

## Outkast F/ Peaches

### "I Am The Hardest"

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[Big Ed]

I AM THE HARDEST

Nigga on wax, Big Ed back (Assass' on)  
No Limit Soldier retracts, I got my blast on  
Hard to the bone, military minded nigga  
We started this shit, must I remind you niggas  
So I'm going all out, motherfuck the fall out  
I'll blow the wall on these HUNDRED ROUND DRUMS  
and the I haul out, won't stop, can't stop,  
before I stop, you drop, get retarded

I AM THE HARDEST

One on stage, bust with a rage,  
I keep the crowd bucked like a gauge, hyper's my trade  
I give the crowd rowdy hooks, associated with crooks  
dance floor filled with jabbing right hooks  
I get the crowd shook, and they don't wanna dance no  
mo'  
cause all my thug niggas fighting on the floor  
Throw you set up, I'm not the tightest or most lyrical  
artist  
but -

I AM THE HARDEST

Chorus:

Nigga what you want? Shit you ride on your enemies  
Hooks that make 'em bleed, for all my niggas that's on  
the streets  
I won't stop this how I eat, so fuck all y'all who question  
me  
bust hardcore rhymes over hardcore beats

I AM THE HARDEST

Rapper, point blank period  
player you could run up and make this whole thing

serious  
mess around and get me furious  
Oh you're the hardest, I can believe that I'm hearing  
this  
Just because you sold more units don't make you  
harder  
it just means your record executes were a little bit  
smarter  
boy you better get up out the quarter

I AM THE HARDEST

One with the mic, I'm not the tightest, that's Mystikal  
but I get this motherfucker physical  
Go to Dallas, Chi-Town, Indy, A-T-L  
St. Louis in the streets they know me well  
In Orlando I got 'em taking it to the trunk  
On this album I'ma give 'em all what they want  
Full blown funk, and yo Big L, run that shit let's get it  
started

I AM THE HARDEST

Chorus:

Nigga what you want? Shit you ride on your enemies  
Hooks that make 'em bleed, for all my niggas that's on  
the streets  
I won't stop this how I eat, so fuck all y'all who question  
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Soldier in this war, this game we call rap  
kick the door in with 10 straps, explosive habits  
Must I relate back to pimps, hustlers, gangstas and  
macks  
I keep gats and I bust 'em just like that \*guns fires\*  
Hoes sweatin' out they perm, they got 'fro backs  
See I'ma throw back with other switch styles to the keep  
the floor packed  
Fuck you haters I'ma get mine regardless

I AM THE HARDEST

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