

Going Hard

Dave East

[Intro]

These niggas
These niggas
Niggas ain't good for you
Know that

[Verse]

Imagine I never got a deal
You met me on the block, first thing I said to you, "I got the pills"
Niggas dumb hard in they raps, meet 'em they not as real
I did the Reeboks, had to see how Balenciaga feel
Got my young bitch a flight, we in Vegas watchin' "A Time To Kill"
Lay up under his car just to let him know that this drama real
Bags comin' in every way, honestly, I'm just tryna chill
Work like a slave, whips and these chains as I survive the field
I done came a long way from trappin' graveyard shift
Before I copped the crib, I told mamma I'ma pay y'all rent
We was cool broke, I guess we lived and made y'all sick
It's not a rhyme that I would ever spit gon' make y'all rich
I never though nothing could happen that would make dogs switch
For steak and lobster, we gotta prosper, we take all risks
Oh, you bought Rollies for your niggas? Don't make us take y'all wrists
Rapper's food, I tell my niggas, "Go head, take y'all pick"
Not in the mood, but if it's women, go head, take y'all pic
Get rich and it's legal, think 'bout what we can make off hits
Not leavin' me off Bad and Boujee, I'm on Takeoff's shit
Won't pay no attention, they breath stinkin', they just talk shit
Even Shooter rappin' now, we 'bout to get more rich
I miss the flaggin' with my fashion, now I see more crips
These pull-ups got my back sore, wake up and hit more dips
Ds constantly askin' questions, but we ain't saw shit
Caught him uptown, 7th or 8th, 145th
Head on the ground
You dyin' you move one more inch
The Henny got him, he throwin' up, he take one more sip
Hit one more lick, they owe us, let's take one more trip
I be goin' hard, I need a day to rest
Scooped yo' bitch up by the bar, we 'bout to make a mess
Foreign car in traffic, you blink, I made a left
I let off all of these ratchets 'til ain't no haters left
Got so much love for the ghetto, some nights it made me stressed
If school was the streets, these niggas be scared to take a test
Bust down the Patek Philippe and I want the AP next
In the trap, I dealt with straight cash, but now I take a check (count it out)
I be goin' hard, I need a day to rest (I'm going hard)
Scooped yo' bitch up by the bar, we 'bout make a mess
Foreign car in traffic, you blink, I made a left
I let off all these ratchets 'til ain't a haters left
Got too much love for the ghetto, some nights it made me stress
If school was the streets, these niggas be scared to take a test
Bust down the Patek Philippe and I want the AP next
I know it's killing them to show love, these niggas hate a threat