

## Enrique Iglesias

### "Hardcore Nights"

Visit "[Hardcore Nights](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

(Man, I am ready  
Are y'all ready to get down?  
Boy, I cannot wait to blow my horn in here tonight)

[ Mos Def, (Ces) ]  
Ha  
Geah  
Shit is real  
(Hardcore nights in the city)  
Word up, don't be out here slippin  
You might not get up  
(Hardcore nights in the city)  
Times is rough  
And if it ain't rough it ain't right  
(Hardcore nights in the city)  
So let's it get set tight  
(Everybody's creepy)  
Like this...

[ VERSE 1: Mos Def ]  
First and foreMost, from the East Coast  
We got it in a smash, so it's no need to boast  
Bogart your block with the Brakalak bop  
'Il have your whole mass yellin out (Don't stop!)  
This is the way it is and how it must get (done)  
To make the interest run like a fat trust fund  
And send you all off to the record store strollin  
For the raw boom that have your speakers swollen  
Hardcore nights in the city  
Nobody's (sleepy), everybody's (creepy)  
Stay on the top since I can't be slouchin  
Too many heads crawlin, too many creeps (crouchin)  
And when I slide by, I glide by  
Easy, pa, this ain't no drive-by  
So relax the lines in your face  
Ease your hands off your waist  
Unless you gonna pull out somethin you can taste  
Cause straight up, you gon' be eatin it  
Whatever assault you form, I'm defeatin it  
Abusin, confusin and beatin it  
Son, I know about these streets and shit

Don't test me  
I don't let time stress me  
Remain on the even kill, I'm in the realm of the real  
Times across the land is gettin Steelier than Dan  
And I be damned if I let any man disturb the program  
Punks go on with they ( ? )  
Yeah, when their straight line's the crookedest way  
anywhere  
So don't be swayed by these fools  
Live your life right, baby pa, you know the rules  
Never ever show disrespect to a gee  
If it ain't in your heart, don't do it for free  
Never sit nowhere where you can't see  
And don't go nowhere where you ain't gotta be  
And that's from Mos to you, on the real  
Be alert out here, before your cap get peeled  
And for all y'all herbs that be scopin  
One eye rest while the other one's wide open

[ CHORUS: Ces, (Mos Def) ]  
Hardcore nights in the city  
Nobody's sleepy, everybody's creepy  
(Word up, ain't nobody sleepin)  
Hardcore nights in the city  
Nobody's sleepy, everybody's creepy  
(Better get ruff and ready)

[ VERSE 2: Ces ]  
Hardcore nights in the city, I'm not feelin sleepy  
I'm feelin kinda creepy  
Straight from Medina, yo, my shit is meaner  
Than any new gee that you heard or even seen-ah  
It's 2 AM, I'm hoppin on the D  
Nobody else on the platform except me  
Some kids comin down the stairs  
Actin iller, but I ain't scared  
I'm prepared, kids can get stupid if they want  
I roll up the bomb and serve them they fronts  
Don't mistake me for a vic just cause I'm a female  
I don't got a pump, I don't wear the Lee nails  
So 'press on' and you get pushed on the tracks  
This ain't romper room, you better learn how to act  
Before I take my trey-eight to your door  
So "Yo chill, everything cool sweetheart" - yeah, I  
thought so  
Times is too critical and shit is too real  
Before long I have to peel with my steel  
To y'all muthafuckin herbs that be trippin  
Y'all better watch your muthafuckin back cause I ain't  
slippin

[ CHORUS: Ces, (Mos Def) ]

(Word up)

Hardcore nights in the city

Nobody's sleepy, everybody's creepy

(Shit is too critical

It's too late in the day to be playin around)

Hardcore nights in the city

Nobody's sleepy, everybody's creepy

(Word up, aight?)

[ VERSE 3: DCQ ]

Well I'm cruisin in the Path down Atlantic Ave

Brothers wanna scope but they don't know the half

A punk step up, I'ma have to blow the staff

And show him I'm the master of the science and the math

It's so many thugs creepin on the daily

(Yo, we caught just his head up the block) Word really?

I just maintain and stay cool like the breeze

( ? ) fuckin thieves

Now we're approachin Eastern Parkway

Some brothers on the corner just lookin like they wanna

Reach for they gats and twist they caps back

Yeah, I pack my steels too, but I ain't livin like that

(Beep beep) goes my pager, yo, let's stop at this

bodega

So I make this call and get somethin to drink

I hop out the ride, go step inside

I see some heads to my left with they eyes all wide

I pay it no mind cause I see it all the time

(Don't be fooled by the shades) don't mean I'm blind

I got a water and a stoge, a quarter for the phone

Yeah, it's my d callin to let me know she's home

I tell her that I love her and I sign off with a kiss

I hear a ( \*tires screeching, gunshots\* ) hey yo, what the fuck is this?

The guns rode by and at the blink of an eye

They was dead where they stand, what a fuckin way to die

Damn, I guess that's how shit be

If I was standin over there, it coulda been me

Either dead or badly fuckin hurt

That's why I stay on a-fuckin-lert

Out here in the streets

[ CHORUS: Ces (repeated) ]

Hardcore nights in the city

Nobody's sleepy, everybody's creepy

[ Mos Def ]

Word up

A very, very critical time  
Don't be out here slippin  
You might not get up  
Word up  
Don't be sleepin  
You might not get up  
This is another Urban service announcement from the  
UTD  
Be alert out here before your cat get peeled  
Word up  
Be alert out here before your cat get peeled  
Word up  
Be alert out here before your cat get peeled  
If you're in Brooklyn  
Be alert out there before your cat get peeled  
If you're troopin Uptown  
Be alert out there before your cat get peeled  
If you're in DC  
Be alert out there before your cat get peeled  
If you're in South Central  
Be alert out there before your cat get peeled  
If you're in Atlanta  
Be alert out there before your cat get peeled  
If you're in Chicago  
Be alert out there before your cat get peeled  
If you're in South Florida  
Be alert out there before your cat get peeled  
If you're anywhere be alert  
Be alert out here before your cap get peeled  
And that's on the real  
Givin you shit that you can feel  
The UTD for the nine-for  
Another Urban Dynasty, word up

Visit [Enrique Iglesias](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.