

## 54th Platoon

### "Hardware"

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(Do it right.)

Chorus

Pull out the hardware  
Let's do it right (right.)

Aiyyo, do it right y'all  
Here we go, check it out  
Subzero, cold from the Krush intro  
The temperature alone shatter weatherproof window  
We move at adrenaline rush tempo  
And leave y'all rappers screamin' about  
Who stepped on toes and cut ya throat  
So what, you can't fuck wit though  
You know it's me and that poetry to add injury to insult  
When Thought begin  
The what and the when  
The why and the when  
A be explained  
Music ease the pain  
Seize the brain  
The flow's like sex in the rain  
Hit 'em like they hit the projects wit the crane  
Hit 'em like they hit the black man wit the blame  
Hit the people like I'm bustin a gauge wit good aim  
Tell 'em bang this, dangerous masterpiece  
It's not a game to heat, pulsate through each vein  
Stimulate the ghetto, that's the reason 'Riq came  
It feel so surreal it's hard to keep sane  
Unplug me, seems like it's raw, get ugly  
I come to operate, just shine the spotlight on me  
Just make a little noise if the crowd love me  
The way I do it make these other rappers sound funny

Chorus (2x)

Do it right y'all  
Yo, do it right y'all  
Yo it's like wassup, everybody wanna get nice  
But everything come at a price  
It's like everybody got they own vice, mine weed and

the mic  
And women that I need in my life  
Some strung out on religion and believing in christ  
Next man need the money, stay pullin a heist  
While this other wanna fiend, stay huffin the pipe  
While this next wanna fiend, stay fuckin ya wife  
Try to give the youth advice, and guiding light  
Young boys in the street getting high tonight  
Young brothers upstate hype, tryin to fight  
Real bitter cause they niggas ain't fly my kite  
What I do is for them chain cigarette smoke heads wit  
bad nerves  
Old men in the barbershop using bad words  
For people in the darkness, unseen and heard, for HIP-  
HOP  
Don't get the meanin slurred  
My flow disturbed  
Presence is the most preferred  
I descend upon Japan in a (?glowing bird?)  
Talk hustle, about 4 million served  
Still swerve, directing y'all, life spills, word jus.

Chorus (2x)

Do it right y'all  
Yo, do it right y'all  
Aiiyo, when the fifth come thru it's like amazing grace  
Slow motion like you in some shit that may have been  
laced  
Standoff at the door when I step in the place  
It's like the law comin' try and pepper spray in your face  
If you a weak nigga stay in ya place  
My name 'Riq, when I speak  
Thoughts travel at alarming rates  
Come on, stomp wit The Roots  
I step into the vocal booth  
Armed to the tooth  
Cause the people want truth  
We all want clothing and food, and wanna root  
So I stand up say what I say in front of you  
Comin thru, feelin something new, chill for a few  
I know you probably wanna keep it real for ya crew  
So pull out the hardware, do what you tryin to do  
So I can grab the mic, and do what I'm dyin to do  
The turntableist, Krush on the 1 and 2  
And it ain't no need to tell you my name, you know 'Riq  
jus.

Chorus (3x)

