

Eminem

"Hard"

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(Eminem)

On this dream

No diggity

I'm about to go pull some hoes

(Yelawolf)

Roll down the window in the Chevy

And I listen to the critics, but they really wasn't sayin
shit

Buddy I'm a gudda muthafucka from an Alabama
creek

You don't know who you playin with.

They talk so much that I pick one of these pebbles
Under me get laryngitis.

The wade is so contagious, so who gave it?

Apparently I did.

Put fish in the back of my boat

I'm a fisherman, I'ma reel'em in mackaral

Imma give 'em ten minutes then put 'em back in the
water there just to see them all float

Kinda like mixtapes on the back of my trunk

Buddy, yeah, I got 'em all sold.

In Alabama was an Arm and Hammer

Swimmin' in propoganda I got 'em all "Whoa"

Promenade country boy get out my way

Gallon of sweet tea and a packet of lemonade

Smackin' a faggot I crack a bat on the pen and page

No homo, anyway

Any stage, rip it anyway,

The independent way, look,

Have you seen his J's

Footwork, send them in a rage

Feelin' like a millionaire on minimum wage

Don't need a Mercedes to take yo girl

My Chevy is sick, Earl.

I let her play with my mullet, while she sip syrup

Hold up

Alabama funk

Make you lose your teeth like a Mountain Dew soda

Some Saltines wanna live in the box

But guess what? I'm the cracka who showed up!

(Eminem)

Cause sometimes I feel like it's so hard for me
To come up with shit to say ayyyyy
I'm at a loss for words, cause ya'll already said it all
I think I'm runnin out of cliches
I'm gettin' writer's block. Psyche

Cause sometimes I feel like it's so hard for me
To come up with shit to say ayyyyy
I'm at a loss for words, cause ya'll are raisin' all
I think I'm runnin out of cliches
I'm gettin' righted by sight

(Wiz Khalifa)

Left the crib with ten grand
Bought a hundred pair
I'm the coach I could show you how to be player
Five faces
The fitted bitches love my hair
Camo shorts go with anything I wanna wear
They let me in the club fuck the dress code
Me and all my niggas rollin' up the best smoke
OG Kush from the West Coast
Oh you down to Fuck? Shorty let's go
Diamonds in my chain, niggas tryna still my lane
Kronic in my brain
Bitch I'm reppin Taylor Gang
Smoke 'til I'm insane, drink until I'm throwin up
Only papers if you Taylor'd nigga throw it up
High socks, low cuts
Smell that good weed, then you know it's us
That yellow car pulling up
Them niggas ain't hot so they ain't close to us
Down to fly get two fingers and hold 'em up

(Eminem)

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