

# Harder

## Rob Dale

Ah, I don't wanna hear shit  
Get off ya motherfucking ass  
It's right now, right now, right here  
And we bringing it to you live, come on  
Golden state, what, come on, what bitch  
New shit! Ha, come on, yeah Ras Kass blaze that shit up  
Xzibit, break it down, slam it, jelly roll  
Show me a bitch and I'm a slay her like Sarah Michelle Gell-ie  
Rap star, trash tellies blow up my sprint celly  
Dare me, I tongue Halle Berry's belly  
Show her a monster's ball, fuck it you tell me  
Platinum, heavy 22 inch perrelli's  
Jelly, it gets so ugly, it gets scary  
Haters act like under-age hoes, so what's really  
Can't fuck wit y'all, paging R. Kelly  
(Ooh)  
Oh, if the shoe fits buy a matching shirt  
Ya nothing take ya face and attach dirt  
Catch me and my niggas wit strick-9  
Strictly constrict 9 triggas disfigure ya figure  
Our figgas got bigger, niggas the same  
Menace to society and y'all done made me Kane  
Can't extort us faggot, you bust we bust  
In God we trust but we paying at dusk, biatch!  
Don't you think this shit is for fun  
(No)  
Think before you reach for that gun  
(Think)  
Look at all the shit that you started  
(Yeah)  
You bring heat but we bring it harder  
(Sing)  
La la la la la la la la  
(Ha)  
La la la la la la la la  
(Sing)  
La la la la la la la la  
(Yes)  
La la la la la la la la

(Come on)

Yella, yizzel, shaft shizza-lean  
Fuck what y'all talking about, this shit clean  
That's why we filthy rich behind the scenes  
Game spitters with helmets and shoulder pads on the hitters  
Bullshit so far what this game sent  
We here to burn it down open bar entertainment  
Taking the work clipping the clientele on raw  
Lactose intolerant but I still sell  
Game enough to mash on the coach like Sprewell  
Don't salt there hoes flows ain't got that sea smell  
Overstand under surveillance, Ben Savage  
Can't come to the town terrorizing we been laden  
Been beat heavyweight beefs and went passage  
Back to the blockmates and it's safe to unlock cakes  
King sizzel makin' bank, shake the spizzle  
We don't make it drizzle we rain in the G-state  
Don't you think this shit is for fun

(No)

Think before you reach for that gun

(Think)

Look at all the shit that you started

(Come one)

You bring heat but we bring it harder

(Now sing)

La la la la la la la la

(Sing)

La la la la la la la la

(Yeah)

La la la la la la la la

(Sing it)

La la la la la la la la

(Yeah)

Feel the adrenaline, feel the rush  
The effects of the compound the ammo dump  
Doc dre don't fuck with punks  
We all thump like maximus, stop fucking with us  
Take a ride inside the home of hands-on hip-hop  
Speak what you believe and hope you don't get shot for it  
Ghetto poets, show it if you got one  
A hot one, with ass and rap like a shotgun  
I can write to the sound of the sunset  
Smith and Wesson, I use words as a weapon  
Gun sling my dreams I rain supreme

And fiend for the next challenge, knocking you off balance

Look, I been through the worst, avoided the hearst

(Survived)

Starving to death and dying of thirst

(Alive)

Here in the flesh, elope with the profoc

The answer, the solution, the remedy, the anecdote

Don't you think this shit is for fun

(No)

Think before you reach for that gun

(Think)

Look at all the shit that you started

(Yeah)

You bring heat but we bring it harder

(Now sing)

La la la la la la la la

(Yes)

La la la la la la la la

(Sing)

La la la la la la la la

(Ha)

La la la la la la la la

(Come on)

Don't you think this shit is for fun

(No)

Think before you reach for that Gun

(Think)

Look at all the shit that you started

(Yeah)

You bring heat but we bring it harder

(Now sing)

La la la la la la la la

(Ha)

La la la la la la la la

(Now sing)

La la la la la la la la

(Ah ha)

La la la la la la la la

Bounce, bounce, bounce, bounce, yeah

Bounce, bounce, yeah

Golden State

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnyrics.com/>