

T. Mills

"Hardbody"

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Young money militia with it
Cash Money business, we missed the hit then your
bitch'll get it
Full grown, heart colder than South Fargo
Load the pockets in my cargos for what your car goes
Fuck it I can't complain, die I don't like him anyway
Took for Wayne, Mack, and Stunna to snatch him
anyway
Shorty from the DVD, y'all ain't catch him anyway
Thinking look at these bird brains, I'll hatch 'em any
day
Take it in acid, I'll put a bird on your bitches
Like, fuck a fashion statement, I state the fashion
Like, I'm straight smashing with an irate passion
Shit, like I hate crashing, rip like I'm late passing
I'm loyal to fam like oil to Sam
I know niggas boiling grams for foil and Spam
I'm on a track like Lebron, not annoying his man
Before the games, clap chalk and ya boy at the lane
Who game?

Real niggas saying they hardbody
Be the same niggas talking around
Real niggas saying they hardbody
Be the same niggas stuck in the ground
Real niggas saying they hardbody
Be the same niggas jumping the gun
Real niggas saying they hardbody
Be the same niggas pumping a lung

I'm the definition of staying humble
And the militia's the definition of staying mumble
Admitting you ain't in correct position to say & mumble
All you getting is disrespect cause you wouldn't lay a
fumble
I'm the tiniest of them out of the fucking jungle
But I'm quiet enough to show 'em I want the trouble
Never had a shot off the backboard
I know niggas from detention that'll turn your block to a
blackboard
Cory Gunz hot as a crack store

That's probably why I always got a thirsty ass broad on
my black straw
Before I wanted the nigga to treat right, now I'm
considering the Quran
Pawn
I do the beats right
Respect or the Tek's going off like a street bike
And you gon' see his neck blowing off like a street light
Pause, creep tight sneaking beneath night
Or be the next hellbound nigga to seek Christ, aight

I don't know where they found fam
Fuck around with me, I'll make your self-esteem low as
the Soundscan
Rep the city like I'm the town man
Try work it out or else you're getting stuck, wait the
pound's jammed
You rap like opposite what you act like
You act like you wouldn't scratch strike in a cat fight
You scrap like you wouldn't clap right in a strap fight
Motherfuckers know how I rock, that's what I rap like
Nigga real mean, I gotta trill team
First nigga, baby grey Glock with a teal beam
Something heavy, try to make a nigga wheels lean
Quiet, the silencer make you sound like a seal stream
You can chase the cookie trick, I want the real cream
Nigga I'm trying to peel green like a sealed screen
How this feel? Looking like a shotta kill scene
Cause my whole crew shoot the nigga, we a film team

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