

Rock Hard

Hustle Boys

We're we're we're
We're the b-boys, we don't regret
There's nothing wrong with your TV set
We're a gettin loose
We couldn't be harder
Our beats are bigger and better and longer
Got real rock shit
You must admit
Not fake, not false, not counterfeit
I can play the drums, I can play gituar
Not just b-boys, but real rock stars
Rock, rock, rock...

When we borrow your shit, you better hit the deck
You'll walk the plank for your dis
Respect, respect, respect...

If you front on the Rock, best run and hide
If you got static, we'll take it outside
And you start to get dulled by the Beastie Boys
Use real rock beats, show off big toys
Like claps of thunder from the cumulus clouds
So we'll pump up the beat and make it real loud
Loud...

A, then scrach it...

Heavy metal tension running through your blood
Too much rock step off the pud
Too much treble mid-range and bass
The beat's so hard it'll dick your face
You'll crush out hard rock hard beats
Hard rock cold rythms for fanatic freaks
Some people say this has been done
We're here, we're now
And the battles won
Fists...

Fists of fury in an MC bout
Rock so hard it'll knock you out
The very first blow is a kick in the snout

The beat's so def that you better beware
When you're talkin' bass right in your face

The walls crumble down, destroying the place

The finishing touch is the bokasat-slam

The final blow is the five finger jam

Some...

Sometimes I write rythms rather write rhymes

He writes his and I write mine

Rock 'n roll rythms are raunchy and rawkus

We're from Manhatten, you're from Secaucus

Mike D AdRock and MCA

Not before long I can hear you say

In a way these boys got juice

They're goin' off you know they love to get loose

Get loose, get loose...

Poose

Gettin' the Ad Ad AdRock

MCA, Mike D. in the place to be

The Beastie Boys showin' up in toy

That's right

Uh, Uh

In the place to be

You know it, you know it

AdRock, uh uh

When the party gets loose

Slop one, slop one

And your goin' the boots

Everybody gettin' trouble

LOV on the New York C.

Double R double R

Better off the by

Just takin' off the jile

Like I lost my style

Gonna' grab my rhyme

All the nigros the got style

Oh...

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