

Haystack

"U Hard"

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check check, this mics on?
now when we ride hard we kickin up dust dont leave
no body behind to talk, naw naw;
and the only proof that my crew came through'll be
the people found lyin in chalk.
allow me to introduce, first crackavelli tha boss;
white boy til i die whatever tha cost.
i'll be a lie if i said that i never took losses;
but i'm tellin tha truth when i say it dont happen often.
i'll be pissin people off until they put me in a coffin;
i'm a seargent in this army people listen when i'm
talkin.
caution!! cant you see we buildin here;
actin like somethin you aint'll get you killed in here.
i aint crude or rude i'm just real sincere;
there's no time to worry about your fellings here.
here here's some boots here here's some gear;
you didnt wanna be here ya shouldnt a volunteered.
we ridahs round here and we dont take to outsiders
roun here;
know what i mean? it's a known fact that you can get it
round here;
and aint nobody gone tell who did it round here!

chorus 4 x

i aint them goofy white boyz from tha movies;
talk shit and have to kill me (u hard?) absolutely!

they call me big bill murder all bitches;
commin out tha woods with the 30 aught sixes.
e mack'll hit a bitch with a bar stool troy'll blind side
you;
tan hide you no one'll ever find you.
t wayne'll take you to a construction area;
steal a cement truck and use it to bury ya.
sonny'll make a withdrawl put money on your dome;
my boy alan vaughn put explosives on your phone.
when u's in jail put a bomb on your brougham;
and if it goes down i hope your moms aint home.
dont make me get on the phone with ricky rodriguez;

bitch ass couldnt handle vicky rodriguez.
i'm not familiar with no gentle methods;

you'll be identified by your dental records.
crazy how life changes in just a second;
'specially if we catch you at that intersection.

chorus x 4

i aint malibu's most wanted i'm nashvilles most hunted;
in my nortside hide out fuckin an countin money.
i got 30 hoopties that'll come round through there;
light that bitch up like new year.
i roll with them cold players g's in wheelchairs;
get up everyday get out and go get theirs.
theres a homie name d-lo somethins wrong with his
leg;
and they say he'll be usin cruthes til the day he is dead.
but if he up in the club and some shit get said;
he'll pick that crutch up and bust a bitch in his head.
i got a homie name wood weigh 350;
its like havin another me with me.
i'll beat that ass when some shit go down;
saw what are you doin put that pistol down.
lex put that homemade grenade away;
dam saw where are you goin with that razor blade?!

chorus x 4

courage strength bravery;
start this fight in the v.i.p.
this story is history;
and fuck everybody who disagree.
we'll fight to the finish never surrender;
you'll have to kill us just remember.
we don't die we multiply;
c dub b until we die!

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