

# Hardcore Rap Act

Das EFX

Intro/Hook (x2)

(\*The hardcore rap act is back!\*)  
(\*Ha ha, ha ha, now who's rhymin?\*) **HARDCORE!!!**  
(\*The hardcore rap act is back!\*)  
(\*No I, no I ain't smilin\*)

Verse 1: Dray

Yo, yo  
I said it first with the verse to make these niggas wanna act up  
Smackin up the wack and Solid Scheme they hook the track up  
So back up or swing or you'll get stung by my stinger  
Heard that I was rich and now your bitch is on my dinger  
Then I swing the jungle shit so fuck the humble shit  
Kid I crumble shit, motherfuckers know I never fumble shit  
So bring your weapon or keep it steppin or hit the deck-in  
cos in a second I'ma pull a fuckin Tek-in  
Start rejectin em, affect em when I kick  
Y'all niggas think you're slick but y'all can suck my fuckin dick  
Y'all see me gettin busy wit my man and my DJ  
Strictly kickin facts and then we max like TJ  
Cos we play for keeps, my peeps they don't be flakin  
and if you wanna test well yes your bones is gettin breakin  
or broken, no jokin, I shoot them \*?in them rise?\*  
Fuckin with Das you wind up in hos-  
-pital, so bust my riddle when I reveal it  
If niggas wanna play around then stay around and feel it  
cos yo...

Hook (x2)

Verse 2: Skoob, Dray

Now to my style there is no equal, boy I'm lethal like some tumours  
My crew be strokin bitches like I used to stroke my pumas  
wit my toothbrush, see I do just what I wanna  
I got that from my pops and from some niggas on the corner  
So you never catch me rappin about no shit like the Government  
but I be snappin on MC's like your bitch snap on double mega of a shotty  
and a burner and I keeps the 2 ready  
to hit you in your chest like Steve Young do Jerry  
Rice, be nice and stock slice by umbilical  
Knew that I would be the ill-form freaker of the syllables  
And son is rugged, you're gonna love it in an instant  
See I smoke blunts but yo my pops smokes Winstons

Well it's the D-A-S, I can't forget the E-a  
F-a to the X so when I flex y'know I bein  
a fatter wrecker nigga on the mic with my strategy  
Kids is mad at me cos they ain't as fuck as bad as me  
I takes the best of them so fuck the rest of them  
I couldn't care less for them, I'm too fresh for them  
I just be wreckin shop and gettin busy, nigga check it  
Never actin broke cos yo I sold a fuckin record  
I'm too slick for dat, suck my big dick for that  
Don't try to trap my rap cos yo I'm too quick for that

I got the recipe and yes it's me with my crewin  
So if you didn't know, well nigga this is how we do it  
Uhh

Hook (x2)

Verse 3: Skoob

Abara-cadabara, return of the punk MC batterer  
I'm mad at the system like them niggas up in Attica  
From more ways and your ways I rip shit like dat  
Cos there's more ways son, you wanna skin a fuckin cat  
Yo it's the rootin-tootin-nig'-shoot-to-give nigga with the superdest  
flow, son you'll get no wins cos I been  
lurkin in the murky waters of my starvin shark style  
Ever since the days of the Clarks and the Argyles  
Quick I rip shit to bits like piranha  
When I blow up the spot wit more watts than Rolanda  
and when I come thru I'm hittin you up with the 1-2  
Teks, flex raps like Bruce Lee flex the kung-fu  
Look at my tongue, do it what it feel like, get ill-like  
that fat nigga my game is all-skirt tight  
Use to fuck with shorty's wit the jelly playin celly  
now my name is on your flyers and my tyres ain't Pirrelli  
wit the chrome dip, so don't flip cos shit's gon' get heated up  
I'm weeded up, yo Dice I need a cut  
Bring it!

Hook (x2)

HARDCORE!!!

\*repeat\*