

Big Ed

"I Am The Hardest"

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[big ed]

I am the hardest

Nigga on wax, big ed back (assass' on)
No limit soldier retracts, I got my blast on
Hard to the bone, military minded nigga
We started this shit, must I remind you niggas
So I'm going all out, motherfuck the fall out
I'll blow the wall on these hundred round drums
And the I haul out, won't stop, can't stop,
Before I stop, you drop, get retarted

I am the hardest

One on stage, bust with a rage,
I keep the crowd bucked like a gauge, hyper's my trade
I give the crowd rowdy hooks, associated with crooks
Dance floor filled with jabbing right hooks
I get the crowd shook, and they don't wanna dance no
mo'
Cause all my thug niggas fighting on the floor
Throw you set up, I'm not the tightest or most lyrical
artist
But -

I am the hardest

Chorus:

Nigga what you want? shit you ride on your enemies
Hooks that make 'em bleed, for all my niggas that's on
the streets
I won't stop this how I eat, so fuck all y'all who question
me
Bust hardcore rhymes over hardcore beats

I am the hardest

Rapper, point blank period
Player you could run up and make this whole thing
serious

Mess around and get me furious
Oh you're the hardest, I can believe that I'm hearing
this
Just because you sold more units don't make you
harder
It just means your record executives were a little bit
smarter
Boy you better get up out the quarter

I am the hardest

One with the mic, I'm not the tightest, that's mystical
But I get this motherfucker physical
Go to Dallas, Chi-town, Indy, A-T-L
St. Louis in the streets they know me well
In Orlando I got 'em taking it to the trunk
On this album I'ma give 'em all what they want
Full blown funk, and yo big I, run that shit let's get it
started

I am the hardest

Chorus:

Nigga what you want? shit you ride on your enemies
Hooks that make 'em bleed, for all my niggas that's on
the streets
I won't stop this how I eat, so fuck all y'all who question
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Soldier in this war, this game we call rap
Kick the door in with 10 straps, explosive habits
Must I relate back to pimps, hustlers, gangstas and
macks
I keep gats and I bust 'em just like that *guns fires*
Hoes sweatin' out they perm, they got 'fro backs
See I'ma throw back with other switch styles to keep
the floor packed
Fuck you haters I'ma get mine regardless

I am the hardest

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