

# Hardknock (feat. CJ Fly)

## Joey Bada\$\$

[Intro: Joey BadA\$\$]

Check it, word word

What's the word word

Yeah, check! [Verse 1: Joey BadA\$\$]

Just got word from my mans on the island, he said he needed guidance

Niggas on the streets is walling, he look to God but can't find him

So he demand silence from the glaring sirens

The sympathy symphony, only thing playing is the banned violence

No lying niggas just won't let go the iron

They wanna burn your molecules until you let go ions

Treat beef like they let go lions

So don't eye 'em they get the wrong message, wrong methods

Put you on that long stretcher

Too much pressure God bless ya when the semi wet'cha

They told me "more dress-up" I'm giving too many lectures

And I'm putting in too many effort in my nouns and verbs

Like "they gon' catch up" fuck what you must heard!

But I done puffed enough herb

To be listening to young birds and dumb nerds

I got enough shit on my mind

So I don't need to be stressing and shine, it's fine

[Hook: Joey BadA\$\$]

One day I'm tryna have a wife and kids

So I just can't live my life like this

And I ain't tryna learn what lifeless is

So I just can't live my life like this

I want the gold chains and diamond rings

But I just can't live my life like this

And sometimes I just wanna light this spliff

But I just can't live my life like this [Verse 2: CJ Fly]

Got a collect call from up top

My cousin called me and what not

The motto never changed it's still fuck cops

We went from having lunch in our lunchbox

Our lungs was hot whenever we'd puff pot

We'd touch blocks and end up having to duck shots

But fuck dot, ain't trying live that life no more

My mind corrupted but my heart is still pure

Gotta be brave can't be afraid

Braids and waves never matter when you catch the fade

Trapped in a maze and your faith is your only escape

Fuck a priest's opinion, knock the hinges off of Heaven's gates

Trying to share my cells with my mate, not share a cell with mates  
     Wrecking shit with my recklessness  
 The L get lit that's when I start second guessing shit  
     Thinking 'bout Ty and then I reminisce  
 What you thought you niggas could've fuck me over  
     Never nigga guess again  
     I'm street so cross me like pedestrians  
 And that's gon' be the end of it, straight revoking your membership  
     [Hook: CJ Fly][Verse 3: Joey BadA\$\$]  
 Niggas wanna know what I'm about, I'm bout blowing loud  
     On the block sporty, Glock 40 in a politician mouth  
 I take the competition out commission with my composition  
     Who the kid spitting behind the bars like a con position  
     Gotta give 'em time to listen, they'll soon bump to it  
     They'll like me, I kick it like Nike they'll soon adjust to it  
     But if you hate I know you must do it  
 I ain't mad at you I keep my attitude on "screw it a million bucks should do it"  
     I'm out for presidents to represent me  
 Yo chick keep messaging me, who the bestest MC? They be mentioning me  
     Too hot, I be molesting the beat, fuck math  
 Teachers should teach us to get Smith & Wesson's off of the street  
     So first class be a lesson for me  
 Fuck what you teaching for some regents, I'm flying over regions  
     Reaching, all time highs where Jesus can't reach us  
     Step to me and get the recipe to make you rest in peace  
     This is for my niggas, killers, hundred dollar billers  
 On the block in the rock spot, Glock cocked watching out for cops  
     All about their cheddar, young guns know nothing that's better  
     Like fuck a prison letter, those Beretta's led us to the lettuce  
     Relish fetishes, menaces want the senator's percentages  
     If you ain't prejudice you still a nemesis  
     Smoking on the Clematis, get open like a present is  
     Now your presence is on the premises for them presidents  
     My city be the genesis for where they think the terror is  
     They linking terrorists from the Stuy then Lincoln Terraces  
     Stay on that reckless shit, they leave you left for the dead  
     Kids don't play they'll erase your head in a race for the bread  
     Children on the corners slinging some regs, popping some meds  
     Jakes be so deep in cover they be chasing the feds  
     I be back stage gripping haze breaking my leg  
 My folks was making the best when they was naked in bed, muthafucka[Hook: Joey BadA\$\$]  
 Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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