Kaiser Chiefs "What's Hardcore?"

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I put a pen to the paper this time as visual as possible guns blast at the hospital the walls are whitewashed with tin roof tops to show love you lick your two shots its dangerous man, journalists hire gunmen there's violent women kids trust no one cause fire burnt them refugees die on boats headed for peace is anyone scared of death here? not in the least. i walk by an old lady selling coconuts under the tree life is cheap here but wisdom is free the beach boys hang on the side leaning with pride, scam artists and gangsters fiending to fight i walk with three kids that cant wait to meet god lately thats bucktooth mohammed and crybaby what they do everyday just to eat, lord have mercy strapped with an AK and they bloodthirsty..

CHORUS:

So whats hardcore, Really? are you hardcore? hmmmm...

We begin our day by the weight of the gun rocket propelled grenades blow you away if you front we got no police ambulance or firefighters we start riots by burning car tires they lootin, and everybody starts shootin bullshit politicians talkin bout solutions but its all talk, you cant go half a block without a road block you dont pay at the road block you get your throat shot

and each roadblock is set up by these gangsters and different gangsters go by different standards for example, the evening is a no go unless you want to wear a bullet like a logo in the day you should never take the alleyway the only thing that validates you is the AK they chew on jad, its sorta like coca leaves and there aint no police..

CHORUS

I'm a split these verses, cause i feel annoyed and im not gonna quit till i fill the void if i rhymed about home and got discriptive i'd make 50 cent look like limp bizkit its true, and dont make me rhyme about you im from where the kids is addicted to glue get ready, he got a good grip on the machete make rappers say they do it for love like R Kelly its hard.

harder than harlem and compton intertwined harder than harbouring bin laden and rewind to that earlier part when i was kinda like We begin our day by the weight of the gun rocket propelled grenades blow you away if you front we got no police ambulance or firefighters we start riots by burning car tires they lootin, and everybody starts shootin

CHORUS

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