

ITS HARD OUT HERE

Nipsey Hussle

It's so hard out here
But I'm still breathin'
I said it's hard out here
But my nigga, I ain't leavin'

Lookit, I show niggas too much love, not enough discipline
Now look at all this backwards shit a nigga in
Homies want my head, they'd rather see me dead
Than papered up on BET, that nigga gettin' bread
What you thought? What you think? What that shit do?
I heard Nipsey gettin' paper, is that shit true?
Yeah, he used to hustle off Slauson
Type of nigga probably deuce up on a coffin
'Cause homies' families was hurtin'
But what's it worth when these niggas want you curtains?
Yeah, I know, they probably smile up in your face
But I know you niggas phony 'cause there's sweat up in your shake
Nigga, jealousy, how easily niggas forget
Used to walk through the hood, nigga didn't have shit
I just hustled off the corner, and I stacked a couple chips
Then I hit the parking lot, with that brand new whip
How you love that? Ain't you 'posed to smile for me?
Why you hate that? Oh, you playin' high for me
They say cut the grass and the snakes'll show
Is you niggas mad at me or do you hate my dough?
Just let me know

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When I was 15, my mama kicked me out and changed the locks
Her husband used to beat on us and talk shit a lot
"You ain't my daddy, nigga, I ain't gotta listen to you"
Then my mama switched sides, like, "Nigga, yeah you do"
I used to wanna stay away, used to hate to come home
Outcasted from the family 'cause we wasn't his own
Now that's scandalous – how you let him hit me that hard?
And that's scandalous – how you let your two kids starve?
No lunch money, was bummy, and treated like a step-child
Let me loose on these streets, the nigga went wild
No direction, false concept of family
Quick to bust the first damn burner that they handed me
Mama, these white folks'll never understand a G
Cryin' to the judge and they still reprimanded me
Used to wonder why you act like you always was mad at me
When cuz was the issue, but mama, I forgive you

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