

## K'naan "What's Hardcore?"

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### "What's Hardcore?"

I put a pen to the paper,  
This time as visual as possible,  
Guns blast at the hospital,  
The walls are white washed with tin rooftops,  
To show love you lick two shots,  
It's dangerous man,  
Journalists hire gunmen there's violent women,  
Kids trust no one cause fire burnt them,  
Refugees die in boats, headed for peace,  
Is anyone scared of death here? Not in the least,  
I walk by the 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 fiendin to fight,  
I walk with three kids that can't wait to meet God  
Lately, that's Bucktooth, Mohamed and Crybaby,  
What they do everyday just to eat lord have mercy,  
Strapped with an AK and they blood thirsty...

So what's hardcore? Really, are you hardcore? Hmm.  
So what's hardcore? Really, are you hardcore? Hmm.

We begin our day by the way of the gun,  
Rocket propelled grenades blow you away if you front,  
We got no police ambulance or fire fighters,  
We start riots by burning car tires,  
They looting, and everybody start shooting,  
Bullshit politicians talking bout solutions, but it's all  
talk,  
You can't go half a block with a road block,  
You don't pay at the road block you get your throat  
shot,  
And each road block is set up by these gangsters,  
And different gangsters go by different standards,  
For example, the evening is a no go,  
Unless you wanna 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 it's sorta like coco leafs,  
And there ain't no police...

So what's hardcore? Really, are you hardcore? Hmm.  
So what's hardcore? Really, are you hardcore? Hmm.

I'm a spit these verses cause I feel annoyed,  
And I'm not gonna quit till I fill the void,  
If I rhyme about home and got descriptive,  
I'd make Fifty Cent look like Limp Biskit,  
It's true, and don't make me rhyme about you,  
I'm 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,  
It's HARD, harder than Harlem and Compton  
intertwined,  
Harder than harboring Bin Laden and rewind,  
"to that earlier part when I was kinda like"  
We begin our day by the way of the gun,  
Rocket propelled grenades blow you away if you front,  
We got no police ambulances or fire fighters,  
We start riots by burning car tires,  
They looting, and everybody starting shooting...

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