

Hard Times

MC Eiht

Geah, we in the muthafuckin' house
Eihthype in the muthafuckin' house bitch, for the 94
Ain't no love ho, uh, and right about now
Niggas on the run in the muthafuckin' house Lil' Hawk and Bird in the muthafuckin' house
Half ounce in this bitch, you know I'm sayin'?
And this how we gon' do this for all the Compton homies
Niggas back the fuck up and let me get down Another O.G. from the Compton town
Uh, so put yo' gun down, run up fool
And as you proceed to run get that with the tool
It's Mc Eiht so what's up with that? Ratta-tat-tat from the stolen gat
Uh, my nigga fuckin' Hawk and Bird got the Mac-10
Eihthype quick to do that ass in
Livin' in the street where we slang that cavi
Fool if you don't know, it's Compton Cali
Hood rats tryin' to scheme on my riches
Hit the pussy and dash, fuck you, bitches
Gotta watch out for the schemin' cops Car jackin' and mackin' don't stop
Come back to hit yo' fuckin' block with the Tec-9
I'm doin' my dirt, 'cause fool it's hard times, geah
I never leave the pad without the gun Dip through and kick it with some niggas on the run
They put me down on a lick
On some punk fools across town you can get the dick
Slipped up and fucked around, I seen the goods Don't mess around with these niggas in the hood
I hit 'em up with that muthafuckin' west side
Serve a clock-head for the fuckin' G-ride
You're all alone so now it's on
See the barrel of my chrome, take two to your dome, uh
You can't fuck with it fool so don't say nuthin'
Niggas I'm stompin' so I'll keep dumpin'
Don't try to fuck with the Eiht, ball As I chop chop, timber, I'll watch that ass fall
So is that it? I don't think you want no more
Nigga new improved like Madden 94
Hut hut fool, so now you gotta punt As I flick your ass like ashes off my blunt, hard times
Aw shit, you better run when the night fall
Eihthype fuckin' up shit on a murder call
So bail the fuck on before I start taggin' Khaki's creased up bitch and I'm saggin'
All the way down the chronic row
To the mutherfuckin' Hub pocket full of bud
Niggas don't fuck around is what you heard
Back ups brought in by Little Hawk and Bird Creep in the muthafuckin' home
Put two hollow points in your dome then I'm gone
Back out the muthafuckin' win, dow

Leave your crib smellin' just like endoNiggas got guns, niggas got funds
Niggas cap that ass so we niggas on the run, geah
Bail from the depths of hell, that's Compton
If you don't copy we knock out teethSo bring your mark ass down to the spot
Where one times is hot and you might get got, hard times, geah
We in the mutherfuckin' house
Eihthype in the mutherfuckin' houseNiggas on the run in the mutherfuckin' house
And that's how we doin' it for the 94 nigga
So stay the fuck down fool, geah
Like I said before, geah, nigga

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>