

## Styles P

### "The Hardest"

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Big Producer:

Yeah It's the ghost SP  
wit the G-O-D AZ  
It's the ghost SP  
wit the G-O-D AZ  
hardest yea hardest out

Styles P:

I'm from a part of new york thats fowler than poor  
where the dirty niggas pile in the court (shit)  
you should know im a yonkers native  
gem star swing somebody cut your run wit david  
stomp ya head like its part of the pavement  
got business to engage in, my man got a case  
and we got to go kill a witness just to save him  
always got me back on that new shit  
playing marvin gaye right before and after i do shit  
fucking wit them niggas thats ruthless  
havoc niggas in the bar rx-7 and supra's  
drinking to much smoking to much  
going places acting ignorant provoking too much  
I dont know the nigga fucking had opened him up  
Im from a place where the man that hit ya  
bounced to orlando wit ya  
on a roll let the cannon hit ya  
boy we oh so fowl  
and i aint tryna blow no trail  
these niggas show no style  
they like cowards on the stand (cowards)  
looking at the nine i got the power in my hand, feel me  
maybe not wit your lady shot  
why dont you tell me what your baby got, nigga  
your playing the game, stick to the rules  
if you dont know em then go back to school  
motherfucker

Chorus (Styles P):

I'm T-H-E H-A-R-D-E-S-T you dont wanna see SP  
everyday i wake up its like im liabel to sin  
smoke haze and bible paper swallowing gin  
im G-H-O-S-T i can crack the ground

and make the clouds come down  
find me if your looking for trouble  
send a 100 niggas imma bust a thousand rounds

AZ:

Im the rap James Bond  
my crack hairs gone  
got it cuffed in the court  
had my mac face on  
funny walk money talk toe black stay calm  
we up north like a boss that had half his arms  
slid his mom 7 grand told her hold that down  
we fam it go low then i roll back 'round  
am as viscous as the realest you know  
only difference is consistence im considered a pro  
from the trenches 'till im dead and inches below  
its not a game hear the name better snitchin wit dough  
you never know  
niggas wanna see me dead, death threats being  
spread  
but its easily said they cant touch me  
stay wit a chick and a dutchy  
slim and quick but the fifth make me feel like im husky  
develish dont move with a car lean over  
most wanted in the mix tryna dodge that quarter  
Im wit tarver and weigh more than thats most  
Im wit the ghost and we bang like we champs of the  
coast  
put your gloves on and fuck the humble shit the love is  
gone  
by the morning they'll mumble and mourn  
motherfuckas

Chorus (AZ):

Im T-H-E H-A-R-D-E-S-T y'all dont wanna see AZ  
at any givin minute nigga liabel to flip  
you wanna pimp nigga find you a bitch im not the one  
S-O-S thats me got a 100 hungry goons that'll kill for  
free  
and the same young nigga that'll torch ya face  
suit up and support the waste

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