

Redman "Hardcore"

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(Chorus)

Hardcore to make the brothers act fools (4x)

(PMD)

When I turn a party out, all hands is in the air
Some say it's chill, New York throw chairs
The punk funk sound to make a sane man flip
Girls rush the stage, faggots cold dip
Low to avoid the caps and blows
By the gangbanners at the B-boy shows
Wit the cops trying to control the crowd
But they can't, systems crank "So What'cha
Saying"'s pumping loud
Blows are thrown, heads are flown like Pan Am
Brothers licking off like the son of Sam and
The bass continues to thump
Some brothers hit the parking lot to go pop trunks
Hoes are slapped, jewels are snatched
Brothers are caught in the cross fire without no
Caps
And on my way out, I heard a sucker scream and shout
"Niggas, Niggas", yea, cold turn the party out

Chorus

(E Double)

Rap combat's where it's at and I attack
Any crab MC that's down wit the wack
And I wreck and if I can not snap a neck
Throw a knock, I'll blow and look for a tech
I'm terror, new edition to rap era
I can't be beat, I'm too sweet plus clever
I'm smart, yes, I'm a so called genius
I'm equip wit the thinking cap they call
?(Keenison)?
Yo, wit that, I can break fool
Especially when the posse is thick and got tools
Make me feel good 'cause they got steel
No blasters or cap guns son, the real deal
K-A, microphone wrecker E-D

The O, the U, the B, the L to the E
Rocking on, word is bond, so abandon ship
My name is Erick Sermon now want some and I'll flip
I'm far from a chump, I'm hardcore like Brooklyn
Mess wit me and get your manhood taken

Chorus

(Redman)

I got it goin' on
Since I'm up next to flex
You can bet I drop heavy, so girls grab ya Kotex
I catch fits when I blitz the rhyme hits
And my lip gets to the point to rip some ol' fly shit
Redman, ready to rock ruff rhyme
Renegade rapper rips when it's rhyme time
Punk push a pen and pencil when I'm pissed
Pack Pistol Posse
Flow some ol' pro shit
Fe Fi Fo Fum
Funkin' the floor ay
Fuck, and freak words for foreplay
Quickly, quiet as kept, never quack
On the Q-tip, I quote
I throw lines like a quarterback
A monster, murder motherfucks like Manson
A madman, who mutilized men wit' 9 M-Ms
Bullets broke down, brother
Back to back I slam
Bread and butter breaks, peace to Bam-Bam
Jump off the Jim, before I jack my Johnson
I jam like Janet, chew MCs like Swanson
Pin and stab dummies, I'm diggin' a dungeon
You can dig that I dig deep, to destroy dumdums
Yes
I am what I am when I jam, Bro
My afro's in the house (yo yo yo)
Brother that live long
Life to be luxury
Ladies in lamborghinis
Lovers lighten up to me
Nasty nigga, competition is none
From Newark, New Jersey
Knock heads like Mike Nunn
Sheeet
Strap the steel when I'm strokin'
Smoke the shotgun, but the sign said
No Smokin'
Cool it, kiddo
I control from sea to sea

Cut like Chucky, plus styles is cock D
Sooperman Lover, fool from the new school
Hold ya breath
While I walk holdin' my jewels

Chorus

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