

## Hard Hitters

Young Buck

You can smoke one to the head to this  
Rizin Sun, Young Buck (What), First Born (What), and D-Tay  
Them four hard hitters nigga and we back  
Another dope track, know what I'm sayin' what yo

Yo we them hard hitters  
Them drag you out the yard niggaz  
Bout to squab triggers  
That leave you in the dark nigga  
We raw nigga  
Them same superstar nigga  
Them anytime goin' right ain't no bar nigga  
We blow figures  
To show you who the boss nigga  
That drops niggaz  
With the chrome Moss nigga  
You lost nigga  
See T.I.P. don't like the game  
Ya get outta line and T.I.P. gon' like they aim

Is it my turn to show them niggaz we be stars on tracks  
Start up beef, we in yo front yard with gats  
So don't go with that, we leave you flat paralyzed from the neck  
With a motherfuckin' hole in ya back  
It ain't my fault if you balled hard  
Start slimin' up the walls, leave him in his draws  
Nigga you know the protocol  
We were born for hard ball  
Stealin' cars and livin' life hard ya heard me

If y'all gon' ride with me, get high with me  
Then go and get the straps nigga gunfire with me  
You'll die quickly, when we apply all fifty  
My real niggaz, hard hitters they ride with me  
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We did it all in our lifetime  
Dealin' drugs, bustin' them slugs  
Runnin' with thugs, when it get down to them broads  
They ain't showin' no love  
Put his face in the mud  
Fuckin' with the hard hitters, D-Tay my nigga  
Got contracts to get 'em, lyrical spitter  
We slaved on the figures found out who's better  
From Nashville to Chucktown we go round for round  
City to city and then we knock it down

Yeah we'll lock it down  
Then we hit these niggaz spot up with fifty rounds  
The best pound for pound  
Representin' the town  
That'll clown when it's time for the showdown, better slow down  
(D-Tay unload the four pound)  
This shit's about to go down nigga

Whoa now leave these niggaz shit tore down  
Whole town be locked down  
Got the whole world shocked now  
T.I.P. on top now

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I'll put it all on the line for these gangsta ass niggaz of mine  
First Born, D-Tay we hard hitters combined  
Talk shit and ya dyin' if ya think that I'm lyin'  
Ask that nigga named Bryan, caught six in the spine  
And we ain't hard to find we just sleep in the daytime  
After the sunshine we duckin' for war time  
You said you want what now  
See go to war nigga, hard hitters we buck wild  
Just us four niggaz  
See we live for gunfire, kick in ya door nigga  
If we come at lunchtime, we afternoon killers  
Who that playa with mine  
Must be some new niggaz  
Who done did some time and wanna mitch new figures  
Get the tools niggaz, let's show the world how we abuse niggaz  
Cock back the hammer and just shoot nigga  
All for the loot nigga  
We ain't no cute niggaz  
Tryin' to knock boots nigga  
We out here choosin' nigga

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