

Thirstin Howl Iii "Brooklyn Hardrock 2 (Feat. Unique London)"

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Yo, yo-yo son..

It's it's like fifty dudes outside man!

I swear they got like, big ol' big leather trenchcoats

I know somethin bad gonna happen I ain't goin outside!

[Chorus: Unique London]

'Gwan Brooklyn Hardrock, gonna rob you outside

Rob you outside, rob you outside

TWO Brooklyn Hardrocks gonna rob you outside

Rob you outside, rob you outside

[Thirstin Howl III]

Shit where I eat, forget to flush

Awkward thing; off the hook with call forwarding

Pack guns - when it ain't safe

Bite the bullet, lick shots and tell you how they taste

(Deadly arms!) Sorry for the bad news

Stick you up with a safety pin or lit roman candle

I jack a trolley, while jogging

First name Poor, last name (???)

Admirable, school of hardrocks

On the road, jump niggaz when I'm alone

Flew the coup, but never left the nest

If you shit bricks then you piss, wet cement

It's not a game (NO IT'S NOT A GAME)

I only run faster when you scream (HE SNATCHED MY CHAIN!)

Don't exercise - finger in great shape

You gotta run the jewels - even if they fake

[Chorus 2X]

[Thirstin Howl III]

Shit where I eat, bite the hands that feed me

Breathe deep, burn the wound to stop the bleeding

Numeric systems can't measure this heart

Rob niggaz for commisary on the day of my discharge

Unholy; sacriligious but still sacred

So I'll I was forced to wear Medic Alert bracelets

Breakin in studio basements in Bay Ridge

And Bainbridge track boards play this!

Brownsville Puerto Rican never bladeless

Scam DJ's if we have to when we say play this

The result, of all unanswered prayers

Hijo el diablo!

Translate Wall Street Journal, 12 diario-acap

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