

# Hard Life

The Lox

Smoking loud with the top down  
Burner on me, nigga, come and get me right now  
Dope fiends in the hallway  
Little niggas'll clap something in broad day  
Rose gold, princess cut  
Pretty face, little titties, big butt  
Thugged out, she with me like "nigga what?"  
Big chain on my b-boy  
We walk in these niggas get p-noid  
Gem star make a nigga face keloid  
Our 16s'll have your crew destroyed  
LOX them niggas you wanna evoid

LOX is that hard life, Mobb Deep is that real  
(Life's difficult, death's easy  
LOX, nigga, M-O-B-B, what?)  
Infamous is that raw rap  
You come through D-Block you get killed  
(Life's difficult, death's easy  
LOX, nigga, M-O-B-B, what?)

100 shots to the fuckboys, 21 salute to the real Gs  
Live by the code, if I couldn't do that a rat nigga'll kill me  
24 karat gold handguns, mink seats in the coupe, yes  
Rooftop party with the real gangstas, spiral stairs in my duplex  
All high and I'm looking at my bitch, and my money like "what should we do next?"  
Real nigga 'till I die, if I can't be real I'd rather die, yeah, I choose death

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By these rich, young, black hustlers out the slum  
In New York state, bitch, you could get some  
Say ahhh, I'll shove my gun down your mouth  
Like what was all that woopy woop about?  
Greed is good  
I get all this dope shit, you wish you could  
I'm in a financial district, I don't do broke Uber  
SUV, I send for your hoe  
So these are iconic bars  
When I bust your head you see all kinds of stars  
To see your whole world turned black  
What's done is done, there ain't not turning back

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Tie your shoelace, you rap niggas tripping  
Fall face first when the pound start spitting  
Same old dirt, really ain't no difference  
Fuck about a Grammy, they salute me in the trenches  
Fuck about y'all, got a give-a-fuck fetish  
First nigga feel some kind of way I'm a lay  
I could have a beef with the world, never dead it  
Your son in deep shit, mama love better pray  
With your broken-ass gun, shit, looking like relics  
Fear so bad when we see him we can smell it  
Room full of goons, lay back with my Ls lit  
Son got bagged, real Gs never tell shit  
Did 5 on his head and his mouth closed  
Came home, hit him off, ball like Gauchos  
D-Block, Mobb Deep  
H-A-V-O make money in his sleep

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Top down in the winter time  
If you on the boom list then it's dinner time  
Horse head in your bed just so send a sign  
This is dope right here, nigga, get in line  
Yeah, I've been a don since Benneton  
Before you let a man hit me on the intercom  
I find out they did him wrong then I get 'em gone  
They on the roof with the scopes, have 'em hit him long  
Yeah, we bomb shit like the Pentagon  
Where that money go, nigga, what you spend it on?  
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