

Kampfar

"Hard to Kill"

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[A.G]

Before becoming a runaway slave, here's a taste of mental slavery. A backtrack...

("You don't catch hell because you're a Methodist or a Baptist
You don't catch hell because you're a Democrat or Republican
You don't catch hell because you're a Mason or an Elk
And you sure don't catch hell because you're an American
Because if you were an American you wouldn't catch no hell
You don't catch hell because you're a black man.")

Check it, many try to come close
Rest in peace to the deceased and the rest are comatose
I'm not a joke and I go for broke
And while I'm laughing you'll be gagging from the motherfucking gunsmoke
Walk the streets and I play for keeps
And while I entertain suckers stay six feet deep
It was good while it lasted
Broken bones and asses, tombstones and caskets
I got fleeced, I'm not strapped, I'm a get you back
Me saying "Mayday" with an AK, picture that
Getting my props while you're propless
And if you try and escape, we'll take grandma for hostage
I carry my joint
Hoping to smoke a sucker just to keep on point
When Dre's team goes to extremes call up an M.D.
Wetting a strip til my whole clip is empty
Oh-ops and tecs ready to wreck the site
Whoever's next to step is knifed in broad daylight
Don't try to run, you'll get blocked off
I got spotted by a cop, so now that cop is knocked off
if I get back I get out with the quickness
The D.A., the judge and the jury's on my hitlist
Dressed in black with a hoodie and a low hat

(What you did?) Spoke to the witness, now the witness
don't know jack
The Giant and his crew are ill
We're sick-ass convicts, we're hard to kill

My boys from New York (Is hard to kill)
The brothers from Jersey (Is hard to kill)
I say out in Philly (Is hard to kill)
And the brothers in Boston (Is hard to kill)
To all my peeps in Cali (Is hard to kill)
Don't forget about Atlanta (Is hard to kill)
To all my boys in Connecticut (Is hard to kill)
To my crew in Texas (Is hard to kill)

I'm around the way, 141st and 3rd
40 bottles on the curb and my man got the bag of herb
Another brother tried to get ill
And try to take me out on my block, he forgot I was
hard to kill
I ran for cover so the brother missed
He hit my man in the head, now Ed is dead, yo what is
this?
I won't stop until I see him rest
He got popped by the cops, too late for the EMS
Ain't no chance for survival (Why's that?)
He tried to go head on, now he's dead on arrival
Now you know I don't play around
Cause the clown is face down and uptown is his burial
ground
You want beef? Well the more the merrier
And I'm a bury that man's clan in the same area
My entourage is fully strapped
Turning your hard bodyguards to wussy, and pussy
cats
You know how we do it
Putting the glock to the test, go get your vest, I'm going
right through it
He survived in intensive care
Did the impossible in the hospital (Knocked him off
right there)
I'm an expert at disposal
You see, everyone goes, on foes I'm killing hoes too
Nobody takes the witness stand
Your ass is out, I'm cleaning niggas out like Spic 'n'
Span
You want beef with a mastermind?
But it's fine, pass the nine, now it's disaster time
I love conflict and confrontation
Killing enemies worse than Kennedy's assassination
But that's not my style
I just got buckwild so I could prove I was versatile

Styles go on and on
A.G. is all about peace, speaking of peace, now I'm
gone

To the brothers in D.C. (Is hard to kill)
And the brothers in VA (Is hard to kill)
Down in North Carolina (Is hard to kill)
How about the brothers in Maryland? (Is hard to kill)

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