

# Hard to Kill

## Showbiz & A.G.

Before becoming a runaway slave  
Here's a taste of mental slavery  
A backtrack You don't, you don't catch hell because you're a Methodist or a Baptist  
You don't catch hell because you're a Democrat or Republican  
You don't catch hell because you're a mason or an elk  
And you sure don't catch hell because you're an American  
Because if you were an American you wouldn't catch no hell  
You catch hell because you're a black man Check it, many try to come close  
Rest in peace to the deceased and the rest are comatose  
I'm not a joke and I go for broke and while I'm laughing  
You'll be gagging from the motherfucking gunsmoke Walk the streets and I play for keeps  
And while I entertain, suckers remain six feet deep  
It was good while it lasted  
Broken bones and [Incomprehensible], tombstones and caskets I got fleeced, I'm not strapped, I'm a get you back  
Me saying, "Mayday", with an AK, picture that  
Getting my props while you're propless  
And if you try and escape, we'll take grandma for hostage I carry my joint  
Hoping to smoke a sucker just to keep on point  
When Dre's team goes to extremes call up an M.D.  
Wetting a strip 'til my whole clip is empty [Incomprehensible] and tecs ready to wreck the site  
Whoever's next to step is knifed in broad daylight  
Don't try to run, you'll get blocked off  
I got spotted by a cop, so now that cop is knocked off If I get back, I get out with the quickness  
The D.A., the judge and the jury's on my hitlist  
Dressed in black with a hoodie and a low hat  
Spoke to the witness, now the witness don't know jack The Giant and his crew is ill  
We're sick ass convicts, we're hard to kill My boys from New York  
(Is hard to kill)  
The brothers from Jersey  
(Is hard to kill) I say it out in Philly  
(Is hard to kill)  
And the brothers in Boston  
(Is hard to kill) To all my peeps in Cali  
(Is hard to kill)  
Don't forget about Atlanta  
(Is hard to kill) To all my boys in Connecticut  
(Is hard to kill)  
To my crew in Texas  
(Is hard to kill) I'm a runaway, 141st and 3rd

40 bottles on the curb and my man got the bag of herb  
Another brother tried to get ill  
And try to take me out on my block, he forgot I was hard to kill I ran for cover so the brother missed  
He hit my man in the head, now Ed is dead, yo what is this?  
I won't stop until I see him rest  
He got popped, pick up the cops, too late for the EMS Ain't no chance for survival  
He tried to go head on, now he's dead on arrival  
Now you know I don't play around  
'Cause the clown is face down and uptown is his burial ground You want beef? Well, the more the merrier  
And I'm a bury that man's clan in the same area  
My entourage is fully strapped  
Turning your hard bodyguards to wussy and pussy cats You know how we do it  
Putting the glock to the test, go get your vest, I'm going right through it  
He survived in intensive care  
Did the impossible in the hospital  
(Knocked him off right there) I'm an expert at disposal  
You see, everyone goes on foes, I'm killing hoes too  
Nobody takes the witness stand  
Your ass is out, I'm cleaning niggas out like Spic 'N' Span You want beef with a mastermind?  
But it's fine, pass the nine, now it's disaster time  
I love conflict and confrontation  
Killing enemies worse than Kennedy's assassination But that's not my style  
I just got buckwild so I could prove I could versatile  
Styles go on and on  
A.G. is all about peace, speaking of peace, now I'm gone To the brothers in D.C.  
(Is hard to kill)  
And the brothers in VA  
(Is hard to kill) Down in North Carolina  
(Is hard to kill)  
How about the brothers in Maryland?  
(Is hard to kill)

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