How Hard Is It?

Fugees

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

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