

Tough

Technotronic

Better be tough
I have a special little sauce,
So I was at a party
Something that I never hide,
Is the way that I ride
A bass line, or a stare
Or a bass drum, suckas,
Comes naturally
'Cus I have originality
E is never scared
Now, you know I'm prepared
Is it the same story?
You got something for me?
Nah, I've got something for you
It's positivity
Negative I never give
Or maybe you're dissing me
On account of the fact that me
I'm realistic, real
And this is just the way I feel
The deal is to respect the other man's views
But the other man's views are just
A hand with a bullet through it?
Nothing, whenever they talk they just bluffing
Unless, of course, they discussing effect
I'm on vinyl amp it 'til it's final,
I drop the science
Cus I ain't gonna let it drop

Why
Why does it got to be
So damn tough

Better be tough

I used to rhyme in a time
When I was carefree
With a carefree attitude
I knew I didn't have to prove anything
Didn't have a party, or any diamond ring
'Cus I didn't have the cash
And I don't commit sins
To obtain the material benefits
Yo, the harder my work, the more I had to pay
So, became a man as a youngster
Spreading out positive vibes
To little punks that's busted
Couple brothers were also microphone lovers
In the days a lot of your mothers
Would stay out late with a lot of others
In my hometown, you were the best fit
That's why when I'm on top, you're arrested
Now, you think you're good to go
But you can't go, because I'm rocking the ho'
I've been snapped up, by a record company, jettisoned
Slapped, even your girlfriend, she cracked up
Lapped up, hearing your ridiculous statements

Me and Technotronic, terror basement
Peace
Better be toug