

## Leskinen Juice

### "Brooklyn Hard Rock"

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\* a shorter version of this song appears on  
"Soundbombing 2"

[Unique London]

Hey Brooklyn Hard Rock, your style is mad tight!  
Your style is mad tight, your style is mad TIGHT!!  
Hey Brooklyn Hard Rock, your style is mad tight!  
Your style is mad tight, your style is mad TIGHT!!

[Thirstin Howl III]

My mind is stronger than the pictures in your muscle  
books  
With more manners, than all of the Huxtables  
Pain before pleasure (U.L.: Death before dishonor!)  
Turn rap wannabe piranhas into \_A Fish Called Wanda\_  
Swordfish.. to mermaids..  
I lay down the law without being represented by an  
attor-ney  
Overqualified, for all technical institutes  
I get the job done when you barely make it past the  
interview  
The streets is watchin, eyeballin -- careful!  
Everybody wants a piece of me like I'm a James Brown  
sample  
Spittin flames -- call the fire warden!  
Out of town, violent tourist, glove grip  
Isotoner, sands of time, priceless moments  
Disguised as doorman -- plug, vital organs  
With my bare hands, I fight your swordmen,  
smokescreen  
rifles scorchin -- even my bible's stolen!

[Unique London]

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[Thirstin Howl III]

Imagine, life without handcuffs  
Concentration -- with the brain muscle tissue of Samson

The benchpress, of a gold medal-ist, in the olympics  
Rifle reach of Manute Bol's two arms  
I'm shotgun ammunition -- soon to be airing  
When I'm not in my shell (U.L.: All you see are his balls  
baring!)

The rap, promoter, I start your motor  
with a screwdriver -- break into your crib  
with a tenedor or cuchara, or bent hanger  
Who wanna get it on? My mic is cocked, I'm  
overanxious!!

Before battles, get a permit to come within two blocks  
radius  
Kiss your mother, see your preacher, and study fire-  
exit safety tips  
Bring witcha, a fire extinguisher  
I make the whole scene (U.L.: BLOODY!) with an English  
touch  
In ninety-eight I'm still robbin people for sheepskin  
gloves  
Had three gazelles, admitted nothing when I sat in my  
cell

[Unique London]

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[Thirstin Howl III]

A strongarm with lyrics, watch how I prove myself  
Whether shadowboxing or full contact I maneuver well  
About to have rap locked, with rhymes two to a cell  
Inmate in segregated housin unit refusin the mail  
Nervous, chain smoker, high blood pressure  
Master fool or court jester, lyrical sport experts  
Dress for tennis, the mind of Minolta with special-effect  
lenses  
Parade of all-stars, with Brownsville Bullet gold cards  
Don't played with a full deck, as positive as my drug  
urine test  
My rhymes do to your brain what bullets do to flesh!  
Rockin the house, the cradle, the boat, in the eighth  
grade  
coulda rocked the bells, but I was more comfortable in  
straight legs  
Strong, like the contribution to rap Kane gave  
My ego and my conscience refuse to share the same  
space!  
Treacherous like Naughty By Nature and Kool Moe Dee  
Wouldn't catch me Half Steppin', even if I lost both  
feet!

[Unique London]

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