

Hard

Styles of Beyond

(Ryu)
Uh hu
Ryu
Me and Takbir
Demigodzilla
J-Dilla

Verse 1 [Ryu]
Yo
It ain't (Hard)
They tell now who the illest is
J-Dilla bitch Styles in ya grill again
That old killa shit back to the gutter scum
Number 1 rap record of the summer son!
Feet stomp to the beat like war drums
Chandelier shook and the freakin floor sunk
The R-Y-U that should do it
Shoot a missile at the moon and attach you to it
It's too (Hard)
Born for the weak and peacy
I'm thinkin that the worlds gonna need some clean sheets
Shittin on you rappers I practice free speech
Don't protect whales but I rap for Green Peace!

Verse 2 [Tak]
It's time to hop in to cruise to the new shit
Huh
I'm bout as cool as me chewin a toothpick
Soon as the sun sets I'm out with the whole clan
Tearin the village down oh man!
Folks don't understand
When I'm holdin this part of this perfect unit
To do it you recognize that we started this murder music
I'm movin through all the rubbish and yes
They know they love it at best
Cuz I've been known to keep them clubbin the debt

Chorus
[Tak]
You ain't a (Star)
So why you walk around actin like you (Hard)
Ain't nobody got you bumpin in the (Car)
You don't party with ya people at the (Bar)
What is it?
Wha wha what is it?
You a (Star)
[Ryu]
Before you bring it boy you better think (Hard)
Drop a hundred thou on a red and pink (Car)
Get it free never blow money at the (Bar)
What is it?
What what what is it?

Verse 3 [Tak]
Huh?
Aww I see you got ya heart broken
Little sweetie posted up with both arms folded

Clockin all my jewels and they don't know how we did it
Marking every move smooth to my MLB fitted
Ooh!
Ya baby sitters gonna be a minute late
Why?
Cuz you ain't even old enough to innovate
Skulls in ya grill got ya neighborhood fame
But dang
You ain't really known for ya skill

Verse 4 [Ryu]

Ok!
Think about it before you pop off
Keep cool when you fuckin with a Boss Hog
Hot sauce ima bag this Poptart
Seen em down the bloc tryin to flag a cop car
Not to notice a bomb goes wowee
Demigodz roll like Musab al-Zarqawi
People know who control the Valley
Roll tanks through the west bank home to Cali
You ain't (Hard)
Cuz ya whack clique was Ousted
So sick I spit raps in hazmat outfits
You ain't about shit holmes admit it
Cuz real hustlers don't talk they just go get it!
Uh huh
S.O.B.
Ryu and Tak
Uh

Chorus

Verse 5 [Tak]

Follow me follow me closely
I see you fellas were jealous so I crack a smirk and polish my trophy
Shakin the ground
I put my hands in the gravel
Try takin me down so I can stand in ya shadow
Naw
You and ya buddy gonna see in an instant
Dummy
Without me it wouldn't be what it is then
So recognize and zip ya lip jack push em aside
What a surprise yea it's so kick it

Verse 6 [Ryu]

Yo
You hear the baby whining it don't effect me shiit
How dare you disrespect me kid
I'm sick of the games
Look at where you sit in the plane
You could be chillin with a first class ticket to fame
You ain't (Hard)
Matter fact it's easy
Ima crack ya cd
It sounds good cuz ya tracks are cheesy
On the path to greatness
Ya raps are basic
Think about it when you fillin out that application

Chorus