

Go Hard Pt. 2

Royce da 5'9"

Bar Exam 3 tramp. Yeah! Whoooooo!
Fuck is wrong with you?
Go ahead and inform your crew
That I can end your career in less than a song or two
I'm a tyrant, I'm like an iris in my empire
You're as threatenin' as Miley Cyrus with the hiney virus
Dead a verse, I got more bars than Leavenworth
The present president backwards call me "Tnediserp"
I shoot niggas with knives, stab niggas with guns
Kiss hands and shake babies
I make the medic hurt
Fuck a producer too
Them faggots is fuck boys
I should rap over the Brinks truck backin' up noise
The city's in an uproar over the hustler
I got it on lock like up north but much more
These rap niggas sayin' that they rollin' on them wheels
But the only rollin' they doin' is rollin' on the pill
They high
Speakin' of rollin'
We roll
You will see us get paper before you see us fold
Hip hop nigga
The opposite of neo-soul
The only thing sing is my pistol when I'm takin' Ne-Yo's soul
You aspire to get a chain that's glistenin'
I aspire to get a chain of businesses
I retire nigga
Gettin' at me ain't what the business is
I kill the kitten if he witnesses
I make it look easy
Before I Self Destruct, I'm a get some hoes pregnant like 50 & Lil' Weezy
I don't give a fuck about shit
Got nothin' to say to y'all but "suck dick"
I fuck yo' bitch and send her back to you
Pussy like she been in labor dawg
And when I'm done with she gon' need a cable all
My dream mistress is a Bitch like Nicki Minaj
And if the ass ain't real then I've with the facade
The pistol, the pen, drinkin' with me, pick your demise
The silencers screwed on now the clips in disguise
Now who the fuck goin' harder than Nickel?
I take a shit on any nigga, no regard for tissue I go hard
So much harder than everybody
I John Doe tag the toe of every body

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We go hard
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He go hard
A yeeeeeah
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Go hard, so hard
So hard, so hard
Whooooa
The best nigga in the game
Yeah, you know this
Da da da da da da da
The game never be the same
Yeah, you know this

Ignite violence
Make him swallow shells that'll clog his windpipe
Make the doctor do the heimlich
Fightin' for the loot like a riot
This is Pay-Per-View
Rap niggas don't it unless they buyin' this
Blame it on the drugs like Steve-O, you still a Jackass
I spit dope, my fans got a crack habit
If you can beat me on beats congrats
The sore loser when I snatch him out the booth then I beat his ass
What you call rappin', I call trash
Every punch you call strong, I call jabs, so listen
I'm sicker than a stripper, if you tip her give her fifties and twenties
Hit the lights she realize it's counterfeit money
My niggas get large cash
Push the rock good as Bobby Hurley 'fore the car crash
I get star cash
Tour cash, more cash
Don't wanna pay me, I'm a take it out of your ass
Do what you want fam
I say fam cause I fry a man
Feelin' angry man, I'll flight 'em in
Feelin' godly, what fool wanna battle me?
I use the Earth as a cue
And shoot pool with the galaxy
Few could challenge me who do catastrophe
Three cash guns point the guard, I'm Steve Nash
You a rap group, I'll slap through
The only time you see a gun is when mine is pointin' at you
Skip the church and the reverend
I'm a put 'em on a 747 and the destination's Heaven
For example
Break into my notebook and find more shit than the cops friskin' Rambo
Make 'em fade to black, fit 'em for a blindfold
Told you I'm a Dibo pitbull (die slow)
I'll really hit your crib with the semi
Break a nigga baby back and ribs
I call my bullets Chillis

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