

Hardcore

EPMD

Hardcore to make the brothers act fools 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 Hardcore to make the brothers act fools 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 harcore like Brooklyn

Mess wit me and get your manhood token Hardcore to make the brothers act fools

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