

Mr. 3-2, It's Rough

(*talking*)

Huh, it get rough sometime baby
Gotta make it over that hump though
You know I'm tal'n bout, shit
Ery'body feel that, can't frown on that note ha
It get strange and crazy sometimes, ha

(Mr. 3-2)

Shit I'm going through it, trying to deal with it
It's a must I go get it, cause my pockets is addicted
To Benjamin Franklins, I'm thinking of capers to pull
In this screwed up world, where the jail house full
Niggaz is locked in the game, with nowhere to turn to
Not even a high school diploma, so what will I do
Loved by few, and hated by many
Down on my luck, and nobody offer me a penny
Remember we sipped Henny, and blowed on doja
Fell off for a second, now nobody know ya
Gotta keep your composure, it's all work no play
Putting in my groundwork, to see a better day
Struggling we steady be hustling, to stay on feet
What else I'ma do, baby my family gotta eat
That's deep but that's life, raw and uncut
How it really go down, this world is corrupt

(Hook - 2x)

It's rough, ya can't give up and lay down
Had to what, had to raise up out them hard times
It get rough, believe me and could always love me
Situations get crucial, and man it get ugly

(Mr. 3-2)

Up's and down's, smiles and frowns
You got people peeping round, when you broke they can't be found
Out of sight out of mind, getting myself together
Writing boys off like letters, cause they change like the weather
Drastic measures I'm taking, when it come down to it
Attacking drama in the making, and run right through it
Pursue it quick fast, raising up from the bottom
Cause no matter who you are, everybody got problems
Don't let 'em get to ya, I know at points it's hectic
Just staying focused keep faith, and put your game in perspective
Feel my message, now take it for what it's worth
Coming straight from the heart, hitting it where it hurt

(Hook - 2x)

(Mr. 3-2)

I take the good with the bad, bad with the good
Cause you win some you lose some, keep that understood
If I could I would, everyday ain't for splurging
Hold on to what you got, stack knots and keep working
It's certain, that thangs always get greater later
Breaking bread with my folks, twerking my money maker
Fakers fall behind, and never catch back up
The real remain forever, ashes to the dust
It's hard but it's fair, it could always be worse
I keep G-O-D first, everyday I walk the earth
From the dirt we came, and to the dirt we return
When it's over and done, and this crooked world turns

(Hook - 2x)