

EPMD, Knick Knack Patty Wack

[Erick Sermon]

Yo, and special guests on my show
is the K

[K-Solo]

To the S to the O-L-O

[Parrish Smith]

And me, the capital D, the O to C
The a.k.a., the P the M the D

[Erick Sermon]

And me, the E to the D to the O
to the U to the B to the L to the E

[K-Solo]

It's time P

[Parrish Smith]

To rip the M the I to C

[Erick Sermon]

So knick knack paddy wack give a dog a bone
K-Solo (yo) I pass P the microphone

[Parrish Smith]

Nah black (why P?) to each his own
So knick knack paddy wack give the dog a bone
Aiyyo, I pass E the microphone

[Erick Sermon]

It's me, yes the MC Grand Royal
who loves rappin, and to it I stay loyal
I can't tell, you ain't caught up in my spell
You dwell on the other crab MC's that fell
apart from the start, that didn't know the art
of rappin, to keep the people's hands clappin
But it's me, I know the way it should be
The flow slow, like me and PMD
And that black, will make you real fat
A real swinger, and a real cool cat
like a jazz player, or someone on the accordion
Producing crazy hits like, if I was Barry Gordy
here's a tip, to show you how to rip
a crab in half, and watch his posse flip
So me, the E, I come equipped
Heavy ammunition, so I don't have to dip
So listen, to this funky fresh lesson
The way I drop it, and the way that I was flexin
So knick knack paddy wack give a dog a bone
PMD (yo) I pass Solo the microphone

[K-Solo]

Yo I pass (why Solo?) to each his own
Yo knick knack paddy wack give a dog a bone
Yo, I pass P the microphone

[Parrish Smith]

As I take the stage, with the fresh dipped gear
I start to show off, with throw your hands in the air
because the older I get, the harder I kick
Usin my rap-fu style from a rap-fu flick
of my Bic oh shit another MC's lit
like a Jack-o-Lantern, on the Halloween tip

Cause as the bass thumps, ? ? meters peaks
All pens and pads are drawn, as the teacher speaks
Because a naughty rapper, tried to steal the flow
but the buck stops here, cause I'ma let you know
No swingin, or knuckles, strictly ammo
Cause as I dust bust, crush, and then rush
a sucker new jack, with no if's and's or but's
You roll with the good times, we like to roll with Rush
I drive a 'Ratti (I drives a Benz) you ride the bus
So get out the mustard crab, because it's time to catch-up
And in the act of war, P refuse to let up
On a gonna-be, wanna-be, soon-to-be, whatever's clever
in any type of weather, cause two birds of a feather
always flock together
So knick knack paddy wack give the dog a bone
K-Solo, I pass E the microphone

[Erick Sermon]
I pass (why E? To each his own)
So knick knack paddy wack give a dog a bone
Ayyo, I pass Solo the microphone

[K-Solo]
Yo, my style's aggressive, like a pit bull terrier
Harder it sounds on wax, the more the merrier
Maestro though, releases beats for me
So I can rig up a hit and get paid easily
People, gather round listen to flow
Yo, so I can prove, that I'm the true Solo
Too many suckers, have bit my name in vain
Punk rappers thought I was sleepin, but Solo came
to so many places, other rappers faces
that called theirself Solo, I made em erase it
I'm Solo, no name lender or pretender
Yo, I am the Solo the on-ly solo contender
Duck MC's, grab my name and bit it boldly
Put it behind they name and ate this up like ravioli
I heard on KISS, with Red Alert and Chuck
A rapper said he went Solo, I said, "What the FUCK??!"
My man came over, and said, "Yo, I thought we heard you"
Joke's on you you heard a bitin ass crew
They bit my name, I want it back, and it's a fact
Yo PMD tell em (damn you shouldn'ta did that)
Now for the record, what do I stand for
One lonely rapper on the stage, who gets one, single applause
Give me a break my brother
My name stands for Kevin Self, Organization Left Others
My name's no game for those who claim to use my name
in vain cause their name sounds plain
I remain the same, my flow of style won't change yo
The name of the game is for the real Solo to explain
I don't know was where you ran or came
I know your vein I hate your name
You're ashamed, playin the game that drove you insane
That walk around puddles, snow and the rain
With a cane, nothin to gain but shame
And my momentum of the fast flow of rhyme'll get em tamed
The pain of no fame, no title again, nobody but the real
K-S-O-L-O to blame
When I S-P-E, L-L, very W-E, L-L
People all out there can T-E-L-L
Rhymes that I got, or write will S-E-L-L
For those who don't believe me, can go to H-E-L-L
I'm from C-I, L-I, F-L-Y
Like a B-R-I-D, in the S-K-Y

Don't even T-O-Y to be dat's why
L-I-N-E's belong to M-I-N-E
I'm makin veche, some rappers imitate
Yo f*ck it, Solo here's to make parties sway
People, I won't take any kind of losses
Battlin rappers grabbin the mic and usin resources
Like household utensils, kitchen appliances...