

# Ya Hardcore

Masta Ace

Word up man  
Yeah y'know what I'm sayin'  
It's straight up and down (Real)  
Y'know what I'm sayin'  
Ayo man yo fuck that man what  
Sick of this shit man  
Yeah word  
Yeah  
Show it up  
Fuck that yo check this out check this shit out

Destruction is only four minutes away  
As the spits spray from my lips you gonna feel away  
From the break of day, since one in the morning  
The night before, I had to [?] to fight the war

A sight for sore, Oz and I be risin'  
Like the sun, I bought a gun you better run  
I got it yesterday in North Carolina  
For eight and a quarter, now I'm feelin' out of order

I had up to here and I swear I'm bout to pull a Colin Ferguson  
I'm gonna shoot the nervous one  
And the brave one I'm misbehaving now today  
A [?] citizen no longer wants to play

It's kinda like that movie Falling Down with Micheal Dougulas  
I feel his strugglist ill I smuggle this  
Automatic handgun back to New York  
Mad easy, and you wonder why the streets are sleezy

Well this is the day of reckoning, start beckoning  
For tomorrow cause I feel no type of sorrow

Fuck all the bitches in the host (ya hardcore)  
Fuck all the hookers in the stunts (ya hardcore)  
I got an Uzi in my clothes (ya hardcore)  
I drink 40's and smoke blunts (ya hardcore)

H-A-R-D-C-O-R-E (Word)  
H-A-R-D-C-O-R-E (Straight up)

Murder murder murder and kill kill kill  
I'mma bust shots at will so don't stand still  
Everybody talk about gun smoke and death  
So fuck it I'mma bust it until no lives are left

My most favorite tapes in the world  
Is 2Pac and Biggie, boss is the girl  
Can't forget the Geto Boys, they make noise  
Bone Thugs-n-Harmony I wanna be

My Mobb Deep tape I done ran in the ground  
And Spice 1 get more run than Jim Brown  
Snoop Dogg and the dog pound make me bark  
I'm dressed in all black and out after dark

I used to get good grades but now I see the light  
Ain't shit more fun than a gun fight right?  
I'm going out like I just got fried  
From the post office, who's the hardest on the surface

Ain't gonna matter cause the brave turn to weak  
As soon as this gun start, the elite will hear me speak

Fuck all the bitches in the host (ya hardcore)  
Fuck all the hookers in the stunts (ya hardcore)  
I got an Uzi in my clothes (ya hardcore)  
I drink 40's and smoke blunts (ya hardcore)

H-A-R-D-C-O-R-E  
H-A-R-D-C-O-R-E

I'm on my way to Albee Square Mall without biz  
And I'mma let the world know what time it is  
Feel so good to be real now, that's word  
Now I'mma bout to do mad shit you ain't heard

A scene, except maybe on a movie screen  
It's time to spray more heads than Afro Sheen  
It's all about the green, gunshots and cars  
Fat blunts and bitches that work in strip bars

Polo and Hillfiger don't make your ass fly  
Same thing that make a nigga laugh and make em cry  
The way my brain think now is murder for life  
I run with kids who bids and act trife

I got some catchin' up to do  
So lemme get two hundred dimebags and three lighters too  
Dressed in all camo my left pocket's the ammo  
For whoever should wanna get clever, now run the lever

No more Mr. Nice Guy fuck faith and hope  
Them dumb bitches cause now I'm at the end of my rope  
I just watched Scarface for the sixth time  
Laughin' bout that bullshit way I used to rhyme about

"Keep your eyes on the prize" Fuck that  
Keep your eyes on your money, your hand on your gat  
I been reprogrammed and that's how I feel  
I just walked into the mall now it's time to prove them real