

## Styles P "Harsh"

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[feat. Rick Ross & Busta Rhymes]

[Intro: Busta Rhymes]

You know!!!!

One day I got a call from the Ghost who told me I had  
to get on this conference call

To discuss a little business with him and the homey  
Rozay

Know the situation transpired where a nigga had to get  
dealt with a little harshly

Yeah!

[Verse 1: Styles P]

Root for the villian and shoot with no feelin

Like Audio Two yeah the crew is "Top Billin"

Blowin the dutch in the coupe with no ceilin

Invisible bully like the Gooch when I'm illin

Cash too green, it's taped to the toilet

Like I'm Michael Corleone in the bathroom scene

Young black Vito, chopped and wrapped kilos

Clap torpedos, stack, Doritos

We in the Mexico sippin the Mojito

Discussin perico, green weed and diesel

AK, nozzle air holes you can see through

Ridin the bulletproof five, yeah, I'm lethal

[Chorus: Busta Rhymes]

Yo! When niggas hear this shit they say it's (HARSH!!!)

Type of shit that make you wanna handle a nigga  
(HARSH!!!)

Act hostile, aggressive and kinda (HARSH!!!)

And like a Rothchild with money I'm kinda (HARSH!!!)

HOW WE DEALIN WITH 'EM!!! (HARSH!!!) HOW WE

DEALIN WITH 'EM!!! (HARSH!!!)

HOW WE HANDLIN 'EM!!! (HARSH!!!) HOW WE MANDLIN

'EM!!! (HARSH!!!)

STOP BITCHIN YOU THE ONE WHO DONE 'CAUSE ME TO

ACT!!! (HARSH!!!)

AND IF I'M ITCHIN AND YOU FRONT IT'S MY DUTY TO

ACT!!!

[Verse 2: Rick Ross]

Style is infectious, actress in a Lexus  
Sunroof open had cheese for breakfast  
Beef never settled I'm Lyor to the ghetto (HUH!)  
Russell with the hustle Rick Rubin with the metal  
When I lick a shot I'm aimin at ya top floor (WOOO!!!!)  
Blocks like stock everybody bought more (HUH!)  
Birds fell out the sky, rats could drop dead  
Flyin through Bed-Stuy, white drop head  
Sticky green twist, guillotine click (HUH!)  
Dapper Dan three piece suit for the trip  
Link with Dominicanos, straight pesos fritos  
Three point range hit free throws with kilos

[Chorus: Busta Rhymes]

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ACT!!! (HARSH!!!)  
AND IF I'M ITCHIN AND YOU FRONT IT'S MY DUTY TO  
ACT!!!

[Verse 3: Styles P]

Shine like brightenin sure but I'm the titan  
Hard like when Customato was trainin Tyson  
Gun we react in the car but no license  
Life on top of the city could touch lightenin  
Cocaine wave, dollar bill slave  
Rangler is tough but the inside is suede  
Ride with Louch and 'Kiss until I see a grave  
One third of a legacy  
Pedigree is I can make a don a don 'cause of integrity  
Rap like a phenomom sleep for a better dream  
Nine is for better things smoke for medicine  
BIG is the only rapper I don't think that I'm better than

[Chorus: Busta Rhymes]

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[Verse 4: Busta Rhymes]

Yo! I rub stones together and cast a spell quick Like  
Like a Zoe hittin voodoo blessings 'fore I move bricks  
I beat you like the number eleven with two sticks  
Money from the door and then when I bop with two  
chicks (COME ON!!!)  
It won't stop never stop there he go again (HUH!)  
Together watch the coke and have the bakin soda sort  
of blend (HA!)  
Fredricka kinda pure see how we make the fiends flock  
And watch the lines for the coke a quickly wrap around  
the block  
They say we bad for business 'cause the coke price  
dropped  
How we flooded and we bubble white 'til it's white hot  
(WHAT!)  
Pot purchases we chop it up to pieces  
'Til only the shake is left countin the profit and a bezel  
(WOOO!!!!)  
Eight million dollar yacht, scotch, a little refer  
Diamonds so big they call it obnoxious little creature  
(OH!)  
Money to cop original paintings of Mona Lisa  
High the way I feel a cloud sittin on my caesar

[Chorus: Busta Rhymes]

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