

## 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