

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
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