

Yukmouth, Hard TymeZ

f/ Trae, Z-Ro

[Hook - Tonya]

Its hard tymeZ...its hard tymeZ...its hard tymeZ

Its hard tymeZ...its hard tymeZ...these hard tymeZ

[Z-Ro]

My people get crushed on by poverty, got lives that scarred

Single mother selling her body, nigga times are hard

Wheres the Lord when I need a blessing

Devil's be after me supply your child with a weapon

My nigga ran up in a bank, sixty seconds for a lifetime bid

And I don't get ???, now he selfish just for trying to feed his kid

I'm living for mo', lead us out of slavery

Revolution is coming but for now we waiting patiently

Started out fiending to eat and starving together

So when we crumble, survive of this place start robbing each other

We got 'jects and those that eject, and those that die

Refuse to come up out their shit so now they close they eyes

Ask my nilla servin milla at that mexican joe

Muthafuckers ran up with AK's straight letting em go

We tried to walk straight and narrow but we end up going to jail

For selling drugs, no wonder my people out here smelling blood

[Hook]

[Trae]

These hard times really be crazy and I don't want to lose it

But the reality got the pistol b, and I feel like I abused it

Till the banks peeping through cracks hoping I see the light

So every night I praying to God, I'm beggin he make me right

True 'nuff, we gotta be our own man dying ain't part of my plan

I've been broke all through my life so struggling and new to me man

I lost family after family, sittin lonely in my zone

The only way I express myself is when I'm doing these songs

I throw the drugs I prefer to face ??? with my pain

I stay in my lane but appeal to people I'm doing the same

My brother Deeky in the pen facing three with a L

The only thing that he ever see was penitentiary cell

Through all my niggaz pass, even Big Mello too

To Mafio to Screw Up Click, we gotta ride for you

Cause these be hard times, deep down I be scarred times

I want to cry but then I can't 'cause it be bar time

[Hook]

[Yukmouth]

We got evicted so its crunch time

See me and my little sister earning free brick cheese in the lunch line

Now I'm running from one time under the sunshine

With one nine, stick to my hustle stay on my grind

With the fine mind, body, and soul

God placed my feet on solid ground, all ten toes

Like the deeper than each holes in the benz-o, it's more like a trap

To see how far you could get without getting blown off the map

Get stabbed in the back, getting blast with a gat

In this ghetto and havoc thats when they move slabs of crack

My parents both died, how to handle that

We light candles and cry wish we had them back

Sometimes I want to commit suicide blaze the steel

My father died from having HIV, AIDS is real

Lord forgive us 'cause we hustle just to pay the bills

Struggled in the projects never stayed in the hills...hard times

[Hook] X2