

Hard Concrete

The Coup

While growing up in the ghetto
My time went fast
See I be stealing from the grown ups
Running from the tasks

As I dash through the grass everyday
Skipping class
My daddy don't be tripping
So you can kiss my ass

Pass the doogie doobie lefthand side
Only nine years old getting high getting high
I wonder why my teacher's sweating me
I did my history It don't relate to me

My gpa 1.3
See I remember places the names streets dates
Anybody rolling with stolen license plates
But if that faked out of date shit

Wasn't in my way
Ask me anything or where I'm from
I bet I get an A minus
In fact I am the finest

Counting male faster than you can say your highness
Don't combat me with dryness
'Cause I know the definition of any slang word
So what's that synonym you're wishing?

I want to be a lawyer
Accused of a liar like LaToya
So I'm dropping the fourth grade
Slinging lemonade

I am my own keeper
A young o'erachiever
Ten cents a cup, I'm a gonna have to leave that shit to beaver
Now I lay me down to sleep

'Cause I can't eat my noodles right
Dead bodies every other night
We fucking up the appetite
Tragedy is an everyday thing

Put on a video game sit some time
If I can stand the pain
Give me the knowledge from the street
Now watch me learn it

I went to get a job
But too young for a work permit
Don't come my way (fool)
I might just have to gack

They say we growing up fast
But we just dying faster

Chorus

Always dropping the good or villain cop

Slam the child on the hard concrete

Repeat

Well it's June 17th

It couldnt have came to me no quicker

11 years old

My chest a little thicker

How you figger

My life is gonna be bigger and better

When that path I'm rolling on

Is similar to that crooked letter

Once I get a better view

To check out that avenue

Its drug infested

Planted there just for me to be tested

On the hard concrete

Now it's three years later

Came for me literally

Caught me up stacking that refrigerator

Ator

Catching shirley down the block

In the bucket

She stepped to the back

That's when I stuck it fuck it

My first piece of butt

It was just my luck

Cause nine months later

At my door she showed up

Damn I was stuck

Reminiscing in my seat

I just turned sixteen but to me
It's not sweet
No education
This combination of ghetto life
Is a straine pass the ben gay cream
Eighteen looking as old as Don King
The indo in my brain
Keep asking my
How many years is it until my life expectancy
Well let's see
Another three done take away
And now the hustling games a part of me
Everyday
My life is on the line
Fool you can catch my fist
'cause any other place
Can be a better place than this
I'm now dismissed
My body hit the concrete
The bullet had no name
As it was introduced to me
The next morning
Headline front page
Young man shot 'cause of death of age
Try to rise above it all
Or drown in ...
Chorus
Man this is really something repeat