

# Hardbody

Cory Gunz

Young money militia with it  
Cash Money business, we missed the hit then your bitch'll get it  
Full grown, heart colder than South Fargo  
Load the pockets in my cargos for what your car goes  
Fuck it I can't complain, die I don't like him anyway  
Took for Wayne, Mack, and Stunna to snatch him anyway  
Shorty from the DVD, y'all ain't catch him anyway  
Thinking look at these bird brains, I'll hatch 'em any day  
Take it in acid, I'll put a bird on your bitches  
Like, fuck a fashion statement, I state the fashion  
Like, I'm straight smashing with an irate passion  
Shit, like I hate crashing, rip like I'm late passing  
I'm loyal to fam like oil to Sam  
I know niggas boiling grams for foil and Spam  
I'm on a track like LeBron, not annoying his man  
Before the games, clap chalk and ya boy at the lane  
Who game?

Real niggas saying they hardbody  
Be the same niggas talking around  
Real niggas saying they hardbody  
Be the same niggas stuck in the ground  
Real niggas saying they hardbody  
Be the same niggas jumping the gun  
Real niggas saying they hardbody  
Be the same niggas pumping a lung

I'm the definition of staying humble  
And the militia's the definition of staying mumble  
Admitting you ain't in correct position to say & mumble  
All you getting is disrespect cause you wouldn't lay a fumble  
I'm the tiniest of them out of the fucking jungle  
But I'm quiet enough to show 'em I want the trouble  
Never had a shot off the backboard  
I know niggas from detention that'll turn your block to a blackboard  
Cory Gunz hot as a crack store  
That's probably why I always got a thirsty ass broad on my black straw  
Before I wanted the nigga to treat right, now I'm considering the Quran pawn  
I do the beats right  
Respect or the Tek's going off like a street bike  
And you gon' see his neck blowing off like a street light  
Pause, creep tight sneaking beneath night  
Or be the next hellbound nigga to seek Christ, aight

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I don't know where they found fam  
Fuck around with me, I'll make your self-esteem low as the Soundscan  
Rep the city like I'm the town man  
Try work it out or else you're getting stuck, wait the pound's jammed

You rap like opposite what you act like  
You act like you wouldn't scratch strike in a cat fight  
You scrap like you wouldn't clap right in a strap fight  
Motherfuckers know how I rock, that's what I rap like  
Nigga real mean, I gotta trill team  
First nigga, baby grey Glock with a teal beam  
Something heavy, try to make a nigga wheels lean  
Quiet, the silencer make you sound like a seal stream  
You can chase the cookie trick, I want the real cream  
Nigga I'm trying to peel green like a sealed screen  
How this feel? Looking like a shotta kill scene  
Cause my whole crew shoot the nigga, we a film team

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