

EPMD, Get The Bozack (version Of "Out Of Business")

[Parrish Smith]

Yeah, vacation's over

As I say mic check, in eighty-nine, time to wreck

Tellin all the sucker crab MC's to step

EPMD's in effect

Snappin necks and cashin large checks, youknowwhat! I'm sayin?

And we gonna do it somethin like this

[Erick Sermon]

Shazam, let me tell you who I am

The E-R-I-C-K, S-E-R-M-O-N

Call me a lumberjack, or a midland warrior

Doin damage to the world worse than the Hurricane Gloria

I'm serious -- you can say I'm furious

You're sayin in your mind, "Who is he?" because you're curious

A rare rap style, not heard by the usual

You bite you get damaged, so my brothers stay mutual

[Parrish Smith]

While I'm makin and takin, emcees shakin and flakin

Pre-heat my oven to three hundred degrees and start bakin

emcees like potatoes, beats kickin like Cato

Gettin philosophical like the Greek man Plato (who?)

Greek man Plato (who?) The Greek man Plato

But I'm the A.K.A. flow, bro

As you all well know, I do a show

Pick up the dough and hoe, break to the limo

Money in the pocket, Albee's hands on the ammo

Crack the Olde Gold, as we roll and stroll

Don't play bold sucker, cause you was told

Your spot in the box in eighty-eight was sold

So quit the singin come swingin cause of the beat that I'm bringin

Tryin to wax EPMD, you be U.G.-in

on a heavy narcotic, such as speed or crack

Because your rhyme's mediocre but your tracks are wack

Not fiction but fact black, believe that

Then put away your demo cause the brother is back

and get the bozack.. E..

[Erick Sermon]

As I sing and do my thing I might sing

Jane, or the whole shabang

But if I snap, during the course of the rap

P tap me on the back, throw the crowd a slap

Just to distract, til I'm intact

Get my Fisherman hat, so I can mack

Groove to the rhythm of a funky track

Like ("Yo, you slap me and I'll slap you back")

I come correct with the context.. flex..

Just to distract, til I'm intact

Get my Fisherman hat, so I can mack

Groove to the rhythm of a funky track

Like ("Yo, you slap me and I'll slap you back")

I come correct with the context.. and then vex

and then flex and throw a hex on your whole complex

And then check for a second, yo, then sayyy

(R-E-S-P-E-C-T) Respect!

For me the E Double, or the emcee rap goddess

Cause me and PMD we get ours regardless

So get the bozack.. P..

[Parrish Smith]

Yo, time to get funky and raw

Stompin out posses (like who?) like Gigantor

Cause when I roll I come fully equipped
Mic in the hand, tooly, and spare clips
Like a detenator with no ticks I then trip or slip
or maybe flip while my DJ's on the mix
Never lost a battle and if I did it was fixed
You must be sick all on the dilznick, like a jim hat
Your shit ain't pumpin and your rhymes are wack
Cause you're a nickel dime sucka, who hangs with Tommy Tucker
Like KRS-One says, you a Part Time Sucka
who works O.T., to be like me
The Capital P, the M, I'm like D
To slay an emcee, on the S-P-O-T
Leave without a motive or a C-L-U-E
So get the bozack.. E..

[Erick Sermon]
The MC Grand Royal on the microphone
Terrorist, mafioso, a.k. E Capone
I'm no joke on the stroke I broke so don't choke
No hopes folks, I quote note for note
You mind float on the rhyme on I wrote (what?)
and does the Wild Thing, like my boy Tone Loc
It's equipped with the kit that bit the whole shit
Don't catch a nitfit, because my style legit
Brand new from the crew for you no voodoo
A trick from the flicks master Wu Kung-Fu
Equipped with the posse and the time I need
Cock diesel like Rocky and Apollo Creed
So get the bozack.. P..

[Parrish Smith]
Yo, mic checkin, checkin and checkin and checkin
Scanned the crowd, then start wreckin
Either kill or be killed, in the field of hip-hop
Cause if you're slow you blow you get popped mopped and dropped
If you snooze, you lose, here come the oohs and boos
I pop a No-Doz, relax my lips and cruise
past a pooh putt'n sucka whose all about schemein
Wax the P twice, you must be dreamin
Cause as you moan and groan, from the mouth you foam
Sayin deep down inside, I shoulda left P alone
Cause it's a fact, black, that when I'm loopin the track
to lounge in the Danger Zone, because I'm back
In fact, Jack, before I launch my attack
Premeditate my assassination and come strapped
Cause your words are uttered, your wack style is cluttered
Tried to step to the E and the P and got smug
You get the bo-zack
Yo, get the bozack
Yeah, get the bozack (knahtmean?)
Yeah, get the BOZACK

[Erick Sermon]
Uh-huh, yeah

[Parrish Smith]
The B, the O, the Z
Get the BOZACK

[Erick Sermon]
Hahhh, yeah

[EPMD]
get the bozack, get the bozack
get the boooooooooooooooooehzack

get the bozack, get the bozack
get the boooooooooooooooooehzack

[Erick Sermon]
Get the bozack
The bozack punk, word up

[Parrish Smith]
Yo, I don't play