

# 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, ballAs 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 endo  
Niggas 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 teeth  
So 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' house  
Niggas 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/>