

H.A.R.D.

Joell Ortiz

We met each other on a magazine cover
It's like God told us we had to be brothers in this rap music
Never fuckin' with beat makers, just the (Heatmakerz)
We makin' (Crack music)
All hail the king, I'm back
This time around I'm coming to get it all
Bigger in the hood than Fentanyl
Yeah, I'm killin' y'all
Porsche with the ceilin' off
Pink blacker than the skin of Senegal
I'm night crawling like Jake Gyllenhaal
All independent though, but you can't tell by the way I'm spendin' though
Out here talkin' slick as the kitchen floor
Y'all rock aluminum cans, your jewelry's Michelob
Mine got 'em green with envy, these niggas Piccolo
Pick a flow
I smack a rapper with a lyric that'll hit 'em harder than that nigga Riddick
Bowe, then go, go and let critics know
Crooked came up on food stamps, he knew he'd be a champ
Now the Louis V is stamped on my boot clamp
Bitches know, they wave when I smash past
Try to flag me down like the Star-Spangle at half-mast
My money was young, I didn't have cash
Now I'm like the comedian headlining: I knew I'd get the last laugh
Really though

I've been way too humble for way too long
And I think it's time you know what it takes me to sing these songs
Sometimes I just wanna take my ball and go home
'Cause if I want it bad enough I might have to go alone
Really though

Yeah, brother, been a ride since that cover
From the hood to seeing the whole world with one another
With two other motherfuckers among us: the four sluggers
To this day we break the internet, we talk to each other
Maybe one day we'll reunite at Coachella
'Til then it's just me and my dawg, ho yella
Joell is just a fresh pawn teller from the 'jects with dope sellers
War vests and chrome metal would ejecto whole melons
Was a mess in front of the buildin'
I'm mindin' my business, bumpin' that Audio Two
Sippin' my Yoo-hoo milk, I was chillin'
Buffalo hat top billin', man, give me credit
I survived in a era where starter would get you ended
It was cool to get love but still move with your snub
'Cause that 8-ball'll have you playin' pool full of blood
Fast forward, just bought a billiard room in a club
Chalk it up to how I still be in these booze with the drugs
The Yaowa
Like the most potent, sour, diesel flower, crushed with the cocoa leaf
Man, that's a high-powered powder
Like how the fuck can the sound of me have you both down and up together like the staircase I came outta?
I amounted to more than any coward fingers could count up
I got bullets for haters and a trigger for doubters
Two Sig Sauers become a headache

They'll leave you right over the counter near all the sunflower seeds, Sour
Powers, and Now and Later
Now the neighbors wave, they see me come down the block
I 'member my shop teacher telling me stop with the beatbox, lunch table hip
hop; I'm a flop; he failed me
20 years later, look who's settin' up shop
Really though

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