

Hard Labor

C-Bo

Intro: (Voice speaking)
You rang
Is you down kichy, or even might love to me
Payin', bangin' another time
Look we got the trigger to quicker the caper
Fools leavin' they guns,
from the guns to the care to the bed to the scoop
In this life ain't nothing they can think off
But working overtime, nigga
Some motherfucking hard labor

Verse 1: [Kastro - Outlaw Immortalz]
They got my,
Kickin' in dust, dirty
Bust me, they must be dreamin'
Trust me these cowards heard a murder
And they ain't tryin' to see it
They got 'em in there
When I was to young to be in
So now I'm comatosed, shellshocked and barely breathin'
But,
still I respect the game
Test me, you ain't Hussein
Outlaw like Josey Wales
Too tough to try to change
C-Bo, they take me, change no
We just slow at home
Ready for war plus we deadly

Verse 2: [Young Noble - Outlaw Immortalz]
I remember when one of my teachers told me
That I ain't shit, and ain't gon never be shit
Look at me now bitch and fluwed your kid with this
Now we're rainin' on our enemies
Hennessy got me critically,
suddenly, instantly
Knew their planin' with my misery
It's to me from Makaveli the general
Military mind, outlaw with camisole
Critical condition for that hoes he fold
It Hard Labor, knowin' this rap shit might save us
Not from death, but where we came from

Chorus: x2

Nigga, all we do is act a fool is stay thugged out
(Thugged out)
And the first nigga that act up was gettin' thugged out
Change the paper...

...it's Hard Labor
Made the biggest plan that niggas makin'
Sound aped, cause it is rapin'
They can't fake it more

Verse 3: [Storm - Outlaw Immortalz]
Gotta make more warriors

Runnin' through my veins
The story's told while the game's the same
Fuck the world with your money, man, play the game
Got stuck with your heartbeat, who's to blame
What you know what I want, when you're bad as yours
Got a vision of my enemies hittin' the floor
From Makaveli to my Outlawz, I back 'em all
Keep your mind on my riches, when I even the score
First nigga where you at, speak, friend of fo'
Got a 9-G locked, it's for if you fall
Shoot first, let's play no different face
I die for the shit, nigga Hard Labor

Verse 4: [Kastro - Outlaw Immortalz]
Pick up my block, cock
Please not wanna put a stop to my plot
They locked my bitch up
And even tried to lock in my pops
It's Hard Labor, my moms, you craw me thinkin' to major
Mad, cause, nowadays too many hoes is on my pager
Pussy and paper
Pencil, politics and praise you
Chase you and even chase me
Straight to the penitentiary
Nigga, the hard life, hard fight and hard capers
Nigga, we're all thugs, overdosed in Hard Labor

(Voice Speaking):

Walked in the club and said a nigga drugs do us all
Looked up and see my nigga Big C-Bo

Verse 5: [C-Bo]

Check I was born to this life ,a sin, as a young thug
Releasin' stress over (?) gin, laced with mud
From day one I knew is wasn't no motherfuckin' love
They use to jump doin' hands and now they jump in new
as lust
I was confused first to see a church
on this hell on earth
But it was them fools first to took earth
for what it was worth
I was raised in this great community,
when there was no unity
And niggas be on they own,
as soon they reached (?cutety?)
Be you and me
Runnin' back, in a Cadillac
Fresh of a jack
With two straps in a Pontiac
With only one life to live
I guess the Lord had only one life to give
It seems so triffully, bought a hill
This fast nigga's life's a sin
It's hell on earth, ain't nothin' worse
Than givin' birth to kid
Talk to sin until he buried to dirt
It's been a thug life since day one,
when I was thugged in
25 Years later got rid off thuggin' Hard Labor