

# U Hard

## Haystak

check check, this mics on?  
now when we ride hard we kickin up dust dont leave no body behind to talk, naw naw;  
and the only proof that my crew came through'll be the people found lyin in chalk.

allow me to introduce, first crackavelli tha boss;  
white boy til i die whatever tha cost.  
i'll be a lie if i said that i never took losses;  
but i'm tellin tha truth when i say it dont happen often.  
i'll be pissin people off until they put me in a coffin;  
i'm a seargent in this army people listen when i'm talkin.  
caution!! cant you see we buildin here;  
actin like somethin you aint'll get you killed in here.  
i aint crude or rude i'm just real sincere;  
there's no time to worry about your fellings here.  
here here's some boots here here's some gear;  
you didnt wanna be here ya shouldnt a volunteered.  
we ridahs round here and we dont take to outsiders roun here;  
know what i mean? it's a known fact that you can get it round here;  
and aint nobody gone tell who did it round here!

chorus 4 x

i aint them goofy white boyz from tha movies;  
talk shit and have to kill me ( u hard?) absolutely!  
they call me big bill murder all bitches;  
commin out tha woods with the 30 aught sixes.  
e mack'll hit a bitch with a bar stool troy'll blind side you;  
tan hide you no one'll ever find you.  
t wayne'll take you to a construction area;  
steal a cement truck and use it to bury ya.  
sonny'll make a withdrawl put money on your dome;  
my boy alan vaughn put explosives on your phone.  
when u's in jail put a bomb on your brougham;  
and if it goes down i hope your moms aint home.  
dont make me get on the phone with ricky rodriguez;

bitch ass couldnt handle vicky rodriguez.  
i'm not familiar with no gentle methods;  
you'll be identified by your dental records.  
crazy how life changes in just a second;  
'specially if we catch you at that intersection.

chorus x 4

i aint malibu's most wanted i'm nashvilles most hunted;  
in my nortside hide out fuckin an countin money.  
i got 30 hoopties that'll come round through there;  
light that bitch up like new year.  
i roll with them cold players g's in wheelchairs;  
get up everyday get out and go get theirs.  
theres a homie name d-lo somethins wrong with his leg;  
and they say he'll be usin cruthes til the day he is dead.  
but if he up in the club and some shit get said;  
he'll pick that crutch up and bust a bitch in his head.  
i got a homie name wood weigh 350;  
its like havin another me with me.  
i'll beat that ass when some shit go down;  
saw what are you doin put that pistol down.  
lex put that homemade grenade away;  
dam saw where are you goin with that razor blade?!

chorus x 4

courage strength bravery;  
start this fight in the v.i.p.  
this story is history;  
and fuck everybody who disagree.  
we'll fight to the finish never surrender;  
you'll have to kill us just remember.  
we don't die we multiply;  
c dub b until we die!

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