

Thirstin Howl Iii "Brooklyn Hard Rock"

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Featuring Unique London

* 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]

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]

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 woulda bent
the door off
Cuchada, 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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Hey Brooklyn Hard Rock, your style is mad tight!
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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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