

## The Fugees "How Hard is It?"

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Come on

Wait a second, draw back ban, there I come  
Stick this business, stock me up, they took me coat with  
a stun  
Gun on a Sunday, a bloody Sunday, so what's the  
resume?  
Heads got felt in the force I heard a Milky Way

I caught a heart attack when I heard my cousin got  
caught  
In Avenue D., in Brooklyn, New York City  
Ever since I used my man, I moved to Jersey  
But realistically, God could have called me early  
'Cause I got a big bop, I'm wanted by the block

I take a ruff-neck, chicken make stop in stone top  
'Cause I roll with the army of sixty-eight  
The Privates' don't make the orders  
It's the General that makes the wig-wack

Buy her back, buy a cat, I got scratched in a day to  
kidnap  
And at night, I was back and the Jeep  
Got attacked by a gang that sold crack  
But the posse was strapped, it was nothin' but crap

I got cuffed in the back, in the jail, there were rats  
So I pulled out my mack to get out of this crap  
Though I wish I could zap outta here but I quack like a  
dog  
That pass gats, so I put the gas mask on the mic

There were blasts 'cause I do it, it's my task  
And all the jumper, the guys that I see to me pass the  
class  
Check out the vocab, it'll get out, then do it again  
Gift of the guy, if you're good, you're good, if you're  
bad, you're bad

So how hard is it?  
I wanna know, how hard do you want it?

One, two, three, four, hardcore, hardcore

Watch yourself for your health, I'll snatch your last  
breath

Then I left you up for another one bite, the dust  
You couldn't ride me if you went behind the bush, gush  
Leave the style alone, don't try to follow me

'Cause a life of the hood make it a little triggery  
So keep your eyes on the prize, don't be surprised  
'Cause on my half, I may pull out a semi-automatic  
sixty-eight

Watch around my back, it's mainly static  
Droppin' emcees like a bad habit  
Here come the Pras with a new package

Mad and they ignorance  
Think they could test the performance of an ancient  
rapper  
Let me break it down in a dialect badder  
Easier said than what the mono said

'Cause there's more than righter rapper, paid for the  
rapper be-bop  
'Cause he said everybody's rappin', them and they  
momma  
So when I grab the mic I grab it like a gangster  
Microphone sniper 'cause it'll be the prowler

Launch it, it's tragic, no magic, the realistic maggot  
Don't leave the gadget or you'll be gat it  
Simple, the riddle, who's the monkey in the middle?  
What's the goose, so let me cut his neck loose, yo

I keep it positive and not so negative  
These is when you diss, emcees take it  
So send it to they call the battle  
I'ma raw I let it rappin', now I'm more  
Your ball, you're waitin' for me to fall but I won't

So how hard is it?  
I wanna know, how hard do you want it?

I gotta jump on the A-Train  
I saw a cat with a scat, he was blowin' like coal-train  
My boys' said give him a call  
I gave him a dollar, he said are you a rapper?  
Kids have a seat and don't miss a beat  
And listen to the battle of the saxin' in your emcee

Now Red Rock, call Red Rock, call Red Rock  
Call Red Rock, call Red Rock, call  
It could mean rewind the gun, check me baby

I rock and shock the dough is show  
Squeeze and cheese and whether pleasin'  
It could mean rewind the gun, check me baby  
I rock and shock the dough is show  
Squeeze and cheese and whether pleasin'  
Coolin' breezin' at the teas and how can emcees do  
was sneeze  
Flower, blow

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