

EPMD F/ 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 squares sat 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 born, 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 token

Chorus

(Redman)

I got it going on, ?(sister muck)?, next to flex
You bet I drop heavy, so girls grab your coatex
I catch fits when I blitz a rhyme grit
And my lip gets to the point so rip some more fly shit
Redman ready to rock ruff rhymes
Renegade rapper, rip when it's rhyme time
Punk push a pin in ?(pilt)? so when I ?(pit)?
Pack pistol posse flow some more pro shit
Fe Fi Fo Fum funky to floor a
Fuck a freak, words before play
Quickly, quiet is kept, never quack
On a Q-Tip, I quote, I throw rhymes like a quarterback
A monster, murder muthafuckas like Manson
A madmen who mutilize men with 9mm
Bullets ?(brobab)? brother back to back I slam
Bread and butter, break beast to Bam Bam
Jump off the Jim before I jack my johnson
I jam like Janet, chew MC's like Swanson
Get a stamp dummy, I'm digging a dungeon
Can you dig that I dig deep to destroy dum dums
Yes, I yam what I yam when I jam, bro
My afro's in the house, yo, yo, yo
Known as I live large, life will be luxury
Ladies in Lamborginies, love is like (lut) to me
Nasty nigga, competition is none
From Newark, New Jersey, knot hairs like Mike Nunn
Shit, rap is still when I'm stroking
Smoke wit shotguns but the sign said no smoking
Cool it kiddo, I control from sea to sea
Cut like Chuckie, plus style it top D
Super mad lover, cool from the new schoo;
Hold your breath, while I walk holding my jewels

Chorus

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