

Thirstin Howl Iii

"Brooklyn Hardrock 2"

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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 ill 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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