

# Hard Concrete

## The Coup

While growing up in the ghetto  
My time went fast  
See I be stealing from the grown ups  
Running from the tasks

As I dash through the grass everyday  
Skipping class  
My daddy don't be tripping  
So you can kiss my ass

Pass the doogie doobie lefthand side  
Only nine years old getting high getting high  
I wonder why my teacher's sweating me  
I did my history It don't relate to me

My gpa 1.3  
See I remember places the names streets dates  
Anybody rolling with stolen license plates  
But if that faked out of date shit

Wasn't in my way  
Ask me anything or where I'm from  
I bet I get an A minus  
In fact I am the finest

Counting male faster than you can say your highness  
Don't combat me with dryness  
'Cause I know the definition of any slang word  
So what's that synonym you're wishing?

I want to be a lawyer  
Accused of a liar like LaToya  
So I'm dropping the fourth grade  
Slinging lemonade

I am my own keeper  
A young o'erachiever  
Ten cents a cup, I'm a gonna have to leave that shit to beaver  
Now I lay me down to sleep

'Cause I can't eat my noodles right  
Dead bodies every other night  
We fucking up the appetite  
Tragedy is an everyday thing

Put on a video game sit some time  
If I can stand the pain  
Give me the knowledge from the street  
Now watch me learn it

I went to get a job  
But too young for a work permit  
Don't come my way (fool)  
I might just have to gack

They say we growing up fast  
But we just dying faster

Chorus

Always dropping the good or villain cop

Slam the child on the hard concrete

Repeat

Well it's June 17th

It couldnt have came to me no quicker

11 years old

My chest a little thicker

How you figger

My life is gonna be bigger and better

When that path I'm rolling on

Is similar to that crooked letter

Once I get a better view

To check out that avenue

Its drug infested

Planted there just for me to be tested

On the hard concrete

Now it's three years later

Came for me literally

Caught me up stacking that refrigerator

Ator

Catching shirley down the block

In the bucket

She stepped to the back

That's when I stuck it fuck it

My first piece of butt

It was just my luck

Cause nine months later

At my door she showed up

Damn I was stuck

Reminiscing in my seat

I just turned sixteen but to me  
It's not sweet  
No education  
This combination of ghetto life  
Is a strain pass the ben gay cream  
Eighteen looking as old as Don King  
The indo in my brain  
Keep asking my  
How many years is it until my life expectancy  
Well let's see  
Another three done take away  
And now the hustling games a part of me  
Everyday  
My life is on the line  
Fool you can catch my fist  
'cause any other place  
Can be a better place than this  
I'm now dismissed  
My body hit the concrete  
The bullet had no name  
As it was introduced to me  
The next morning  
Headline front page  
Young man shot 'cause of death of age  
Try to rise above it all  
Or drown in ...  
Chorus  
Man this is really something repeat