

# Q-Tip, Go Hard

[Q-Tip]

now picture this a man wit his whole thing in order  
movin through life at will he ill  
he make his own teeth growl wit his generous style  
but he still no joke wit his wisdom and smile  
givin pounds all around no need to act foolish  
enjoy the time no need to get toolish  
i spit it out wit the general feelin that  
once u vibe wit it then you keep on comin back  
the north south and east and the west  
wanna see which crew can do it the best  
Is it the North, where people drink juice and Smirnoff?  
Girls go hard but they lips stay soft  
the west where cats throw jets to play  
smokin green all day keep a loked out sway  
east..side..the hustle get real  
pretty young things with their mass appeal  
or the south where thugs keep gold in their mouth  
big ol' girls with their thang hangin' out  
whatever it is I hope you evolve  
we gon push it to my level let the G evolve come on

Chorus: [Q-Tip]

Go..go at..go at it hard..real hard

[Q-Tip]

everybody take note to your man and ya'll  
and I will take note to the grand  
it's venomous I mean the way they hate  
they can't wait for my to mize me meet my great but  
no attention I give them no light  
niggas gotta know that I go through mics  
go through walls with sounds and speakers with real drives  
You can't fuck this nigga from Tribe a yo  
I put my mind to the work in here  
and make sure that all of ya can understand  
that I don't do bitch, I don't do tricks  
I stay doing beats while you stay layin' bricks  
I do do the things that keep me from the rest  
and I do that well if I do suggest yo  
put your hands on your system and feel me out  
or put your hand on your money and hold your cloud  
the indoor seat of lady galor seas  
she get touched once and she'll never divorce me  
hey clear your brain as I implimate raw thoughts  
you shouldn't be aware that I don't get off course  
stayin' steady on it niggas ain't ready for it  
flourin' it hard with A.J. Pettite on it  
a noble's face and I'm doing my pace  
makin' sure all my conrads get a true taste  
what?.. a good shit and I'm ringin your memory  
we goin' hard yo and that's how it need to be  
so wake up and take that sleep outcha eyes my friend  
here's the mot-to in your ear hear this again

Chorus

heavy hitters knockin shit out the park  
you didn't even really play tell me why did you start