

W.C. f/ Scarface**"So Hard"**

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[Intro: W.C.]

Ahh shit, god damn, niggaz done fucked up
W.C. and Face done hooked up
From the West to the South, worldwide nigga
Y'all know what I'm talkin' about
We gon' do it like this for all my gutter niggaz
on the frontline gettin' theirs, check it out

[Chorus] - X 2

Di-di-di-dada dada-di-di we know
It's hard if you ain't got pounds or kilos
(Riders don't die, we multiply, shift gears
toss fingers in the sky, fuck hoes and stay high)

[W.C.]

I started off small-time
Snatchin' purses and robbin' niggaz for all mine
Used to love to catch you niggaz known to high sign
Bomb on they ass from the blind side
My big daddy was a squabbler like Joe Frasier
So understand I was born to ride by nature, blast for
paper
A teenager, hollow-point slugger
In the Regal with the french braids and the cake cutter
Gots to get mo' money, mo' money
Can't get pussy with no money, it's funny
When I was broke bitches laughed
Til' I met this bitch by the name of rap
Now with my Night Train it's X.O.
So Mr. Officer, fuck you and my ex-hoes
I know it's hard to see a nigga make the bumper swang
But I convert the jack game to the rap game,
motherfucker

[Chorus] - X 2

Di-di-di-dada dada-di-di we know
It's hard if you ain't got pounds or kilos
(Riders don't die, we multiply, shift gears
toss fingers in the sky, fuck hoes and stay high)

[Scarface]

The real niggaz is back, 'cause there's too many
bullshit records, out on the racks, fuckin' up the craft
But I'm about to put the thug, G back in it
The viscous Facemob with W.C. back in it
You feel me daddy? The game need Bradley
Cause nowadays your subject matter's so shabby
I rap about the shit I do, or the shit I've been through
Cause I was taught you up your shoot
I've got a body count beyond belief, 'cause there's an
arm in me
Don't take my word, ring the alarm and see
I can act like I'm your homie 'til the timing is right
Sneak up on ya when you're sleepin', put this nine in
your life
(Now who the fuck thinkin' they want it with Mob?
When I can map out a job to have a nigga come and
level your squad)
One deep, you play for stripes, I'm playin' for keeps
Who gives a fuck about some braggin' rights, they talk
in these streets

[Chorus] - X 2

Di-di-di-dada dada-di-di we know
It's hard if you ain't got pounds or kilos
(Riders don't die, we multiply, shift gears
toss fingers in the sky, fuck hoes and stay high)

[W.C.]

I'll break niggaz, shake niggaz, fake niggaz
Like weight apply pressure with my finger when
sprayin' niggaz
W.C. and Face nigga, on the trigger deliverin' blood
clots
Buggin' these niggaz with buckshots
In the six drop with fetti to drop, ready to pop
Hot rocks keepin' it hot from yo' block to my block
Whether illegal or legal we gon' shine on these haters
Keep it gutter, get the paper motherfucker

[Chorus] - X 2

Di-di-di-dada dada-di-di we know
It's hard if you ain't got pounds or kilos
(Riders don't die, we multiply, shift gears
toss fingers in the sky, fuck hoes and stay high)

[Scarface] (W.C.)

I'm from the Southside, and I'm killin' with the flow
And I'm here to let these niggaz know
(I'm from the Westside, and I'm dippin' in a fo'
And I'm here to let you niggaz know)
I'm from the Southside, and I'm killin' with the flow

And I'm here to let these niggaz know
(I'm from the Westside, and I'm dippin' in a fo'
And I'm here to let you niggaz know)

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