

The Hardest

Styles P

Yeah, it's the Ghost S-P
The G-O-D, AZ
X-P, it's the Ghost S-P
With the G-O-D, AZ (X-P)
S-P, with the G-O-D, AZ
Hardest yeah, hardest

Yeah, it's the hardest out
I'ma die for my cause, take the martyr route
Up North they talk about me when the yard is out
You can't come through the hood on the mountain bike when cars is out
It's the G-H-O-S-T, go in
I'm the P-H-A-N-T-O-M (Phantom)
Spit gems, blow him from his chin to his eyebrow
Trying to watching Beatstreet and Wildstyle
Get the feeling back, whatever happen to realer rap?
Ask my man where the Tequila at
I'm from a hood where they peel ya cap
And you ain't got a prize under
Word to the hoodie that my eyes under
Word to the hand that the gloves over
It's all hate when the love's over
Talk straight when a thug sober, but keep it quiet just shush
When you see me blowing kush on the push
Trying to get large dough, Ghost, Sosa and Large Pro
Why you think I got on my cargos
To put mad stacks in it, I burn your house with the plaques in it
And then I'm spraying the MAC in it
Your DJ is wack, burn his house with the wax in it
Never kick raps if you ain't got facts in it
But regardless whatever your bars is
I don't give a fuck 'cause I be the hardest, nigga

I'm T-H-E-H-R-D-E-S-T
You don't wanna see SP
Everyday I wake up, it's like I'm liable to sin
Smoke haze in Bible paper, swallowing gin
I'm G-H-O-S-T
I can crack the ground and make the clouds come down
Find me if you looking for trouble
Send a hundred niggas, I'ma bust a thousand rounds

The streets is mine, the East just fine
We drop jewels in our verbal, we reach the blind
We Badu with the earth food, delete the swine,
'92, how we merk you, it's reaper time
No riffing, death is near, the checks is cleared
'Bout to charge niggas holes for they reckless stares
'Bout to bar niggas flows 'cause they rep ain't there
They style is trash, the more cash, the less I care
I'm colder, real vulgar
Kill Bill with the blue steel in the holster
Come no closer, got the game in a choka, blunt smoker
Pretty hair, cunt stroker, it's Brooklyn baby
Motherfuckers thought Bush was crazy, kill 'em all
My marriage to the streets was annulled, I'm appalled
From the era where the real niggas ball, took cheddar

Broads even look much better I put pleasure
And stitch in every word, I'm the sickest ever heard
If you can't get me richer I'ma kick you to the curb
Picture getting served on a yacht with Hors d'oeuvres
While the block still rock twenty G's by the third
That's my word

I'm T-H-E-H-R-D-E-S-T, y'all don't wanna see AZ
At any given minute nigga liable to flip
You wanna pimp nigga find you a bitch I ain't the one
S-O-S, that's me
Got a hundred hungry goons that'll kill for free
And the same young nigga that'll torch your face
And suit up and come support at your wake
(Hahaha) motherfucker

It's the Ghost SP
The G-O-D AZ
XP, it's the Ghost SP (XP)
XP, With the G-O-D AZ
XP, with the G-O-D AZ
Hardest, yeah, hardest