

# Bad Azz, Life Ain't Hard

(feat. Blaqthoven, Jelly Roll)

[Chorus: Blaqthoven]

Life, Life ain't hard, but it ain't easy, damn sure ain't easy hey  
Life, Life ain't hard, but it ain't easy, damn sure ain't easy hey

[Bad Azz]

The world built like a jail, Long Beach ain't nothin but a cell  
Today's paper read, Four injured, Two killed that's real  
Life ain't gettin no longer, Let's get it poppin here  
Really though, Just like the song is  
In life, it ain't nothin I fear  
With young rapper got millionaires stealing my lyrics  
That's the truth, In all of this essence  
And what's a few Gs? Please when you're rich with more blessings  
I don't trip, What comes around, goes around again  
Like I own the car of the trunk that they found you in  
And ain't no tellin like Jack told Helen  
They'll sell you a key, but not to open the door to heaven  
You was talkin to the judge, when it could have been the revern  
Tell him, you should have been free, it could have been me  
What would it have tooked for us to see that life ain't easy  
Believe me

[Chorus]

[Bad Azz]

Life will throw you a job, know you've been robbed  
And purposely leave you, stuck when you're down on your luck  
Life will lock you in the cell, prayin to heaven just to get out of hell  
It seems to be to me it ain't no way out  
Life will break a nigga, pickin up the pieces, ain't the easiest  
I wake up every day just knowin there some Gs to get the gang  
Cop a few, watch out for the obstacles  
Trippin off the politics  
Wondering what the cops is doin and they just chillin there and lock me up  
My homie was scared, he from them, and they just shot him up  
He didn't die, but he cried through the stress  
and that's a real hard way to learn a lesson  
Yes, indeed it hurts to bleed  
You've gotta be as strong as Hercules to deal with this  
and don't get killed with this  
Cause you know that'll hurt ya mothers heart  
and where do we go after we done torn our earth apart singin

[Chorus]

[Bad Azz]

I'm just here, Tryin to maintain  
I let the good times be the medicine for the pain cause life's a headache  
I have you bed sick or even dead quick  
Cause doctor said to think straight, you need you're head kicked  
Left the hospital with stitches, walk and feel like its over like  
What could be worse then the police pull us over  
Resist the trip and ask the cops  
Why you stoppin us? Shouldn't you been lookin for the trench coat mafia?  
He say we look like the type to blast and get popular  
Na, we love life more than that, and God's watchin us  
It's hard enough for what's up, like for havin nigga ?? up  
Livin out his truck  
And some times it hurts to live  
Doin all this work to live, just to die  
I hope my life is justified  
I know I'm breathin for a reason, maybe even a purpose

So don't live like you're life is worthless

[Chorus x2]