

Hit Em Hard

The Game

I got a black Mac and a 6 pack
I don't work-out, I don't chit-chat
My b***h bad, I get ratchet
That Rolls Royce come gift wrapped
Em birds still come shrink rap
Not strapped? Don't think that!
I'm low key, with that click-clat
That wet attack, that pack-pack

Throw the burner and I'm runnin' home
n****s stop bein' lone when the money gone
Still walk in this b***h, I'm 100 shown
One chain on my neck, feel like I got 100 on
Look at my flow in this b***h
Platinum and gold on my wrist
Money accountant be countin' it
That's why I'm throwin' this s**t
I'm in bk with that sk
Same clothes as yesterday
With that Biggie Smalls on replay
And I ain't wearin' no vest today
Do the shmoney dance with this Mac
Betta do it too or get shmurdered
I be grillin' that beef
I ain't talkin' no burbons
I finna be walkin' like I'mma need?
I let off the k and it hop in the?
Never a question, I am the shooter
I empty the clip and leave you in a pool o'
Blood, see how ya get hit with the rooga
Blood, bandana, that's how we be movin'
Blood, sweepin' from Compton to Brooklyn?
When this ain't the park, then this one be shootin'

Bringin' n****s down, back and forth, from their passin' porch
Pass it off, n****s makin' bessu, we gon' blast it more
Flex? Gore! We gon' hit em hard, we gon' hit em more
First score, we gon' hit em more, we gon' hit em hard

Runnin' cocaina back and forth, Compton back in?
ds to the gn, I'm the boss, jump it back and?
Comin' for the murder, mess is off, b***h, you took a lot
f**k the dda, we shook em off, b***h we shook em off
b***h can twist a jaw with some dope that my momma stole
Lot of times she came back with church board Davinci, I had to owe somthin'
In the middle of the month or a day no mo', yayo, I had to sold diamonds
n****a coulda been a muthafuckin' foreign, no forgeries, I bring em hoes out
Yuh, n****a, n****a keep actin', I pull out the pump in this b***h like I'm Bl
izzy
Envy ya patna, we robbin' these b*****s, make all of them strippers
n****a is betta to ask for forgiveness, than ask for permission
You catch me for holla, I catch on ya slippin'
I did it a long time, and God is my witness
My n****s get often accounted for wizards
Then they showed em n****s they show up in?
Ya know the business, the n****s ride out snitchin'
Them n****s gon' be at yo throat

Everyday holla when n****s don't get the treatment
With?
Flippin' the chip out this rappin', been trappin'
But there ain't no weed in the blow

Bringin' n****s down, back and forth, from their passin' porch
Pass it off, n****s makin' bessu, we gon' blast it all
Flex? Gore! We gon' hit em hard, we gon' hit em more
First score, we gon' hit em more, we gon' hit em hard

I just caught a body like a week ago
These hatin' n****s want attention, I don't see em tho
You thought that gangsta s**t but I just can't believe you broke
Pull up with em shots, knockin' at the European booth
Passin' the K to the eme, callin' the emt after I empty this clip
I saw em dope, I don't cmt, I don't img, no, I'm as weird as it gets
Forget ya told me yo dad had a stroke, I said f**k him and bury these n****s
in piss
Rollie on wrist, no type to blow?
Girl on my d**k, come get yo brick
n****s thinkin' since I rap now, I'll back down and they can come try they l
uck
Riders with me be wired up, and they ridin' with me till the tires bust
Haters talkin' but they betta cool it
Cuz that n****a quick to get fired up
Lay ya out like my boy Maze, you ain't stand straight, you get ironed out
Drinkin' lean till I'm high enough
I don't give a f**k bout none n****a
I ain't squashin' s**t, I won't call it off
I just handle mine like a mad n****a
I'm on front line with these bands, n****a
Need a chair? I-Can't-Stan-n****s
We do walk-by's and hot bumps
We got slidin' doors on that van, n****a

Bringin' n****s down, back and forth, from their passin' porch
Pass it off, n****s makin' bessu, we gon' blast it all
Flex? Gore! We gon' hit em hard, we gon' hit em more
First score, we gon' hit em more, we gon' hit em hard
(2x)