

Caltroit f/ Ras Kass, Royce Da 5'9"

"Go Hard"

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Intro [x3] Go hard, go harder, go hard, go harder We
go hard, go harder, we go hard, we go harder [Ras
Kass] Shit. Rassy. C'mon I spit Sex and violence Spinal
meningitis (It's goin' down) When I kick you in the chest
like King Leonidas You own a pair of Air Force Ones
Now who the fliest And not the Nikes, I mean the
president's plane (your highness) Dame I'm drunk and
I'm proud, a chicken catch this "-itis" Havin' a burner
make me feel secure like a blue blanket for Linus West
coast droppin' the science And girl you might be the
finest But I'm gonna treat that bitch like Don Imus
Nappy headed hoes! Oh, no apologies Fuck N.B.C. I got
A.D.D. When it comes to T&A? Haters hate away But
heads I separate niggas from their DNA Me and rap got
a symbiotic relationship Call it gangsta shit Get a pen
and I turn into Venom Then I'm Somewhere O.T. in
Gucci denim Rocks in a watch so big Should have let
Pookie hit 'em New Jack City Between two black titties
Bang White cat's kitties Cause the gas price shitty
Funny with good credit? Yeah Fill my gas tank with
premium unleaded Plus got a gettin' head fetish Ras
stay on the block like Tetris I recreate the six days of
creation with my left wrist South paw, outlaw, outcast,
outlast, outwit Like I'm a Survivor from Auschwitz
[Chorus: Black Milk] Niggas see who's comin' and be
like, "God damn" Everything's hotter make 'em holler
"God damn" In the song playin', I got 'em sayin' "God
damn" Play it loud all the hater's mouths sayin' "God
damn" Do you know who I am? Understand, superstars
like a rock band Royce, Ras Kass, Black, Bishop god
damn Put the block down Got the game locked down
Rhyme sayers got everybody sayin', "God damn"
[Royce Da 5'9"] File out, 5'9"s out Send the dogs out
MySpace Send them blogs out My pace brings fatigue
out Picture perfect flow, brings your flaws out Tell the
coroner, "Throw the towel out" I got nine's out Make
these niggas pray he finds out Fuck dudes, trust who
Y'all fools look weirder than Amy Winehouse I'm bout
S's with the lines through Lexus with the side view You
don't have to stress it It'll drive you Mark y'all Parallel
park y'all Spark y'all Put you under the river or shark

y'all They say "Son is a killer" Departin' y'all Black Milk
is the second comin' of Dilla Or should I say the late
great Wonderful Dilla Pardon y'all That's that This this
On some Phat Kat shit Carte Blanche, ought not Try to
light this wick Dynamite stick With Die tonight Bic Quick
I be like... [Chorus] [Bishop Lamont] Godfather J I see
you. Let's get it! Yeah If the doe glow like an aura or
Aura Borelis Ice froze, diamonds heavy snow like
Superman's palace B-b-b-b blizzard, I need chains for
the traction Keep the secret, cock the block laws of
attraction Origami makes shape paper I ain't talkin' that
Some to into a bird I turn into a herd 640 horse power
Fly by, my image blur Looks like the side effects after
Ring's been observed I never sleep Live in perpetual
light Know some Rots who insomniacs, ready to bite
Late Reverse your chromosomes with the chrome or a
poem Neurotic, sonic, couple quad trains off my rap
page Ink prints in sequence Seven Seal in the days
Navy Seal, water drill Trained to fight the hardest ways
Combat, gats bash the dome Flap or fly but Snap and
get swung Make your motherfuckin' chest cave Take
my shirt off Fake, count a nigga off the stage Hump a
bitch, give a shit Her head wasn't underage Piss on a
couple crumpled dollars and I'm outta there Outta here
My level rappers ain't no where near Y'all ain't even sea
level I'm in another atmosphere Steady program Can't
even reach it Here's a hint Not a cent Pocket full of lint
On my dick, talkin' shit You're lucky Hex ain't get sent
[Chorus]

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