

EPMD, Can't Hear Nothing But The Music

[PMD]

It's a fact, I'm mad hard like a jail yard
I'm sick, slow, call me a retard
Can't hear nothing but the music, I'm slippin
Dark as hell and water drippin
Parrish Smith, mentally sick
Serial rap killer like Dave Berkowitz
Yes, the son of Sam and I'll be godamn
So take the force and get the balls and watch me slam, man
The exquisite rap wizard from the boon dox
My tune knock wats, been known to cause brain lock
Wit no riff raff, smooth like Shaft
Breaking bones in the rap zone, chill or get smoked mad fast
Can't stop us from buggin because we're trippin
Can't hear nothing but the music, I'm slippin

[Chorus]

Can't hear nothing but the music, I'm slippin [x4]

[Erick Sermon]

Breaker 1, 9, breaker, 1, 9, mayday
Call for backup, it's Erick Sermon's payday
No illusion, just mass confusion
Dull raps, I dutch them, from the funk production
I, the Afriamerican, black citizen
To make you scream loud as hell like Sam Kinison
No one can stop me
Dun na na na na na, like Rocky
The combination, the jab, the uppercut
Mad footwork from the rapper expert
Bust a move, I'm worth about a million cash bucks
Say what, damn right, shut the hell up
I fought MC's word up and watch em grown up
Play em like Dunkin, then pass out doughnuts
Then I freak the funky style and I use it
MD and hear nothing but the music

[Chorus]

[PMD]

What's this, another funky hit from the Hit Squad, kid
I get mad props like Sonny Crockett
You know it's the smooth rap flow that clocks the P doe
Can't stop now (why) cuz I'm diesel
EPMD back in effect on your rap set
Fourth cassette, more deadly than a bomb threat
Can't stop us from buggin because we're trippin
Can't hear nothing but the music, I'm slippin

[Erick Sermon]

Slate take two, action, the main attraction
(Who's Bad) I'm bad like Michael Jackson
Got more tricks than any Kung Fu flick
Understand, I'm ruff and tuff like Jackie Chan
My technique, the drunken mic, grasp it right
I'm teaching (P-S-Y-C-H-E) psyche
I'm slammin, the dopest nigga from the underground
Out the basement, now world renown
Rocking systems, cuss and jock a victim
If we catch flack from a punk and then we diss him
Then I freak a funky style and I use it
Kid, and hear nothing but the music

[Chorus]

