

# EPMD, Brothers On My Jock

[Chorus: Parrish Smith from 'So What Cha Sayin']

Brothers on my jock for the way I hold a piece of steel [x4]  
So what cha saying

[Verse One: Redman]

I go wild as I sip from a cold Lowenbrau  
Set up rhymes like fire to gunpowder  
Boom, did the bassline crank  
From being rated R, from being top rank  
I'm hard like an erection  
Phrases might get too tough to break down in sections  
So I grab a pen and pad, I'm back  
to make a killer, similar to a backstab  
Don't arrest me, arrest my brain, it's insane  
If I'm booty, then I've been framed  
By an MC, who can't be the R-E-D  
Fuck wit me, you'll get slapped up and capped up easy  
By me and a tre-eight pistol, so vacate the premises  
Or ask for Mayday, Mayday  
For H-E-L-P, brothers tell me  
I'm electrifyin, similar to round three  
I don't brag and boast but smash and roast  
MC's wit degrees from here to the West Coast  
I'm miracle wit no abrakadaba  
Piece of membranes will smash like crackers  
Were they Ritz, Saltine, or Town House  
None of the above get caught wit the roundhouse  
Kick, blackflip, semifull  
My vocal chord prove my pull ain't bull  
I'm down wit the Squad, no more than four to five brothers  
Six or more, you seen got smothered  
By a fist of fury, next is the verdict  
Let's hear it from the jury

[Chorus]

[Verse Two: PMD]

I'm a nightmare to rappers, terror to an MC  
Cold wreck the nigga wit the help of E-D  
Aggravation, don't need it, so get off my dick  
Master of disaster, no time for flicks  
Straight up b-boy, Real McCoy like Bruce Leroy  
Strap the bozack when I'm stabbin a skeezoid  
Gangsta rap, it's Daddy Mack wit a bozack  
Roy the funk punk pumps skunk like a smokestack  
So swing low and lick up balls  
I'm like Scharzenegger, correcting shit in Total Re-  
call up E-D and the posse that's ten deep  
To wax a sucker nigga booty rappin MC  
So step off cause you gets no props  
So stick the fork in him, Redman (why) cause he's done

[Chorus]

[Verse Three: Erick Sermon]

I'm E-D, I belong wit the A-Team  
A one man wreckin machine, by all means  
Necessary, I destroyed on contact  
No fear, of getting killed cause I'm strapped  
The Hit Squad's deep, making it sweet

to creep, on my crew so you don't sleep  
My mic is caffeine, similar to Maxwell  
Making it smooth for me, yes, to wax well  
And you might get scared and spark a stove  
Cause I pack steel but Hold On like En Vogue  
My swiftness, I got a gift not for Christmas  
God bless, mmm-hmm, can I get a witness  
I'm fresh like a bag of Chips Ahoy  
No toy, I'm a hardcore b-boy  
Once again, I quote, I'm danger  
I smoked Smokey the Bear and killed the forest ranger  
Poof, the fire's out and I'm gone  
Peace to Mandela and Farrakhan

[Chorus]