

# 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 broke Y'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 caught 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 Ñ??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 please I'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 club Well I know another way to make 'em put their hands up I drop the beat on  
I cock the heat on  
I got this party niggaz  
We lock the street corners Well 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 us Assume 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 hennsey  
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 please Nigga 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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