

# Hard Like A Criminal

Das EFX

Verse one

Well biggedy bust a mover  
I biggedy be the trooper cause I'm slammin  
I'm ready to check this jam  
That this is havin  
I'm audi, I'm riggeddy rollin four deep, don't sweat it  
I'm troopin it with my niggaz, east new york is where I'm headed  
I'm friggedy freshly dipped, cold as shit but money I'm rugged  
I'm rockin my forty belows in the snow so yo bug it  
Yo fellaz, let's giggedy grab the train, fuck the walkin  
Aaah, here we go, yo, why these people hawkin?  
You you stupid, you look at my crew and now you're thinkin  
(they must be wildin...-= is that them stinkin? )  
Fuck no you wan-ton soup serving  
You're staring, you beady eyed bastard link  
Whaddya think dick? I'm comin around the train and bumrush ya  
Give me a ten foot pole and I wouldn't even touch ya  
Hey lady, I see you sittin by the conductor  
Thinkin that I'm a nigga, you figure I wanna fuck ya  
Fuck there goes my beeper now these people think I'm slingin  
Rocks by the blocks and killin em by the millions  
But yo hops, here kiggedy comes my stop now I'm audi  
I giggedy gots to go you motherfuckers think I'm rowdy and

Verse two

The people love it  
I'm swingin it from the lifestyles of the ruff and rugged  
They got me upstate troop, so fuck it  
In penile, I'm hard as a fuckin brick I wreck shop  
Money grip, I'm up in the yard fightin kids till I drop  
But, I'm out now, so fuckers around the way are sweatin my peoples  
Not worried about a new jack black my shit is diezel  
Cause I pack, steel, I got the back, wheel  
And plus I got the yung and the resless watchin my back, still  
Because I'm runnin the ave again  
I'm back in the game with my neighbor  
Up on the ave runnin guns that was to be the new flavor  
And I'm wid it, my cousin's throwin a jam tonight I figures  
That I'm bringin all my guns and I'm bringin all my niggaz  
(don't go hangin out with no niggaz...-= that's the life, that I lead)  
You figgedy fuck around you lay around I told my cousin  
First kill the flex, word is born i'ma bug him  
We spiggedy spark the buddha now I got the devil in me  
I'm sick, quick to smoke a nigga like a chimney  
I'm packin a clip, ready to flip, just me and my friends  
Twenty deep and two deep, a b-m-w and a benz, rollin

Verse three

Brrr, it's cold as shit, liggedy split I think we're here g  
Fuck I forgot her address, yo fellaz just bear with me  
Yo stevie, remember the crib she was tellin us that she chilled in  
Well there go the block she live on and I think that's her buildin

Let the games begin I'm packin my steel with nuff dreads

In front of the buldin shit's thick cause all I could see was nuff heads  
But I know them, we're spiggedy sparkin blunts and squeezin triggers  
Bustin caps with my troops and a buncha other niggaz

Awww shit, niggaz is bustin caps, fuck that  
I'm ready to find this crib, where this bitch live at?  
Let's see, none of them kids right there heard of shorty  
Whadup duke, any y'all niggaz heard about this party?

Who the fuck are you g? you couldn't be talkin to me hops  
Get off that bullshit kid or get your teeth dropped  
Cause out here, the biggedy bumrush is mad thick  
I'm ready to catch a body so you might get had quick

A'ight g, I'll biggedy back up but kill the yappin  
Don't play me for no sucker motherfucker it won't happen  
Yo fellaz, let's biggedy break north before I flip  
I'm sick of the way these punk niggaz always talkin shit

Punk what? you stupid motherfuck, is you crazy?  
I'm liggedy loadin my clip about to flip, you're swayze  
I'm ready to light em up the four fifth is set to ill  
So I tightens up my hoody so noone can see the grill

Yo what the fuck you doin man? (blam-blam)

(ohh shit)

What the fuck, now what?  
Where your man at now g, what?  
Yo blitz, yo blitz yo let's be out

Figgedy fuck it  
I caught another body now I'm back up  
State doin a year and a half until my court date