

T-Bone, Hard Streets

See I was only 16 such a tender age
A young seed leaving my home in search of ghetto fame
Mom's begging me to stay, crying but yo I gotta make it on my own now
I'm tired of hustling, plus I'm almost full grown now
Packed up my bags in now pursuit of my dreams
Gave her a kiss then wiped the tears from eyes so that she couldn't see
Jumped in the car starring up at the stars
Rhyming for hours hoping one day I'm a hear the applause
Now I'm 17, still broke loc, no money
Holes in my shoes and people laughing cuz my clothes crummy
No food to eat so now I'm digging in the trash can
Eating left over food from last week in tha bags man
I never thought that it could get this hard, pray to God
Then I get to stepping, cuz I know that I'm called
I told myself I gotta keep the faith living inside, knowing I'll make it one day
So I can't just lay down and die, I gotta try man!

Chorus

What are these hard streets doing to me
Ghetto running through me
Thicker than blood, down in the mud
Trying to come up, these hard streets do it to me
Ghetto running through me
Thicker than blood, down in tha mud
Trying to come up another day

It's 1991 getting older now
Kicked out my crib nowhere to live
Wit problems and the world on my shoulders now
If I go home mom will think I'm a loser
And if I call the homie then he'll think I'm trying to use em
So now I'm stuck, sleeping on my managers sofa
Even though I know he's ripping me off
Trying to play me like a game of poker
Congested wit depression I proceed to try and count my blessing like
The fact I'm still alive, I could have died on these mean streets
Cuz they ain't kind, so many killers and dealers committing horrible crimes
Dope fiends, drive-by's, muggers and drug smugglers
No one expecting me to make it cuz I'm from the gutter
A young G from the streets of killa cal,
Where riders pack heat and smoke weed as a juvenile
It's all good though, I'm out to prove em all wrong
Reach for the stars, and show em one day I'm a be the bomb!

I'm sick of all the heartaches, let downs, broken promises and feeling hopeless
I'm tired of being rejected and all the disappointments
Feeling like I ain't worth a dime
Partners telling me I'm the greatest, but there's no deal to sign
Crying, devastated and confused at the same time
My mind is telling me to quit and God's saying try
My heart is telling me it's over and I'll never rhyme
But something's telling me prevail and it will be fine

Bridge

See there's always so much drama
From tha block or ya babies mama
In these streets that's where my peeps be running that game
Why ya trying to run me over, like I'm trying to snatch ya corner
In these streets gotta get your grind on
All day long gotta grind get ya hustle on