

Harder

Yo Gotti & Rick Ross

[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 platnmiium 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]
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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