

EPMD, Draw

[Erick Sermon]

Anybody around here seen Two-Gun Billy?
I said, did anybody around here seen Two-Gun Billy?

(Ain't no Two-Gun Billy 'round here
Who the hell you think you are, comin up in here ya damn yankee?)

[Erick Sermon]

You just pull a gun out on me?
Now you know you done fucked up right? [five gunshots]
Now, if any one of y'all see him
Tell him that, EPMD was in town..

[Parrish Smith]

Draw, cock it back, squeezin metaphors
Spurs on my Timb's, when I start blazin, hit the floor
Cowards duckin, I'm emptyin chambers when I'm bustin
Quick with mine, smokin up heaters, when I'm crushin
Nice with the weaponry, you ain't shootin me
you shot the deputy (ahhhhh) what you hearin when you step with the
black dragon, puffin L's in the truck wagon
Drinkin moonshine, writin rhymes with the pants saggin
And hit the saloon, causin the guns in my holster to make room
like Josie Wale and Clint Eastwood at High Noon
So amigo, take ten paces, move your feet slow
Turn around and wave goodbye, to your people
Time to draw, I'm aimin for your dome and jaw
Fastest nigga in the wild West or East you ever saw
An outlaw, my horse drinkin water from the resevoir
Time to ride again until next time to draw

[Method Man] "Ten nine eight seven six five four
three two murder one lyric at your door"

Draw..

"Gimme that microphone
[Cool J] I'ma show you the real meaning of the danger zone"

"Ten nine eight seven six five four
[Method Man] three two murder one lyric at your door"

Draw..

"Gimme that microphone
[Cool J] I'ma show you the real meaning of the danger zone"

[Erick Sermon]

Hah
Those dudes quick fast to grab the mic
flee the scene, or see the infrared beam
On the mic I dismantle, leave an impression
and ruin you, like I'm the Bill Clinton scandal
Impeach em, then I Erick can B. President
Pass a law, hardcore in the residence
Act fool, turn shit out, no doubt
the hard route, and watch all the b-boys sprout
Air the room out, take a picture, get the zoom out
and focus, or go into hypnosis
I wasn't here when I wrote this (where was you?)
Up the top with the street team hangin out, hangin Squadron posters
Me and my dogs homey reppin
in case some punks roll up, yo P, flash the weapon
Forty-four caliber chrome, read it
Can't count ten paces, I'm already heated it
P and Erick Sermon is like a Ruger German

Put one up in your sternum, gun em down and burn em
Any superhero we lettin em know from door
Come correct when it's time to draw