

Go Hard

King Los

You ain't got the heart inside you to go hard inside the paint
I paint a picture like an artist with his heart inside the paint

I go hard enough to make it even though my odds are slim
I'll keep living through my fans because I gave my heart to the

And if you do get up the heart to throw a challenge my way
I will gladly eat your heart and call it Valentine's Day

Homie, you need to see college just to see how I devoured this
I'm a rapping scientist, philosopher, theologist

You make so much shit up, you should be a cosmetologist

Your bitch ass should be on the cover of Cosmopolitan

But Los, you're the pretty boy, you could of been modeling

Nigga, shut the fuck up, get the door and let the models in

They say they go hard as me as if they want a problem then

They decorating bathrooms the way they throwing towels in

Homie, get your swagger up about another mile or two

My flow is a Molotov, you don't possess the molecules

I could say if I was you but I can not fathom that

That would mean I'd have to take my dreams of having Phantoms back

And my bitches go so hard, I told 'em they could share me

Now they so close, it scares me, shout out to Katy Perry

Nobody likes you when nobody's like you

But I'll be damned if I lose to some nobodies like you

Homie, I will write you some shit that's so right you

Wish you had the rights to but you won't have the right to

My left tied behind my back, just time out, tie my right too

'Cause my flow will leave you left but it could get you right too

These niggas is high school, shout out to my whole squad

Bitches say you go boy, I say bitch, I go hard