

Times So Hard

Young Bleed

Chorus:

Mo.B Dick and O'Dell

We wont be neglected
We wont be denied
We will not be hated
cause we're hustlin to survive
Times so hard
tryin to make it
Times so hard
tryin to make it

Fiend:

Now all jokes aside
I'm having to realize I'm still breathing
Since a baby teasin i knew i was gonna live
Even reasons after celebrated seasons we was broke
Hope was selling dope
or robbing these other folks
i know every bad confrontayion that we was facing
I'm a young black male what would you do in my situation
Lately dozen altercation that win like a deck of cards
sayin we all out if you gonna accept the lord

Chorus

Master P:

Bad times my cousin had done
I sent two g's to his wife and son I'm sayin
Dear god don't take me
why these bitches and these niggas tryin ta break me
I see dead presidents my friends get bent and mama
in the ghetto tryin to pay the rent
in high school used to be kings and queens
came home of a two now they jackers and fiends Ugh!
Survival play ghetto games
lose your life these days for some yards or gold rings

Chorus

Young Bleed:

Can you visualize perfection in a section of a crib
And a yard full of ghetto kids
when i was dreamin and creamin and wasn't makin no money
steady hustlin high to make it for niggas to die for me
that's gonna forever be real
and nigga that's regardless feelin like I'm still in my faith
I'm hollowed headed and heartless
balancing life on a triple beam and gambling with the arts of fate
and niggas got the nerve to playa hate
a young nigga in this game to survive with a 45
lookin at the sky gettin so high nigga
above the law with underguard right between the sky and the earth
aint touchin dirt claim to the dirty game for what it's worth