

Bone Krayzie, Hard Time Hustlin

(Krayzie - repeat 4X)

We hard time, hard time hustlin, hustlin

(Chorus)

Mama been laid off
She ain't workin no mo'
Papa been laid off
He say things done got slow
My brother's been laid off
He been locked down for more than two years now

(Verse 1: Krayzie)

My world is crumblin, time is hard they were before, but oh my god!
Mama mad at pops cause he ain't workin
But today she lost her job
Now what in the fuck is we suppose to do?
We on our last loaf of bread
Got cereal, but no milk, Kool-Aid, no sugar, what the hell?
And here come Mr. Billcollector beatin down our door for dough
Mama say when they come knockin
y'all don't say nothin (shhh) get on the floor
Kind of hard to see att night in a house when it ain't got no lights and shit
No gas or water, had to borrow H2O from my relative
Man, it feels like I ain't even here
I'm ready to get up and get all my own, but I got three more fuckin years
Nigga 15, with a big dream to make it on out this ghetto
But the devil won't settle, fuckin up my levels he won't let go
I'm livin to die it seems I just can't win
Now I'm high, but I'm stopin to realize I drunk this whole fifth of Gin
(Nigga damn!) I'm 17 and drinkin like I'm grown up
I got some problems, plus I need some money
And it's really all because...

(Chorus)

(Verse 2: Krayzie)

Juvenile nigga done strugglin, hustlin, strugglin like I want it
Then fuck school, right now I'm hungry, and I can't eat that damn diploma
But on this corner I can eat everyday, all I gotta do is slang this yay
Nigga, If business keep going this way me and my family is fin to be straight
I'm glad I took that fifty dollars that grandma gave me
Bought me a double up, now it's all about comin up
I'ma pay ya back next week
Repeat, took my ass straight to the block with hand full of rocks, y'all
And it's my first time I'm lowin, watchin for cop cars
By the end of the night a nigga sold all the rocks
I'm trippin out lookin' at all the dough I got
I shoulda been came a sold the block and locked it
Made me some profits, so nigga tonight my people gonna be eatin on lobster
Hate to say it, but I think these streets done really created a monster
Cause now that I see how quick I can come about breakin the law
Why in the hell is you steady tellin me to go and get a job?
Fuck that, nigga this my thing right now I know
I'm walkin home happy, smilin, and I ain't even thinkin about...

(Chorus: repeat 2x)

(Verse 3: Krayzie)

Business was boomin so a nigga assuming I could do some improving
Like new jewels, clothes, shoes, Cadillac Coupe, I'm out here doin it
Got me a cold ass broad, and that's something I never had
But I'm never mad cause I done snagged one bad one with my young ass
Once I turned 18 it was on
But my brother started writing home, tellin me to leave this shit alone

I say, what? nigga, he don't know that I'm too deep in this
I'm livin and breathin the street shit
And if I don't play the crook, you ain't gonna have shit on your books
Look, gimme a minute, I'll chill in a minute I promise I will
As soon as I finished this last load
I'ma drop the dice after this last roll
Little did he know, I got no intentions on leavin this shit here
I'm feelin to get rich here
When you get out, you'll have some shit here if you still care
Made enough money to move my moms and pops to a new pad
They was suspicious, but they ain't trippin
cause this more shit than we ever had
But shit went bad six in the morning crashing through my door was the Feds
And they want that bread we want you, and I'm like ooh! (shit)
Shoulda listened to my brother, huh?
But I'm like fuck it now
Mama got to buggin out when them po po got to cuffin pops
Now I'm in the courtroom when that asked me how I plea
I tell the judge straight up, I've been havin problems and it's all because...

(Chorus til fade)