

Hardcore to make the brothers act fools  
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When I turn a party out, all hands is in the air  
Some say it's chill, New York throw chairs  
The punk funk sound to make a sane man flip  
Girls rush the stage, faggots cold dip  
Low to avoid the caps and blows  
By the gangbanners at the B-boy shows  
Wit the cops trying to control the crowd  
But they can't, systems crank So What'cha  
Saying's pumping loud  
Blows are thrown, heads are flown like Pan Am  
Brothers licking off like the son of Sam and  
The bass continues to thump  
Some brothers hit the parking lot to go poptrunks  
Hoes are slapped, jewels are snatched  
Brothers are caught in the cross fire without no  
Caps  
And on my way out, I heard a sucker scream and shout  
Niggas, Niggas, yea, cold turn the party out

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Rap combat squares sat and I attack  
Any crab MC that's down wit the wack  
And I wreck and if I can not snap a neck  
Throw a knock, I'll blow and look for a tech  
I'm terror, new edition to rap era  
I can't be beat, I'm too sweet plus clever  
I'm smart, yes, I'm a so called genius  
I'm equip wit the thinking cap they call  
Keenison  
Yo, wit that, I can break fool  
Especially when the posse is thick and got tools  
Make me feel good 'cause they got steel  
No blasters or cap guns son, the real deal  
K-A, microphone wrecker E-D  
The O, the U, the B, the L to the E  
Rocking on, word is born, so abandon ship  
My name is Erick Sermon now want some and I'll flip  
I'm far from a chump, I'm hardcore like Brooklyn  
Mess wit me and get your manhood token

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