

Hard Headed

Madchild

Yeah, yo

I used to be a ruthless fuckin' gangster rockin' icy chains
This the price I'm paying for being nice? Go back to icy veins
Cold-hearted, cutthroat mafia boss that plays chess
I can see that life is still a game so I'ma play it best
Movin' in a silver Porsche, the Lambo's gonna be black
Pink-faced, new gold Rolleys been ordered, he's back
Sucks we gotta live in a world of darkness, it's heart-breaking
I ain't giving one more person shit, just start taking
All you doing is asking me to go back to the old me
The cold me, the bold me, the pit-bull, the OG
Called out, put some VVS's on my gold teeth
Buy a couple cycles, hit the weights for my old beefs
Mad can see the plays again, can see them from a mile away
Survived the life I lived where everyday became a violent day
Bro, I'm barring up like it's final day of trial today
Don't blame me for what's 'bout to happen
Try to put the Child away

Listen to me closely so you heard it 'cause I said it
Everybody ever did me dirty's gonna get it
Smilin' so they think I let it smile but I won't let it
There's not too many rappers' minds as violent as my head is

Child's like workin', one man gang merchant
Fang serpent, I don't paint the picture less it's hanged perfect
Everybody gettin' rocked, about to put some work in
I don't talk unless I'm down to walk the walk without the Merkules
Sippin' tea, watch these hoes crash, better get a makeover
Forty bands in my pocket, laser scope on the Draco
My folks fake? Nah, brah, all gas, no brakes
I don't want a slice, I want the whole cake, full plate
Take a blowtorch to these snowflakes
Pocket watchin', bitches want to procreate
Broke bitch, scumbag, fuck boy crews, I won't associate
You want the monster out the cage?
It's unlocked, the key broke
Slip folks flokes and take his bitch if she deep throats
The GOAT, ain't gon' let sheep gloat
Nope, won't see me broke
Last two bitches I dated were human trash bags
Success do the best revenge, I'll get the last laugh

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Look into my ice green eyes like I am still dead
Vicious, I'ma disappoint the site but not a pill head
Wish that I could bring my friends back from the grave that're still dead
But they got little cousins and nephews that now kill instead
Stab the guy 21 times, that's 21 Savage
My whole life, gangsters stuck to me like magnets
Guns in every room with extra clips in every cabinet
Now I'm back to being ready for war that black magic

I'm coming in heavy with metal like Black Sabbath
A mad-as-Jack, green-eyed devil, the track savage
Black Rolls Royce, fast crib, I live that Lavish
I'm back to fuck all of these pussies and rap-