

**AZ****"The Hardest"**

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[Large Professor]

Yeah its the ghost SP

the G-O-D AZ

SP, its the ghost SP

with the G-O-D AZ

SP, its the ghost SP

with the G-O-D AZ

Hardest yeah hardest

[Styles P]

Yeah its the hardest out

I'ma die for my cause, take the martyr route

Up north they talk about me when the yard is out

Can't come through the hood on the mountain bike

when cars is out

Its the G-H-O-S-T go in

I'm the P-H-A-N-T-O-M Phantom

Spit Jems blow hems from his chin to his eyebrow

Trying to watching beat street and wildstyle

Get the feeling back

Whateva happen to realer rap

Ask my man where the tequila at

I'm from a hood where they peel ya cap

And you ain't got a prize under

Word to the hoodie that my eyes under

Word to the hand that the gloves over

It's all hate when the loves over

Talk straight when thug sober

But keep it quiet just shush

When you see me blowing kush on the push

Trying to get large dough

Ghost Sosa and Large Pro

Why you think I got on my cargos

To put mad stacks in it

I burn your house with the plaques in it

And then i'm spraying the mac in it

Your dj is wack burn his house with the wax in it

Never kick raps if you ain't got facts in it

But regardless whatever your bars is

I don't give a f\*ck cause I be the hardest n\*gga

[Hook] [Styles P]

I'm T-H-E-H-R-D-E-S-T you don't wanna see SP  
Everyday I wake up its like i'm liable to sin  
Smoke haze in bible paper swallowing gin  
I'm G-H-O-S-T  
I can crack the ground and make the clouds come  
down  
Find me if you looking for trouble  
Send a hundred n\*ggas i'ma bust a thousand rounds

[AZ]

The streets is mine  
The east just fine  
We drop jewels in our verbal  
We reach the blind  
We badu with the earth food  
Delete the swine  
Nine two how we murk you its reaper time  
No riffing  
Death is near the checks is cleared  
Bout to charge n\*ggas holes for they reckless stares  
Bout to bar n\*ggas flows cause they rep ain't there  
They style is trash  
The more cash the less I care  
I'm colder real vulgore  
Kill bill with the blue steel in the holster  
Come no closer  
Got the game in a choka blunt smoker  
Pretty hair cunt stroker its brooklyn baby  
Motherf\*ckers thought bush was crazy kill'em all  
My marriage to the streets was annulled i'ma ball  
From the era where the real n\*ggas ball took cheddar  
Broads even look much better I put pleasure  
And stitch in every word  
I'm the sickest eva heard  
If you can't get me richer i'ma kick you to the curb  
Picture getting served on a yacht with orderve  
While the block still rock twenty g's by the third  
That's my word

[Hook] [AZ]

I'm T-H-E-H-R-D-E-S-T ya'll don't wanna see AZ  
At any given minute n\*gga liable to flip  
You wanna pimp n\*gga find you a b\*tch I ain't the one  
I'm S-O-S thats me  
Got a hundred hungry goons that'll kill for free  
Same young n\*gga that'll torch your face  
Suite up and come support at your wake motherf\*cker

[Large Professor]

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