

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
Its Esham, not Alizam
Butter man, bitch swearing hard out the gutta lane
Run tell your mother man, the muthafucking cutter man
Its just another mothafucking brother strugglin
"UH" one time for Biggie
"UH UH UH" three times for Pac, and it dont 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.

Tryin to get mine, steady with the nine, steady on the grind, hard times
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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 dont 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, "Look at that"
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Marinating with my forearms hanging out the jail bars
Bitch, I ain't no Mel Fahr

I aint no superstar
But nonetheless, 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 "What the fuck?"
Toilet paper roll for a pillow, "How'd I get locked up?"
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 (illllll)
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 of killed or I could of killed time
But I chose number one, now i'm doin hard time.

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