## Phunk Junkeez "B-boy Hard"

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It's the mother phunking Junkeez
Taking you for a test drive
Don't try to front
The posse's gonna kick it live
With a style so versatile
Rocking the mic on top of the pile
So turn up the system; push the level past 10
Hit record, sucker
You'll want to hear it again
So listen up, y'all while we demonstrate
The doped up beat of the B-Boy Break.

We're B-Boy tough We're B-Boy hard

A two-man hit squad that will exterminate This is for real; we never perpetrate All you poseurs say you are hardcore Stalk us as prey, but we are the predators Feel the bass as the rhythm kicks in Guitar in the back with the snare drum fill-in We overpower with the vocal firepower An hour after hour, our rhymes stay high powered Our beats are on the upswing We say it in a rap because we do not sing Informers, performers We are the the brainstormers We do it like this because we're no conformers Thoughts and rhymes that always interlink Say what's on our minds because we do not lip sync A-B-C, what's it gonna be Are you ready for the rhythm Roachclip get down.

We're B-Boy tough We're B-Boy hard

Hooray, hooraw ya sis-boom-ba I shave my head but don't koombaya So get up Mr. Tambourine Man Like O.J. Simpson, I'll fly across the land in a second Build a shop, and I'll wreck it We're microphone checking so you best respect it Tracks on wax, that the facts Look out here comes a rap attack.

We're B-Boy tough We're B-Boy hard

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