

Dre Dog F/ Shaggie

"I'm Hittin' Hard"

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Ladies and gentlemen
Gentlemen and ladies
Adults teenagers adolescents and babies
No if's and's but's or maybe's
I want the whole world to rock today
Because I said I was and always was
The baddest rapper on the mic and I proved it does
Make a difference
On the way you think you syn-
Cronize the wise tries
To overcome the dumb the drum
Beats a pattern that turns into
A catalyst that'll just
Grab your ear you had to hear
A rhyme's contents
Beyond nonsense
If you're not convinced
Get tense and wince
Cause I'll make a skeptic
Look epileptic
Shake and brake like the Holy Ghost connected
His body and soul
I control
His mind is mine cause my
Rhyme holds
Minds in limbo
You resemble
A clone of Jim Jones as them bones tremble
Shakin' like a leaf in disbelief
No chatterin' teeth
Can cease pity or grief
I got you flipping like a burger
Head spinning like a top
Weak at the knees
And you're about to drop
You can't find your heart
You need a warrant to search
Get off your knees
Boy this ain't church
You can pray if you wanna pray
Say what you wanna say

Did you forget you was ambiguous
You're gonna pay
For doubting my rhyme
You better freeze your thought
Cause I read minds
If you got caught
I taught
Lessons for second-guessing
Reroute doubt
I reprogram and deprogram about
Two million fans
Through rhythmic hypnosis
Left in a state
Of cataclysmic neurosis
Neurotic from a narcotic
Known as rhyme
Addicted to rap
And you're a fiend for mine
For my rap info
You're a nympho
I'll raise the conscience
And then hit them so hard with the rhyme
I'ma leave you scarred
Cause I don't just hit ya
I hit ya hard
I weave the bob
To do the job
Set you up with the left
As the right writes hard
Lyrics stick and move
Behind the groove
As the beat gets better
The rhyme improves
Adversaries prepare for a telling loss
Bring a stretcher nurse and the smelling salts
My rhyme is more
Than a fight or a bout
You ain't goin' down
Boy you're goin' out
No count necessary
Cause you ain't gettin' up
Bad mouthin' ends very
Very very abrupt
Thought patterns converted
Through overt overtures
Prepared your mind
Much better for metaphors
More rap classics
Believe me there's no man
Not Bach Brahms Beethoven or Chopin
Polonaise would ever faze ya

Like I faze ya I amaze ya
Ali and Fraizer I
Get deja vu from listening to
The rhymes that cut like an uppercut
And rings a bell too
I come out smoking
Hard from the first round
Stinging like a bee
And the bell is the worst sound
Cause I don't wanna let up
If you can get up
I'm fed up
The rhymes are sped up
To mess your head up
When the rhyme is over
They tally the scorecard
I get more points
Cause you hit the floor hard
But I'm hittin' hard
The very last thing
That you remember
Is a rhyme in your face
And the crowd yell timbre
Then you fall in a dopefiend nod
Cause I don't just hit ya
I hit ya hard
When I rain
It's more like a hurricane
You wanna dis
Then think of another name
Cause I go to work
And my rhymes slam
Put me to the test
You'll fail the exam
Cause that's the kind of test
You just can't study for
You're guaranteed
To end up bloody or
Broken twisted
Fractured blistered
Decapitated mutilated
Violated it's the
Kind of defeat
That you just can't live with
Try to compete
But you just can't get with
The Mental Master
Hard-rhyme supremist
My words have ya
Mixed like a chemist
My rhymes flow like

H-2-O
Cleaned with chlorine
To make green so
The rhyme is purified
You can't drink it
Biters and suckers
Don't even think it
The green I made
Is a money shade
When the rhyme evaporates
I get paid
Then it's time to rain
With the rhyme I know
And like plants
Watch my people grow
I heal sick minds
Like Christ himself
Touch the soul
Like no one else
There's only one
President Pope and one God
There's only one rapper
In that class
And I hit ya hard

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