

## **Missy Elliott F/ Redman, Method Man**

### **"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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