

Lloyd Banks, Go Hard Or Go Home (Game Diss)

(feat. Riz)

[Lloyd Banks:]

Yeah you gotta hold your own
Uh huh
Go hard or go home

[Verse 1:]

Banks I ball like my clocks runnin' out
And still come through on the clutch to make 'em shout
Wipe the sweater off
And jet off
In something new
23s on the wheel and Jordan on the shoe
Its nothing to score
Thats all I really do
One after another
Hit and burn rubber
I swung with the silver I grew up around the way
Where you had to sweep all the glass before you play
Hes a top C like 80 to a no
Like Shady with the flow
Like McGrady on the goal
My name ring like M-80s when it blow
I hit the ladies then I go
Its three Mercedes and a Rolls
You know?
I got my heart from the street
Learned how to hustle in dirt and concrete
And when you get ya hands dirty you don't get to sleep
And if you don't go hard you don't get to eat

[Chorus: Riz]

When ya ball in the streets you gotta hold your own
Grind its crunch time go hard or go home
Player you wanna shine go hard or go home
When that money on the line go hard or go home

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[Verse 2: Riz]

I only took it out the ghetto go hard on the black top
Ill with the peel are you real then jumpshot
Killa with the crooks had the crab goin' crazy
I'm about to zone out like Kobe goin' for 80
Got a name in the street from pushin' the rock well
Tryin to double double hit the block with a twelve twelve
Mike was the best when he left the game changed
I'm runnin' through the league like Lebron homie King James
You know the name
Player you see the chain
Pink, White and Yellow call it the triple double
Lloyd Banks and Riz like Allen and Carmello
Nuggets sit in the bezel
Ill the grill yellow
Hello
We goin' hard hate it or love it
You ball on a budget
I'm makin' moves straight to the bucket
Might catch me in the Lastrace spittin that fire
On that puff puff pass like Nash the Stadermire

[Chorus: Riz]

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