Three the Hard Way (feat. Mr. Black & R.O.C.)

Jermaine Dupri

See Quick, I told you man once we get a beat man
Shit like this right here
I got my nigga Black for me, uh
I got my nigga R.O.C. for me, uh
And y'all know who the fuck I be
And for a long time I think niggaz been taking So So Def for a joke
But I guess that's why we rich and y'all niggaz is brokeY'all got one chance to flow I let y'all know
While y'all stretch your mouth I stretch my dough
Also stretch the doors on my Navigators
Long as the Olajuwon
Rock mine a Phenomenon Mr. Smith style
You want to get uh, oh here he is now
Dot to the O caughted blow your shit down
Dot to the see you're feelin' me now?
Anyhow y'all niggaz can't measure up
I'm here to get my cheddar and who ever mess it up?
Then I'mma blow these rounds out, wet Ã¢??em up
For my dawgs like DMX who pound like Kurupt
And Snoopy in the club getting at the groupies
Stash the uzi tonight flash the jewelry
And just post up we can't be touched
All my niggaz say, "WHAT WE DON'T GIVE A FUCK"! (UH)
Be-boy style hot like tical
Four, five cal, check into the profile of a killa
Sonny Black my mellow, my ace playa get on the
Microphone and rock it pleaseI'm make y'all niggaz feel the hit homie
None of y'all motherfuckers know me
Three times a niggaz like T.O.N.Y.
All up in your spot like Navy Seals, wave your steel
Lay your shit down, clown I'm for real
Spittin' Crips for chips, plant bombs in your whip
I bring the pain to the game on the real tip what?
Hittin' niggaz like JFK
For the pounds and the bricks and yay, hear what I say?
Squeezing off, just to mash and releasing off
Y'all motherfuckers shouldn't be so soft
Oh you type thug niggaz
Frump niggaz, yo I got no love niggaz
Expect the worse yo check it can make you see the hearse

Tell mama I'm about to break the button for the nurse
Niggaz don't want it but they think they do
And soldiers should never fuck with me and my crew, who?You know I'm gonna make them dance when I step in the clubWell I know another way to make Ã¢??em put their hands upI drop the beat on
I cock the heat on
I got this party niggaz
We lock the street cornersWell it's him again, the Timbaland lacer
You trembling in the faces, Detroit hates us
Take us, come smooth the hard shit, rock jewelry
Like Mr. Antarctic
Watch our hands move regardless of the chartless
Cock your automatic
So the safest thing for you to do is shut the fuck up
Let my crew do this (UH) like this niggaz from the bricks and (UH)
You don't want NWK to get to ya
So you heard we make believers out of dreamers
Now we make murder cases out of sleepers
S to the motherfuckers O to the S to the y'all damned
O to the D to the E F-uck you 'cause we buck you,
Y'all niggaz can't touch usAssume my position 'cause papermaking's a must
Straight mangle motherfuckers when it's time to bust
Lace flows with angel dust all up in your spot
We got no things with us, kind of dangerous
Don't fuck around and get caught in a verbal onslaught
'Cause I'm label your bills and my man Too $hort , ooh Lord
Getting down one more time
For making motherfuckers who be out on the run
I gotta get mine daily can't let these motherfuckers fade me
That's just the way my mama made me
Top size rider from the get go, known to spit flows
And keep them niggaz on their tiptoes
I goes to the extremity blind with weed and hennesy
I know you niggaz don't remember me
Got the flow poetic, and I stay diamond setted
Running over tracks like I'm Libyan, here's the past
Labeled a pussy, cash see her bounce
Shaking, moving, waiting, sipping the ounce
What's up with that? None of y'all niggaz can fuck with Black
Motherfucker where's your focus at?
JD my mellow my ace get on the mic and come rock pleaseNigga I feel like why you gon come if ain't on time
And ain't no need in coming out if you ain't gonna shine
That's why I am why I am with mine and y'all sick
While y'all keep it real we keep it rich
Just clowning, pounding, riding around in
Some of the most elite shit to ever hit the town

Screaming out how you like me now and I'm gettin busier
I stay platinum while y'all get dizzier
The difference between y'all is I get 'em out of their seats
And my balling techniques is out of your reach
Live and direct from the Peach State
Where we make hits, deep grits and steak, homes laced
We never hit the breaks just continue to speed
Y'all don't want to fuck with me?

Songwriters
Dupri, Jermaine Mauldin / Randolph, Altorre / Griffin, Rahman Muhammad / Walker, David DamonPublished by
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