

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

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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