

Go Harder

Birdman

I got Fareed over here, you know what I'm sayin'...
(Super Iz)
It's really real, ayy
Got D-Roc on beats

I gotta go harder, I gotta raise my nephew
Up with a father, call mama to the rescue
Fuck keys, I want a push-starter
Yeah, I wanna make all my gold chains water (Yeah, what?)
Rich young nigga, put a bitch in her place (Well, alright)
Make a hundred bands, I throw a fifty in a safe, ayy (Yeah)
If you're talkin' money, gotta show it to my face (Got to)
Well we the ones they love to hate, ayy, shouts out to the gang (Shout)

Shout goes to Stunna Man (Birdman, Stunna Man)
We show for a hundred bands (A hundred bands)
Fifty in the other hand (Fifty in the other hand)
We get it, make you understand (Understand)
Lifestyle of a Stunna (Stunna, what?)
10 carats on my pinky (Right, pinky, shine)
Got a quarter mil' on my Rollie (Yacht face)
In the same game high-rollin' (Rollin')
In the same game, they show it (They show it)
We hood rich and they know it (They know it)

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See we had nothin', now I got more so I'm livin' private
Ducked off in Miami, somewhere out on Stunna Island
I'ma push the Lam', and Birdman push the Bugatti
We flexin' for real, my niggas, they really 'bout it
I ran through a mil', it's show money, didn't even count it
My house on the hill, and my closet look like Footaction
Ayy, or better yet, the Gucci store
You fresh, but yeah, you got the shit that I done wore before, yeah

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