

# 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