

# Make It Hardcore

## Public Enemy & Paris

Ain't that a bitch, I heard somebody think  
Rap is dead cause people runnin out of shit to say  
So ridiculous and so absurd  
I was almost at a loss for words, then I started to serve  
Off the line of the Enemy's mind  
Back in 2005 droppin hammers without the time  
Bring the ruckus from the booth to the hood  
Motherfucker cause it ain't all good, now I wish they would  
Get yo' vest on, we rain on Babylon  
The anti-Fox News, anti-pop, original group  
P and the Enemy policin the beast  
Until we rise it'll never be peace, I put that on Jesus  
Back with vocals, no whack shit, no glory focus  
No gimmick tracks, just hard truth and rough raps  
Plus that gear that keep 'em fearin the crime  
Makin sure brothers knowin the time, that's why it ain't no smilin  
See the army as they're snatchin us up, yeah  
At yo' high school, promisin what?  
Better recognize the bling of the murder machine  
That's why it's meaning in the words when we serve and ask you to think  
Who the whores that embed with the swords  
Who the ones pimp us all sellin death for Murder Dog  
The imagery is dead-ly so what the fuck?  
Interscope ah better hope we never knowin and bringin the ruckus  
Like Nas said, it's a coon parade, yeah  
Bitch niggaz goin out all day  
We pullin guns on Uncle Tom to bomb on Viacom  
It's on, long as needed we competin keep-keepin it strong  
Ain't no (Comic) in my (View) as long as they sell the black out  
I grip my shit and blow your back out  
We act out, cause you know we reppin the cause  
Still a (Rebel) never needin a (Pause), I check drawers for balls  
Whatever it takes to make it hardcore!  
(Ridin with a soldier, hard truth soldiers in the game)  
Whatever it takes to make it hardcore!  
(Keep the record rollin, ain't nobody colder when we play)  
Whatever it takes to make it hardcore!  
(Hard truth soldier, ridin with a soldier in the game)  
Whatever it takes to make it hardcore!  
(Keep the record rollin, can't nobody hold the spot we claim) Soul survivors, now tell me who  
can bring it liver  
It's P.E., still beatin the beast

In this game of latecomers, fake friends and flakes  
 And grown men actin like teenagers, we raisin the stakes  
 What'cha know about words I throw around  
 When I say it loud better know that I'm black and I'm proud  
 (This is what I mean, an Anti-Nigger Machine)  
 Take a look around and see the way they keepin the realest from reachin  
 But I bet you never hear it again, naw  
 Clear Channel never heat it again  
 It never fit into the corporate plan of attack  
 They genocidal practices only givin us "Murder on Wax"  
 Keep us terrified, music sterilized  
 Back the lies of the homicide and smile while  
 life imitates what we make; they all  
 makin money off the African's fall, that's why I'm callin out  
 Because a (Nation of Millions) is fearin the (Black)  
 When we (Bumrush the Show) (The Enemy Strike Back)  
 With mo' game than the music and our message attract  
 (Revolverlution) and (Rebirth)'ll keep the music in tact  
 Fuck that, bust back on they criminal ways  
 No compassion in they action for the son of a slave  
 Now the church used to hurt us, make somebody behave  
 Like this devil up in office really worship and pray  
 Like God speak to him and he does what he wants  
 But you know they steal the vote if anybody gets smart  
 The real sin is the dilemma when the people support  
 the death penalty but call abortion murder for sport  
 For the fake patri-OT, ain't no questions asked  
 'Specially, when the babies kill each other for gas  
 Known to blast on a menace that don't even exist  
 Set up puppet governments, for the rich to get richer  
 More money for them hoods, but the hood's in pain  
 When the schools close cause they say no money remain  
 Still undereducated, makin minimum wage  
 Got your Wal\*Mart, makin new century slaves  
 Who's crazy? I can see, through the disguise  
 See, through the media's propaganda and lies  
 See a nation full of sheep still simple and blind  
 So we burn 'em with the sermon that's designed with a rhyme, we do it Whatever it takes to  
 make it hardcore!

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>