

Hard to Kill

Big L

[Method Man:]Yeah, play times over mutha phuckaz, Spice 1's defiantly in mutha fuckin' effect.

You know what I'm saying? bringing it to all you bitch ass niggaz, so
raise up

and recognize, and understand that this brother is hard to kill.

[Spice 1:]I'm running these niggaz off their block taking they shit kicking it to
the bitches.

People cant lift off your spot I'm leaving your shit up in stitches.
nigga,

Bullets go through the door, I'll shoot you and that ho, got a cap for
each of these

niggas thats fucking around with my cash flow.

Pid cap, be love cap pid, because in
the neighborhood
cause still kill at will.

Gotta keep my pistol tight, slanging sugar delite, that china
white got these

niggaz killing each other tonight, sometimes a turf is like a war zone,
maybe even

Vietnam, not at the movies but you still see the died come. And a nigga
catch a slug,

caps' be pulled for fun foo, you gotta watch your shit before we pull a
ak on your own blood,

see niggaz will stick you for your cash,
that's when they enter a wet t-shirt
contest and I super soak they ass.

So Method Man show these niggaz the deal.

Let these mutha fuckers know that youre hard to kill.

[Method Man:]Who dat nigga? You on with me with the super fly Meth-i-cal nigga. Who
want to die?

For real nigga. Why, even try to test sides. Challenger throw a bird
with

my 45 caliber. Can it be that this is the S.P.I.C.E. 1 and the method
mutha fucka

with the guns blazing?

You trail, my god, its amazing. I'll bring your punk ass
nightmares like Wes Craven.

The bigger the critter, the harder to pull

the trigga.
I'll send your ass back to the dark side nigga. You're a snake, I've seen
you sliver,
so I deliver with death. We'll throw your punk ass in the river. On the battle ship
I'm the captain. Beat that ass bloody as I send it to the camp. Tical!
[Chorus]S.P.I.C.E. come to be hard to killah, hard to killah, hard to killah.
S.P.I.C.E. come to be hard to killah, hard to killah, hard to killah.
S.P.I.C.E. come to be hard to killah, hard to killah, hard to killah.
[Spice 1:]Blah!
Its mutha fuckin nuts if you want to murder me, harder to kill
than your
average mutha fuckin' G. Rolls with the uzi with that shit that will
make your body
drop. Cause if your shot, tic toc and it don't stop. Nigga, down for my
strap
niggaz on their back, no rat-tat-tat silencer on the mac. Died come again,
coming
straight out of my jaws, got these niggaz screaming pause, pistol
whippin and breaking
they jaws. yeah, so you don't want to fuck with me, many niggaz out
there willin' to go
nuts with me. And light up your block smoke them like a fucked up banner,
cant be caught
by no Po-Po's cant be put in no slammer. I don't be fucking with
snitches, aint nobody going to tell, leave your dick in the dirt, and yo momma as well.
New York
to Cali niggaz are hard to kill, Shit is too real, yous a ignorant mutha
fucka if your
not riding with your steel.
[Chorus]S.P.I.C.E. come to be hard to killah, hard to killah, hard to killah.
S.P.I.C.E. come to be hard to killah, hard to killah, hard to killah.
S.P.I.C.E. coming from the bay area, bay area, puffing carea.
S.P.I.C.E. coming from the bay area, bay area, puffing carea.
1-8-7 1-8-7 1-8-7 1-8-7 1-8-7 1-8-7 1-8-7 1-8-7 1-8-7 1-8-7 1-8-7 1-8-7
1-8-7 1-8-7 1-8-7 1-8-7 1-8-7 1-8-7 1-8-7
[Outro: Spice 1]Capping your ass for the 94, what you know? Grab your glock. Blah! Me
burst out first 'Mon.
We are in 7000 G.