

## So Hard

WC

Ahh shit, god damn, niggaz done fucked up  
W.C. and Face done hooked up  
From the West to the South, worldwide nigga  
Y'all know what I'm talkin' about  
We gon' do it like this for all my gutter niggaz  
on the frontline gettin' theirs, check it out

Di-di-di-dada dada-di-di we know  
It's hard if you ain't got pounds or kilos  
(Riders don't die, we multiply, shift gears  
toss fingers in the sky, fuck hoes and stay high)

I started off small-time  
Snatchin' purses and robbin' niggaz for all mine  
Used to love to catch you niggaz known to high sign  
Bomb on they ass from the blind side  
My big daddy was a squabbler like Joe Frasier  
So understand I was born to ride by nature, blast for paper  
A teenager, hollow-point slugger  
In the Regal with the french braids and the cake cutter  
Gots to get mo' money, mo' money  
Can't get pussy with no money, it's funny  
When I was broke bitches laughed  
Til' I met this bitch by the name of rap  
Now with my Night Train it's X.O.  
So Mr. Officer, fuck you and my ex-hoes  
I know it's hard to see a nigga make the bumper swang  
But I convert the jack game to the rap game, motherfucker

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The real niggaz is back, 'cause there's too many  
bullshit records, out on the racks, fuckin' up the craft  
But I'm about to put the thug, G back in it  
The viscous Facemob with W.C. back in it  
You feel me daddy? The game need Bradley  
Cause nowadays your subject matter's so shabby  
I rap about the shit I do, or the shit I've been through  
Cause I was taught you up your shoot  
I've got a body count beyond belief, 'cause there's an arm in me  
Don't take my word, ring the alarm and see  
I can act like I'm your homie 'til the timing is right  
Sneak up on ya when you're sleepin', put this nine in your life  
(Now who the fuck thinkin' they want it with Mob?  
When I can map out a job to have a nigga come and level your squad)  
One deep, you play for stripes, I'm playin' for keeps  
Who gives a fuck about some braggin' rights, they talk in these streets

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I'll break niggaz, shake niggaz, fake niggaz

Like weight apply pressure with my finger when sprayin' niggaz  
W.C. and Face nigga, on the trigger deliverin' blood clots  
Buggin' these niggaz with buckshots  
In the six drop with fetti to drop, ready to pop  
Hot rocks keepin' it hot from yo' block to my block  
Whether illegal or legal we gon' shine on these haters  
Keep it gutter, get the paper motherfucker

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I'm from the Southside, and I'm killin' with the flow  
And I'm here to let these niggaz know  
(I'm from the Westside, and I'm dippin' in a fo'  
And I'm here to let you niggaz know)  
I'm from the Southside, and I'm killin' with the flow  
And I'm here to let these niggaz know  
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