Public Enemy, Make It Hardcore

(feat. Paris)

[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

[Chorus: Chuck D (singers)]
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)

[Paris]
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

[Chorus]

[Paris]
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

[Chorus]

[Chuck D]
Whatever it takes to make it hardcore! [x2]

[Chorus: second half only]