

# Esham, Hard Times

[Esham]

For the suckas that hate me  
Keep my gun up off safety, while you actin all shady  
Baby, thats where the snakes be  
Three-one-three, D-E-T, 7 M-I-L-E  
Oozi still in my pelli  
It's Esham, not Alizam  
Butter man, bitch swearing hard out the gutta lane  
Run tell your mother man, the motherfucking cutter man  
Its just another mothafucking brother strugglin  
&quot;UH&quot; one time for Biggie  
&quot;UH UH UH&quot; three times for Pac, and it don't stop  
When I set up shop, I bought my glock fresh up out the box  
Up out the plastic, situations drastic  
Don't fuck around and get stretched like elastic  
Once the glock Austria seventeen blasted  
I put the bastard in his casket  
Now they wrapping another up in plastic

[Chorus]

Tryin to get mine, steady with the nine  
Steady on the grind, hard times (and I'm tryin to get mine)  
Tryin to get mine, steady with the nine  
Steady on the grind, hard times (and I'm steady with the nine)  
Tryin to get mine, steady with the nine  
Steady on the grind, hard times (and I'm steady on the grind)  
Tryin to get mine, steady with the nine  
Steady on the grind, hard times (hard times)

[Violent J]

Hard times  
I found a dead body on the way to school  
I told nobody 'bout it, man I thought it was cool  
I went and visited it, and talked with it, made it my friend  
Until it smelled so fuckin bad I couldnt handle it man  
My daddy was a hard worker, always hussling change  
Because he drank so much, I think he drowned his brain  
The only time we ever spoke was when he was beating my ass  
He slapped my momma up, and grabbed her purse and dipped in for cash  
It don't stop, tick tock until the break of dawn  
A crooked-ass pig-cop I'm quick to break your arm  
I climbed up into a tree at five-thirty AM  
I'm huntin hay-am, pig-skinner good god damn  
Somebody tried to kill me, but they missed, and pissed  
The shit they ass when the black glass hollowtips hissed  
And I blew his head clean off, his hat landed on his neck  
And I thought, &quot;Look at that&quot;  
Hard times

[Chorus]

[Shaggy 2 Dope]

Marinating with my forearms hanging out the jail bars  
Bitch, I ain't no Mel Fahr, I ain't no superstar  
But nontheless, he in a cell right next to me  
I seen him sellin hot cars on this lot right on Court TV  
So I sit back on my slab thinking &quot;What the fuck?&quot;  
Toilet paper roll for a pillow, &quot;How'd I get locked up?&quot;  
Was it the stalking, or maybe the murders?  
Oh shit, maybe the booty-stabbing of Kim Mathers?  
Naw, it couldn't be, she was cool with that shit  
On top of that, when I pulled out, she sucked on my dick (ewww!)  
Could it have been the gat in my sock? (Nah!)

Could it been the block getting hot? (Nah!)  
Could it be about the snitch getting caught? (Nah!)  
Could it have been about stinkin body rot? (Yeah!)  
I could've killed or I could've killed time  
But I chose number one, now I'm doin hard time

[Chorus]