

# Rock Hard

## Raccoon Raccoon

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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