

Royce Da 5'9 "Go Hard"

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[Verse 1 - Royce]

Bar Exam 3 is like a mock a nigga, pop a nigga
mockery
Housin', put the lock on it, Monopoly
Call me Enterpriser
Stick my battery inside a little white bunny, you can call
me Energizer
The most interesting man in the world, I know papi
Sippin' root beer floats Saki mixed with Dos Equis
I'm a Slaughterhouse rock star
I pick up the biggest pig I can find and throw it at the
windshield of a cop car
Dissin' me can be pretty fatal
Cause bitch I got +Money In The Bank+ from puttin'
that shit into Yayo like 50's label
Fuckin' freak
Ya mommy and daddy, daddy and daughter
Ya daddy, your grand daddy, your name fatty is Carter
She like, "Get inside me" but that's a tight squeeze
Once I'm in her juice box she gon' hit the Hi-C's/high
c/high sea
I'm hooked up cause I'm ill ass fuck like I.V.'s
I bare arms like it ain't nothin' up my sleeves
The next MC that rhyme 'official' with 'ref with a whistle'
That ain't Young Money
I'ma definitely diss you
If you
Rhymin' 'packin' a mac' with 'back of the Acura'
Perhaps you can't match my spectacular vernacular
You still rhymin' 'bottles' with 'models'
'College' with 'knowledge'
Usin' the word 'swagga'
You're probably garbage
You thugs funny
Comparin' 5'9" to anybody
You comparin' Superman to Bugs Bunny

[Royce talking]

You are now rockin' with the Bar Exam 3! The most
interesting man in the world.

[Chorus - Royce]

B3 go
"Hard hard hard"
Nickel Nine go
"Hard hard hard"
Kid Vishis go
"Hard hard hard"
Nigga we so
"Hard hard hard"

[Verse 2 - Kid Vishis]

I be blazin'
I'm talkin' 'bout stone
Goliath in the fight verse David
I'll kill ya
Bullets ain't lyrical
Blaoka!
Goin' straight to the point, the gun's Waka Flocka
Rhymes is electric
Fire bolts!
It'll make your voice crack like Whitney hittin' high
notes
I got a metal gut with large nuts
You bitch ass niggas, we call y'all "dog butts"
Yeah, I remember what they said
Yeah, my pockets used to be skinny, now they fat like
K-Fed
Aww man
My bullet's is a fan of me
Kiss him right in the mouth, do him like Kid Cudi
They say one man's trash, another man's treasure
I call her a fat, black, bitch, you call her Precious
Since I'm a gun blazer
It cost me nothin' to take your money, Vishis like a fund
raiser
Rutger by me
You with a gun is a bigger myth than Jay-Z in the
Illuminati
This is B verse rockin'
So you gettin' punched up more than Mike Tyson do to
paparazzi
Freeze when you see the mag, I don't flash I blast
Leave his ass as nasty as Trina rash
When it come to that rhymin' shit
Nigga, I'm a steroid shot
You a Flintstone Vitamin

[Outro - Royce]

M.I.C. Records! The most interesting man in the world!

[Chorus - Royce]

B3 go

"Hard hard hard"
Nickel Nine go
"Hard hard hard"
Kid Vishis go
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Nigga we so
"Hard hard hard"

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