

## Public Enemy f/ Paris

### "Make it Hardcore"

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[Paris]

Ain't that a bitch, I heard somebody think  
Rap is dead cause people runnin out of shit to say  
So ridiculous and so absurd  
I was almost at a loss for words, then I started to serve  
Off the line of the Enemy's mind  
Back in 2005 droppin hammers without the time  
Bring the ruckus from the booth to the hood  
Motherfucker cause it ain't all good, now I wish they  
would  
Get yo' vest on, we rain on Babylon  
The anti-Fox News, anti-pop, original group  
P and the Enemy policin the beast  
Until we rise it'll never be peace, I put that on Jesus  
Back with vocals, no whack shit, no glory focus  
No gimmick tracks, just hard truth and rough raps  
Plus that gear that keep 'em fearin the crime  
Makin sure brothers knowin the time, that's why it ain't  
no smilin  
See the army as they're snatchin us up, yeah  
At yo' high school, promisin what?  
Better recognize the bling of the murder machine  
That's why it's meaning in the words when we serve  
and ask you to think  
Who the whores that embed with the swords  
Who the ones pimp us all sellin death for Murder Dog  
The imagery is dead-ly so what the fuck?  
Interscope ah better hope we never knowin and bringin  
the ruckus  
Like Nas said, it's a coon parade, yeah  
Bitch niggaz goin out all day  
We pullin guns on Uncle Tom to bomb on Viacom  
It's on, long as needed we competin keep-keepin it  
strong  
Ain't no +Comic+ in my +View+ as long as they sell  
the black out  
I grip my shit and blow your back out  
We act out, cause you know we reppin the cause  
Still a +Rebel+ never needin a +Pause+, I check  
drawers for balls

[Chorus: Chuck D] + (singers)  
Whatever it takes to make it hardcore!  
(Ridin with a soldier, hard truth soldiers in the game)  
Whatever it takes to make it hardcore!  
(Keep the record rollin, ain't nobody colder when we  
play)  
Whatever it takes to make it hardcore!  
(Hard truth soldier, ridin with a soldier in the game)  
Whatever it takes to make it hardcore!  
(Keep the record rollin, can't nobody hold the spot we  
claim)

[Paris]  
Soul survivors, now tell me who can bring it liver  
It's P.E., still beatin the beast  
In this game of latecomers, fake friends and flakes  
And grown men actin like teenagers, we raisin the  
stakes  
What'cha know about words I throw around  
When I say it loud better know that I'm black and I'm  
proud  
+This is what I mean, an Anti-Nigger Machine+  
Take a look around and see the way they keepin the  
realest from reachin  
But I bet you never hear it again, naw  
Clear Channel never heat it again  
It never fit into the corporate plan of attack  
They genocidal practices only givin us "Murder on  
Wax"  
Keep us terrified, music sterilized  
Back the lies of the homicide and smile while  
life imitates what we make; they all  
makin money off the African's fall, that's why I'm callin  
out

[Chorus]

[Paris]  
Because a +Nation of Millions+ is fearin the +Black+  
When we +Bumrush the Show+ +The Enemy Strike  
Back+  
With mo' game than the music and our message  
attract  
+Revolverlution+ and +Rebirth+ 'll keep the music in  
tact  
Fuck that, bust back on they criminal ways  
No compassion in they action for the son of a slave  
Now the church used to hurt us, make somebody  
behave  
Like this devil up in office really worship and pray  
Like God speak to him and he does what he wants

But you know they steal the vote if anybody gets smart  
The real sin is the dilemma when the people support  
the death penalty but call abortion murder for sport  
For the fake patri-OT, ain't no questions asked  
'Specially, when the babies kill each other for gas  
Known to blast on a menace that don't even exist  
Set up puppet governments, for the rich to get richer  
More money for them hoods, but the hood's in pain  
When the schools close cause they say no money  
remain  
Still undereducated, makin minimum wage  
Got your Wal\*Mart, makin new century slaves  
Who's crazy? I can see, through the disguise  
See, through the media's propaganda and lies  
See a nation full of sheep still simple and blind  
So we burn 'em with the sermon that's designed with a  
rhyme, we do it

[Chorus]

[Chuck D]

Whatever it takes to make it hardcore! {\*2X\*}

[Chorus] - second half only

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