

Harsh (feat. Rick Ross & Busta Rhymes)

Styles P

You know!

One day I got a call from the Ghost who told me I had to get on this conference call
To discuss a little business with him and the homey Rozay
Know the situation transpired where a nigga had to get dealt with a little harshly
Root for the villian and shoot with no feelin

Like Audio Two yeah the crew is "Top Billin"
Blowin the dutch in the coupe with no ceilin
Invisible bully like the Gooch when I'm illin
Cash too green, it's taped to the toilet
Like I'm Michael Corleone in the bathroom scene
Young black Vito, chopped and wrapped kilos
Clap torpedos, stack, Doritos

We in the Mexico sippin the Mojito
Discussin perico, green weed and diesel
AK, nozzle air holes you can see through
Ridin the bulletproof five, yeah, I'm lethal
Yo! When niggas hear this shit they say it's (Harsh!)
Type of shit that make you wanna handle a nigga (Harsh!)
Act hostile, aggressive and kinda (Harsh!)

And like a Rothchild with money I'm kinda (Harsh!)

HOW WE DEALIN WITH 'EM! (Harsh!) HOW WE DEALIN WITH 'EM! (Harsh!)

HOW WE HANDLIN 'EM! (Harsh!) HOW WE MANDLIN 'EM!!! (Harsh!)

STOP BITCHIN YOU THE ONE WHO DONE 'CAUSE ME TO ACT!

AND IF I'M ITCHIN AND YOU FRONT IT'S MY DUTY TO ACT!
Style is infectious, actress
in a Lexus

Sunroof open had cheese for breakfast
Beef never settled I'm Lyor to the ghetto
Russell with the hustle Rick Rubin with the metal
When I lick a shot I'm aimin at ya top floor
Blocks like stock everybody bought more
Birds fell out the sky, rats could drop dead
Flyin through Bed-Stuy, white drop head
Sticky green twist, guillotine click

Dapper Dan three piece suit for the trip
Link with Dominicanos, straight pesos fritos
Three point range hit free throws with kilos
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HOW WE HANDLIN 'EM! (Harsh!) HOW WE MANDLIN 'EM! (Harsh!)

STOP BITCHIN YOU THE ONE WHO DONE 'CAUSE ME TO ACT! (Harsh!)
 AND IF I'M ITCHIN AND YOU FRONT IT'S MY DUTY TO ACT!
 Shine like brightenin sure but I'm the titan
 Hard like when Customato was trainin Tyson
 Gun we react in the car but no license
 Life on top of the city could touch lightenin
 Cocaine wave, dollar bill slave
 Rangler is tough but the inside is suede
 Ride with Louch and 'Kiss until I see a grave
 One third of a legacy
 Pedigree is I can make a don a don 'cause of integrity
 Rap like a phenomom sleep for a better dream
 Nine is for better things smoke for medicine
 BIG is the only rapper I don't think that I'm better than Yo! When niggas hear this shit they say
 it's (Harsh!)
 Type of shit that make you wanna handle a nigga (Harsh!)
 Act hostile, aggressive and kinda (Harsh!)
 And like a Rothchild with money I'm kinda (Harsh!)
 HOW WE DEALIN WITH 'EM! (Harsh!) HOW WE DEALIN WITH 'EM! (Harsh!)
 HOW WE HANDLIN 'EM! (Harsh!) HOW WE MANDLIN 'EM! (Harsh!)
 STOP BITCHIN YOU THE ONE WHO DONE 'CAUSE ME TO ACT! (Harsh!)
 AND IF I'M ITCHIN AND YOU FRONT IT'S MY DUTY TO ACT! Yo! I rub stones together
 and cast a spell quick Like
 Like a Zoe hittin voodoo blessings 'fore I move bricks
 I beat you like the number eleven with two sticks
 Money from the door and then when I bop with two chicks (Come on!)
 It won't stop never stop there he go again (Huh!)
 Together watch the coke and have the bakin soda sort of blend (HA!)
 Fredricka kinda pure see how we make the fiends flock
 And watch the lines for the coke a quickly wrap around the block
 They say we bad for business 'cause the coke price dropped
 How we flooded and we bubble white 'til it's white hot (What!)
 Pot purchases we chop it up to pieces
 'Til only the shake is left countin the profit and a bezel
 Eight million dollar yacht, scotch, a little refer
 Diamonds so big they call it obnoxious little creature (Oh!)
 Money to cop original paintings of Mona Lisa
 High the way I feel a cloud sittin on my caesar Yo! When niggas hear this shit they say it's
 (Harsh!)
 Type of shit that make you wanna handle a nigga (Harsh!)
 Act hostile, aggressive and kinda (Harsh!)
 And like a Rothchild with money I'm kinda (Harsh!)
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 AND IF I'M ITCHIN AND YOU FRONT IT'S MY DUTY TO ACT!!!

