

Voices Of Theory

"Hardcore Rap Act"

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Intro/Hook (x2)

(*The hardcore rap act is back!*)
(*Ha ha, ha ha, now who's rhymin?*) **HARDCORE!!!**
(*The hardcore rap act is back!*)
(*No I, no I ain't smilin*)

Verse 1: Dray

Yo, yo
I said it first with the verse to make these niggas wanna
act up
Smackin up the wack and Solid Scheme they hook the
track up
So back up or swing or you'll get stung by my stinger
Heard that I was rich and now your bitch is on my
dinger
Then I swing the jungle shit so fuck the humble shit
Kid I crumble shit, motherfuckers know I never fumble
shit
So bring your weapon or keep it steppin or hit the deck-
in
cos in a second I'ma pull a fuckin Tek-in
Start rejectin em, affect em when I kick
Y'all niggas think you're slick but y'all can suck my
fuckin dick
Y'all see me gettin busy wit my man and my DJ
Strictly kickin facts and then we max like TJ
Cos we play for keeps, my peeps they don't be flakin
and if you wanna test well yes your bones is gettin
breakin
or broken, no jokin, I shoot them *?in them rise?*
Fuckin with Das you wind up in hos-
-pital, so bust my riddle when I reveal it
If niggas wanna play around then stay around and feel
it
cos yo...

Hook (x2)

Verse 2: Skoob, Dray

Now to my style there is no equal, boy I'm lethal like
some tumours
My crew be strokin bitches like I used to stroke my
pumas
wit my toothbrush, see I do just what I wanna
I got that from my pops and from some niggas on the
corner
So you never catch me rappin about no shit like the
Government
but I be snappin on MC's like your bitch snap on double
mega of a shotty
and a burner and I keeps the 2 ready
to hit you in your chest like Steve Young do Jerry
Rice, be nice and stock slice by umbilical
Knew that I would be the ill-form freaker of the syllables
And son is rugged, you're gonna love it in an instant
See I smoke blunts but yo my pops smokes Winstons

Well it's the D-A-S, I can't forget the E-a
F-a to the X so when I flex y'know I bein
a fatter wrecker nigga on the mic with my strategy
Kids is mad at me cos they ain't as fuck as bad as me
I takes the best of them so fuck the rest of them
I couldn't care less for them, I'm too fresh for them
I just be wreckin shop and gettin busy, nigga check it
Never actin broke cos yo I sold a fuckin record
I'm too slick for dat, suck my big dick for that
Don't try to trap my rap cos yo I'm too quick for that
I got the recipe and yes it's me with my crewin
So if you didn't know, well nigga this is how we do it
Uhh

Hook (x2)

Verse 3: Skoob

Abara-cadabara, return of the punk MC batterer
I'm mad at the system like them niggas up in Attica
From more ways and your ways I rip shit like dat
Cos there's more ways son, you wanna skin a fuckin cat
Yo it's the rootin-tootin-nig'-shoot-to-give nigga with the
superdest
flow, son you'll get no wins cos I been
lurkin in the murky waters of my starvin shark style
Ever since the days of the Clarks and the Argyles
Quick I rip shit to bits like piranha
When I blow up the spot wit more watts than Rolanda
and when I come thru I'm hittin you up with the 1-2
Tekes, flex raps like Bruce Lee flex the kung-fu
Look at my tongue, do it what it feel like, get ill-like

that fat nigga my game is all-skirt tight
Use to fuck with shorty's wit the jelly playin celly
now my name is on your flyers and my tyres ain't
Pirrelli
wit the chrome dip, so don't flip cos shit's gon' get
heated up
I'm weeded up, yo Dice I need a cut
Bring it!

Hook (x2)

HARDCORE!!!

repeat

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