

# 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 Laters  
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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Really though