

Hard (A Monster Made It)

Tech N9ne

Strange Music! I know ya'll see us!
Ya'll saw that Forbes list 2 years in a row, nigga, don't play!
And we still doing it!
Harder than most of ya'll motherfuckers out there, y'all know it!
I'm bout to show you right here, check it out

I been reppin' heavy to all you tardy cats
While you gettin' over with ya piss and fart raps
Been smokin' hella enough to bring Bob Marley back
I still kill 'em all but I gotta shake 'em like "where the party at?"
Let up ya dresses, confess it, Tech is impressive
His message, eff, it, stretches from Zacatecas to Texas
I'm excessive with breasts-es
When I press it, meshes make messes
That's where the sex is, it breakfast
Yes, they blessed as Hugh Hef is!
Out rhyme the foes with all kind of flows
Time for the N9ne because I'm the chose
I never gotta be foolish to get the dough
Like a lot of you actin' up on TV to get a ho
You don't wanna have to fight on my card
I give the type of choppin' that should be barred
I'm gonna shoot beyond the stars, you try and disregard

My shit is hard! Constipated
They wonder why it's so killa, cause a monster made it
My shit is hard! I'm the greatest
Look around, that's why everybody's congregated

Moon stricken, yeah, they think I'm crazy
When they ask me how I rap so quick, I say poon-lickin'
Don't play my shit, you'll have everyone in the room bitchin'
Doomed if and you got (ravished) and now my tomb's kickin'
Four score, seven years a ho
Knockin' em down with me, 99 beers to go
Chuggin' around 50, mix the Lou then cheers to slow
Muthafuckas who never loved us simply cause they feared the flow
Spit lyrics to get vicious rippers to get the pit
Diss this and get whipped, hit this trick with this pistol grip
Bitch, this is the fifth, if suspicious, here's a stiffen of this
Sniffin' this-- Wait, what was I sayin'?

Just wear your coat if you enter the rain
Two dollar haters yeah I'm a be a vender for change
Sender of pain to ya lady I'mma lend her the thang
And she gonna take it from me and the newest member of Strange

Kings get assassinated, castles all crumble
Forever lives the legend of a poet who is humble
Words to live by, now I die by a strange code
About to kill this verse, they call me Murs if you ain't know
I don't rap fast, I'mma leave that up to Tech and 'em
Ces, Bernz, Krizz, Rittz, Wrek, and the rest of 'em
Zero estrogen, my heart, it only pumps lava
DNA is black mamba with a little chupacabra
I'm a monster, I'm a problem, I'm a motherfuckin' beast
I'm a red nosed pit, off the motherfuckin' leash

I'm a livin' fucking legend, man, the rest of y'all just walking dead
Feral with a arrow, call me Daryl, takin' off your head

It's getting to the point where
I don't even wanna work with rappers no more man
All these years trying to get 'em all to see
Now I just wanna do what I been doin'
Just makin' music for my technicians to bang
You know what I'm sizzlin'?
Bang! Bang! Bang! For Strange!
Bang! Bang! Bang! We're gonna bang! For Strange!