe was hard times nigga

(chorus) 2x

Hard times got a nigga in all black  
I'm goin' jack for that silver pack where its at  
Hard times got the b.g. drove nigga  
Hard times got me duckin' them white folks nigga

Its a hard time comin' up where i'm from like a twister spinnin'  
Don't get caught in it  
Its drastic drama its everyday life whoa  
Jackin' is a way of livin' if you aint on the right road  
I move fast my people say i need ta slow down  
Close ya nose or ya gonna go down  
I'm beefin' with different sets i'm duckin' them white folks  
Playin' my hoes close  
They tied up like a rope  
I'm slangin' tryin' ta make a million and chill  
Buy a ten story buildin' and a football field  
Diamonds round my neck and wrist plenty golds in my grill  
Niggas gone get holes in they head if they don't keep it real  
My mama cryin' cuz she think i'ma get my head bust  
But i tell her growin' up with no daddy is rough  
Welfare aint enough  
And i wanna shine  
So i'm goin get mine nigga and get out these hard times whoa

(chorus) 2x

Me and my niggas buyin' cars don't give a fuck what its costin'  
Neighborhood superstar hot boy\$ bout flossin'  
Crossin any of us get that put in a coffin  
You don't hear we loss a shoot-out very often  
We ballin'  
Shot callin'  
Walkin' to the top  
And when we get there believe we closin' shop  
I'm lettin' my law down makin' gs nigga  
I done been through them hard times i'm makin' chesse nigga  
Me and fresh can hook up and make a hit with ease nigga  
Fade me the b.g. pretty please nigga  
I'm a six figure  
Money go-getter  
Drivin' expedition

Bet a bitch quick and put another hoe in her position  
Riches is what i'm chasin' everyday nigga  
Killin' bustas bringin that bitch in my way nigga  
Tryin' ta shine ca\$h money on the grind nigga  
Stackin' gingles cuz we done been through hard times nigga peep me

(chorus) - repeat to end