

M O P

"How About Some Hardcore"

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How about some hardcore?

Yeah, we like it raw

Yeah, we like it raw

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How about some hardcore?

Yeah, we like it raw in the streets

For the fellas on the corner posted up 20 deep

With your fifth on your hip, ready to flip

Whenever you empty your clip, dip, trip your sidekick

You got skill, you best manage to chill

And do yourself a favor, don't come nowhere near the
hill

With that bullshit, word, money grip, it'll cost ya

Make you reminisce of Frank Nitty 'The Enforcer'

I move with M O P 's Last Generation

Straight up and down, act like you want a confrontation

I packs my gat, I gotta stay strapped

I bust mines, don't try to sneak up on me from behind

Don't sleep, I get deep when I creep

I see right now I got to show you it ain't nothin' sweet

Go get your muthafuckin' hammer

And act like you want drama, I send a message to your
mama

Hello, do you know your one son left?

I had license to kill and he had been marked for death

He's up the hill in the back of the buildin' with two in the
dome

I left him stiffer than a tombstone

How about some hardcore?

Yeah, we like it raw

Yeah, we like it raw

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Yeah, we like it raw

How about some hardcore?

Yeah, we like it rugged in the ghetto
I used to pack sling shots but now I'm packin' heavy
metal
A rugged underground freestyler
Is Li'l Fame, muthafucka, slap, Li'l Mallet

When I let off, it's a burnin' desire
Niggas increase the peace cause when I release it be
rapid fire
For the cause I drop niggas like drawers
Niggas'll hit the floors from the muthafuckin' 44's

I'm talkin titles when it's showtime
Fuck around, I have niggas call the injury help line
I bust words in my verse that'll serve
Even on my first nerve I put herbs to curbs

I ain't about givin' niggas a chance
And I still raise shit to make my brother wanna get up
and dance
Front, I make it a thrill to kill
Bringin' the ruckus, it's the neighborhood hoods for the
hill that's real

Me and mics, that's unlike niggas and dyke's
So who wanna skate, cause I'm puttin' niggas on ice
Whatever I drop must be rough, rugged and hard more
Yeah

How about some hardcore?

Yeah, we like it raw
Yeah, we like it raw
Yeah, we like it raw
Yeah, we like it raw

Yo, here I am, so what up? Get it on, cocksucker
That nigga Bill seem to be a ill black brother
I gets dough from the way I flow
And before I go, you muthafuckas gonna know

That I ain't nothin' to fuck with, duck quick
I squeeze when I'm stressed
Them teflons'll tear through your vest

I love a bloodbath, niggas know the half
You can feel the wrath, Saratoga/St. Marks Ave.
B I L L Y D A N Z I N I E
Me, Billy Danzenie

Knock, knock Who's there? Li'l Fame
Li'l Fame who? Li'l Fame, your nigga
Boom, ease up off the trigger
It's aight, me and shorty go to gunfights

Together we bring the ruckus, right?
We trump tight, aight?
I earned mine, so I'm entitled to a title
7 fuckin' 30 that means I'm homicidal

How about some hardcore?
Yeah, we like it raw
Yeah, we like it raw
Yeah, we like it raw
Yeah, we like it raw

Yo, I scream on niggas like a rollercoaster
To them wack muthafuckas, go hang it up like a poster
Niggas get excited, but don't excite me
Don't invite me, I'm splittin' niggas' heads where the
white be

Try to trash this, this little bastard'll blast it
Only puttin' niggas in comas and caskets
I ain't a phoney, I put the mack in a roni
I leave you lonely yeah, yeah, get on his ass, homie

Up in your anus, I pack steel that's stainless
We came to claim this, and Li'l Fame'll make you
famous
I mack hoes, rock shows and stack dough
Cause I'm in effect, knockin' muthafuckas like five-o
I'm catchin' other niggas peepin', shit, I ain't sleepin'

I roll deep like a muthafuckin' Puerto Rican
So when I write my competition looks sadly
For broke-ass niggas I make it happen like Mariah
Carey
I got shit for niggas that roll bold

Li'l Fame is like a orthopedic shoe, I got mad soul
I'ma kill em before I duck em
Because yo, mother made em
Mother had em and muthafuck em

Knowmsayin'? Li'l Fame up in this muthafucka
Givin shoutouts to my man D/R Period

Lazy Laz my man, Broke Ass Moe the whole Saratoga
Ave
Youknowmsayin? Representin' for Brooklyn

Most of all my cousin Prince Leroy, Big Mal, rest in
peace

Danzenie up in this muthafucka
I'd like to say what's up to the whole M O P
Brooklyn, period
Them niggas that just don't give a fuck

O G Bu-Bang, Bet yo ass, nigga
Hey yo
This muthafuckin' Babyface Aka O G Bu-Bang
Yo, I wanna say what's up
To the whole muthafuckin' M O P boye

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