

# EPMD, Let The Funk Flow

[Parrish Smith]

Relax while I tax, or you can just max  
It really doesn't matter, just stay the hell back  
Poppin much junk, now the time has arose-n  
I pick your card and your name has been chosen  
Not all about ?line-opin? or the stick up scene  
&quot;Let it flow!&quot;;, you know what I mean  
I'm the PMD, in the place to be  
Clock rhymin and I lock ya, around the tick-tocker  
Suckers steady clockin at the same time jockin  
So a brother like MD takes a chill and lay low  
Hypnotize your girl, while the funk flow

[Erick Sermon]

I got my girls to keep me pumpin, just like Getti  
Use the same fuel as Mario Andretti  
Kickin butt in the beginning all the way to the end  
He drives, I rhyme no matter what we win  
I come fully equipped, with the mic on my hip  
So if you real, it's no time to slip  
Cause when it's time for some action, check on the Mic-hael Jackson  
Do a spin grab my nuts, and start taxin  
Let the MC's know that I shock like lightning  
They mess with the E-Double-E, I sounds frightening

[Parrish] So let the funk flow  
&quot;Let it flow!&quot;;

[Erick Sermon]

Blastoff, and off you go  
We usually take off fast, but now we take up slow  
I would say ?bamba yards?, but I'm not leavin  
I don't wanna go, but the girlies keep screamin  
So I will stay, if that's fine wit you  
But I won't leave, until the party is through  
So while I'm here, let me get funky  
Fiendin for the rhyme (like a four-deuce junkie)  
Put the pep in your step, the stride in your glide  
EPMD them goin nationwide

[Parrish Smith]

While the bass is steady pumpin and the beat be like thumpin  
You lose your cool, then you start jumpin  
You're out of control, and I'm right on track  
In seconds later I work the bone out your back  
To mess with the two is to mess with hot water  
We like to hang, torture then slaughter  
All sucker MC's, who proceed to intrude  
E said (let em slide), say what but I'm in the mood  
for dishin and dismissin, all those who don't listen  
Reel the ones whose in, as if we was fishin  
So in eighty-eight, no wait I think it's too late  
Cause in eighty-seven, you bit on the old bait

[Erick] So let the funk flow  
&quot;Let it flow!&quot;;

[Parrish Smith]

Lounge homeboy you in the danger zone  
When the brother PMD is on the microphone  
The slow momentum of my rhymes are divine and combined  
to go off beat, and come back on time  
To maintain and explain, but never sound the same  
And when it comes to do this, very few remain

People on my jock for the rhymes I invent  
Dip in a phone booth just like Clark Kent  
Step out dressed to impress, with no intention to fess  
Chillin HARD, with the P on my chest  
Rhymin on the mic, while the beat rocks steady  
Throw a funky fresh rhyme and MC's fetch it like Freddy

[Erick Sermon]

Listen to heavy metal, hardcore rock n roll  
Drink a six-pack, maybe Miller or Stroh  
That's not the move, it's about hip-hop  
The love that y'all playin and screamin had to stop  
Let's get it straight for nineteen eighty-eight  
For it can sound fine for nineteen eighty-nine  
I hear the girls out there sayin E is hot  
That only shows you what juice I got  
And if you don't like me, and you yellin boo  
There's nothin wrong wit me, it's somethin wrong with you  
So let the funk flow  
&quot;Let it flow!&quot;

[Parrish] So let the funk flow

&quot;Let it flow!&quot;

[Parrish] Yo, this beat is sort of funky

[Sermon] Man, I ain't worried about it, I know it's funky

&quot;Let it flow