

# The Hardest

AZ

Yeah it's the ghost SP  
The G-O-D AZ  
SP, it's the ghost SP  
With the G-O-D AZ  
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With the G-O-D AZ  
Hardest yeah hardest

Yeah it's the hardest out  
I'm a die for my cause, take the martyr route  
Up north they talk about me when the yard is out  
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 Jems blow hems from his chin to his eyebrow  
Trying to watching beat street and wildstyle  
Get the feeling back  
Whateva 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 loves over  
Talk straight when 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'm a 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  
Nine two how we murk 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 vulgore  
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 a ball  
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 eva heard  
If you can't get me richer I'm a kick you to the curb  
Picture getting served on a yacht with orderve  
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 ya'll 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  
I'm S-O-S that's me  
Got a hundred hungry goons that'll kill for free  
Same young nigga that'll torch your face  
Suite up and come support at your wake motherfucker

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