

Young Buck "Hard Hitters"

Visit "[Hard Hitters](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

(feat. D-Tay, First Born, Rizin Sun)

You can smoke one to the head to this
Rizin Sun, Young Buck (What), First Born (What), and D-
Tay
Them four hard hitters nigga and we back
Another dope track, know what I'm sayin' what yo

[Verse 1]

Yo we them hard hitters
Them drag you out the yard niggaz
Bout to squab triggers
That leave you in the dark nigga
We raw nigga
Them same superstar nigga
Them anytime goin' right ain't no bar nigga
We blow figures
To show you who the boss nigga
That drops niggaz
With the chrome Moss nigga
You lost nigga
See T.I.P. don't like the game
Ya get outta line and T.I.P. gon' like they aim

[Verse 2]

Is it my turn to show them niggaz we be stars on tracks
Start up beef, we in yo front yard with gats
So don't go with that, we leave you flat paralyzed from
the neck
With a motherfuckin' hole in ya back
It ain't my fault if you balled hard
Start slimin' up the walls, leave him in his draws
Nigga you know the protocol
We were born for hard ball
Stealin' cars and livin' life hard ya heard me

[Hook]

If y'all gon' ride with me, get high with me
Then go and get the straps nigga gunfire with me
You'll die quickly, when we apply all fifty
My real niggaz, hard hitters they ride with me
If y'all gon' ride with me, get high with me

Then go and get the straps nigga gunfire with me
You'll die quickly, when we apply all fifty
My real niggaz, hard hitters they die with me

[Verse 3]

We did it all in our lifetime
Dealin' drugs, bustin' them slugs
Runnin' with thugs, when it get down to them broads

They ain't showin' no love
Put his face in the mud
Fuckin' with the hard hitters, D-Tay my nigga
Got contracts to get 'em, lyrical spitter
We slaved on the figures found out who's better
From Nashville to Chucktown we go round for round
City to city and then we knock it down

[Verse 4]

Yeah we'll lock it down
Then we hit these niggaz spot up with fifty rounds
The best pound for pound
Representin' the town
That'll clown when it's time for the showdown, better
slow down
(D-Tay unload the four pound)
This shit's about to go down nigga
Whoa now leave these niggaz shit tore down
Whole town be locked down
Got the whole world shocked now
T.I.P. on top now

[Hook]

[Verse 5]

I'll put it all on the line for these gangsta ass niggaz of
mine
First Born, D-Tay we hard hitters combined
Talk shit and ya dyin' if ya think that I'm lyin'
Ask that nigga named Bryan, caught six in the spine
And we ain't hard to find we just sleep in the daytime
After the sunshine we duckin' for war time
You said you want what now
See go to war nigga, hard hitters we buck wild
Just us four niggaz
See we live for gunfire, kick in ya door nigga
If we come at lunchtime, we afternoon killers
Who that playa with mine
Must be some new niggaz
Who done did some time and wanna mitch new figures
Get the tools niggaz, let's show the world how we
abuse niggaz

Cock back the hammer and just shoot nigga
All for the loot nigga
We ain't no cute niggaz
Tryin' to knock boots nigga
We out here choosin' nigga

[Hook]

Visit [Young Buck](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.