

Hard Times

Rod Wave

And if it happen it was meant to happen
And I don't fuck with these niggas be cappin'
They know we with that action
We light them up, and let niggas have it
And they be hating on me
You can put the blame on me
Them niggas changed on me
You can see my pain run deep

First of all I wanna thank you for showing your head
How you niggas playin' it gangsta but, taking a stand
See what I'm saying, if you ask me niggas bitches
I don't fuck with no rappers, cause we different
Listen
I was on the block with Brock chasing guap, til the sun came
Now we swapping Glocks, when they pop like the gun game
Memphis beef, then we turn your street to a gun range
I was lookin Monday, caught his ass Sunday
You a rat, and your son a mouse gitt get all the clout
Know it's consequences in these streets, that you not about
For them clowns, who can't keep my name out your fucking mouth
Dirty rounds, line em all up and knock them fucking down

In the stolo dolo creepin' all weekend
Left him dead on the cement, sneak beefin'
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Real painful shit
You know hard times made a nigga
For real, I'm built of hard times
Anything, I go through what, anything nigga
Dolo nigga what