

# Harder (feat. Rick Ross)

Yo Gotti

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

[feat. Rick Ross][Verse 1:]  
Ok the beat go hard but I go harder  
I can die a drug dealer but I'm smarter  
Pair of forgiato rims I could of brought a charger  
But dem bitches make the lambo look a little more harder  
King of my city north memphis we're like holla  
Blood gang crips too we gon eat regardless  
See me on the news yeah I beat em charges  
All they do is runnin gunnin and a dodgin  
Blood shed my niggas in the fed my nigga Gucci die  
I can't let nuthin slide  
Ridgecrest where I resign Ridgecrest what I provide  
Young nigga with them choppas 'cause I know they gonna ride  
Fuck if I die today I went to church I pay my tax  
I leave my son a couple million dollars so I did alright  
Hard ain't no nigga in this streets that built like me sold bricks like me  
Mexico took trips like me  
Texaco ain't nothin but gas if I was u nigga down my past  
I break bread so no fuck me nigga I'm a real nigga and I was built to last[Hook:]  
Hard hard I'm hard hard hard I'm hard  
Hard hard I'm hard  
In the kitchen I whip it harder  
Top drop ridin harder  
Hard hard I'm hard hard hard I'm hard  
In the kitchen I Whip it harder  
Real nigga I live harder  
Hard hard I'm hard[Verse 2:]  
The streets go hard but I go harder  
I know what didn't meant mo money mo fuckin problems  
I know young money like I'm dwayne carter  
Remember my life a real nigga if I die tomorrow  
I'm harder met a bitch in the mazda

Put the bitch in the range rover  
Cause she suck dick till tomorrow  
Head 4 24 hours 24 brick or powder  
24s on my platinum neek 50k on the chandelier  
Nozzle like a castle bitch white like alaska  
Got instrumentals sold all white on my mercedes shit nasa  
Pulled off in that 'rari took off like I'm nasa  
Nigga playin dem games with me she'll fuck you if you answer  
She smarter better get she harder better yet you pussy  
Then why them bitches charge ya[Hook][Verse 3: Rick Ross]  
Strip moneys strip moneys got on my wall  
I'm going so hard I know I got more than dough  
Got the beamer the bentley triple-black mercedes-benz  
Got me 5 mill in cash time to get it again  
From reebok to surrock came a long way from the blocks  
Baby girl I don't wed cause shit I've driven it rocks  
Licking shots that you pussies my stock fresh shot through the roof  
As I shoot for the stars I'm shootin buying a coup  
I know I won't live forever but stocking up like I will  
I know you niggas ain't real but I fuck you like u is  
48 laws 36 hoes 57 nets all black tip-toein  
26 inch rims chrome mac 11 doing right so hard but I pray I get to heaven[Hook]

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