

# So Hardcore

## D.J. 2-Tone Jones

Ziggi, ziggi, ziggi  
Ha ha ha, yo  
Ya'll, y'all, y'all  
Yo, I walk through brick walls  
Fuck around hijack your whole shopping malls  
I be rippin' shit, that's my word bond  
Scream then I watch the whole planet earth respond  
Do just what ya told the remote control  
Crash cars and shit ya know how we role  
When I tumble and drive then you reply  
My my my my my  
Yo I execute all plans  
Run up in two bitches for me and my mans  
Ha, breakin' flows, ha for my fans  
In my turn, they just give me the sound  
Strike matches, golden egg hatches  
Request line is open send all your faxes  
Freaks the flows with no rehersan  
Pull the skate back which when the beat start reversin'  
Just so wak you make people start cursin'  
Flows contradict worser than the King James version  
Turn on the mic but your shit will stop workin'  
Beats brudlized your whole rhyme, your head hurtin'  
Broom sticks and britches from rags to riches  
Forget mad love want y'all niggas to burn bitches  
Amateur, why won't you look right at the calender  
A matter of time before I start to damage ya  
So starting to just bust my rhyme calbo  
Consecutive wounds like a nigga stamager  
Ya, my whole team get wild cream  
Poloticin' every move to the extreme  
So hardcore like Gwackjaw McGraw  
Fuck what you heard you ain't heard this before  
So hardcore like Gwackjaw McGraw  
Fuck what you heard you ain't heard this before  
Hardcore like Gwackjaw McGraw  
Fuck what you heard you ain't heard this before  
So hardcore like Gwackjaw McGraw  
Fuck what you heard you ain't heard this before

Ha, yo I come right through the door  
With rhymes galore Busta Rhymes be the imbasator  
Explore my metaphor you beg for more  
Hardcore serious surely insurcure  
I said my whole squad of niggas come through and break the law  
My family tight more than collect four  
I come through and create the master pieces  
Bend your mind with rhyme colictalist  
Ya'll, I will break shit down  
Lost or found floor will blast like a four pound  
Right before I hit you off with my vaccine  
Starch, cobohidrates lots of protein  
Vaccine baby girl yo I hope your ass clean  
Magazine frontine fly lips is lime green  
Ya'll, every time ya'll, I'm on the scene  
High beam the lights and watch will remain supreme, ha  
Don't ya know when I keep it comin'  
Blow the fort, make ya wrist hard to hand cuffin'  
Bounce on the beat and watch how a nigga work it  
Buck wild makin' ya speaker short curcit  
This heavy weight tip the scale on the triple beam  
Busta Rhymes blast and still bang the main screen, blow  
I had ta make ya all mad  
Hit ya off, interlude, bounce to Trinidad  
Know I see a bitch nigga soft  
Make a nigga cough, breakin' and turn ya ass off  
Extra raw l lay on your back and on the floor  
Busta rhymes got to headline the whole ball  
'Cause we so hardcore like Gwackjaw McGraw  
Fuck what you heard we ain't heard this before  
So hardcore like Gwackjaw McGraw  
Fuck what you heard you ain't heard this before  
Hardcore like Gwackjaw McGraw  
Fuck what you heard you ain't heard this before  
So hardcore like Gwackjaw McGraw  
Fuck what you heard you ain't heard this before  
Y'all  
Taxi