

# 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 counterfit  
I can play the drums, I can play guitar  
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 fanitic 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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