

EPMD, Head Banger

[Redman] Negroes!!!!!!!!!!

[x6] [Hit Squad] The head banger, WHAT?
[Hit Squad] The head banger
Parrish Smith gettin wreck
[Hit Squad] The head banger

[Verse One: Parrish Smith]

Ka-rank the boombox as my sound knock from blocks
as I chill, and bust grills you take snapshots
of the maniac, dressed in black, carry round a strap
Kid you play me too close (slow down and catch a cap, POW!!)
Cause I don't play games, an outlaw like Jesse James
To hell with the bitches and the so-called fame (uh-huh)
Strictly biz to hard (kid yeah) as I climb charts
Bustin ass daily as I compose like Mozart
Just stand, say you're mad damn, why him?
Z-oh-one Tonka, five-sixty Benz
I'm sick and mad deep no shorts and no sleep
I'm bugged like a tapped phone, hard like concrete
So get a GRIP and don't SLIP or catch a CLIP
from the infrared aimed at your head as I blast my TARGET
The Bozack, I rip up flows that
make an MC stop and chill and say HE'S ALL THAT
Hardcore no R&B singer
Roll with the Hit Squad... down with the head banger

[x4] (Hit Squad) The head banger, WHAT?
"Yeahhh, head crack, head crack" -- Grand Puba, Slow Down
[x3] (Hit Squad) The head banger, WHAT?
Erick Sermon break it down
(Hit Squad) The head banger
"Yeahhh, head crack, head crack";

[Verse Two: Erick Sermon]

SURPRISE, you wonder where I've been, I've been workin
But sounds makin danger, and black birds chirpin
A real Damian, Omen possessed by the devil
You dig the rhythm, and I'll play the RUNNIN REBEL
Changed my style, so I can freak the funk
Yo pass the Philly, HIT SQUAD spark the blunt
I got the power, to ramshack a stadium
WUBBA WUBBA, even Judy Brown the Palladium
Yo, I'm from the Boondocks so I knows the flavor (yeah, yeah)
Sometimes I curse but now, I show behavior
EPMD, YO, is in this to win this
A brand new LP SO MIND YOUR BUSINESS
No jokin, I'm gettin paid fully
You wanna buy the cassette, stop by Sam Goody
YO WHERE'S MY HOODIE? I wanna be hard and cause some ruckus
Talk with the b-boy slang and blast some suckers
Walk like an Egyptian, rough crackin my steel
Plus I'm goin to court, make my own appeal
As taught as a kid or told, NEVER TALK TO A STRANGER
Cause I could be a head banger

[x4] (Hit Squad) The head banger, WHAT?
"Yeahhh, head crack, head crack" -- Grand Puba, Slow Down
[x3] (Hit Squad) The head banger, WHAT?
K-Solo!!!
(Hit Squad) The head banger
"Yeahhh, head crack, head crack";

[Verse Three: K-Solo]

I'm the original rap criminal (yeahhhhh)
My shots, spell spray (hoo-ahhhh) duck leaves my trigger finger DIGITAL
My gun'll make, many men, things you did when I get mad
and pissed cause I can make him my TARGET
Braggin em taggin em draggin em mad hollow-point rhymes in my mic
Choose Smith or assault over Magnum (huh)
So back up off me, here's a clip
For uzis and guns, and then you faggots gonna OFF ME
I'm sure you know the deal that my nine can box
I knock punks out quick like Evander Holyfield
More rhymes than music's, my solution
Subscribers of my style here's a contribution
Let's say you want a shovel layer parkin MC's like cars
and drivin MC's away
Tanks gon be full, to rappers wanna tempt me
I break the steering shift and leave em EMPTY
Cause they can't go, so I'ma call a hoe tow truck
To come tow truck your weak SIDE SHOW
Back on the scene is the incredible one man team
When I get mad I turn GREEN
The Fugitive's gone peace, I'm outta here later
And here's a finger, to all you non movin spectators

[x4] (Hit Squad) The head banger, WHAT?
"Yeahhh, head crack, head crack" -- Grand Puba, Slow Down
[x3] (Hit Squad) The head banger, WHAT?
Redman get down!
(Hit Squad) The head banger
"Yeahhh, head crack, head crack"

[Verse Four: Redman]

SURPRISE NIGGAZ! The original P-Funk funks you up
I take a hit from a spliff then I get biz with the NEW CUT
Because I can Jam like Teddy if you let me
A Goodfella but still rugged like Joe PESCI
My style is mad funka-to-the-delic with the irrelevant
shit that I kick backflips any four bitch (yeah)
Deduct and I dip then I SWITCH
to an incredible nigga with a *nickle* nine on the hip
I always got played by a honeyDIP
But now I'm on the money TIP so now I call the honeydip honey BITCH
And swing hardcore because that's where I come from (yeah)
I Rock ya like Chubb, and burn scrubs like a dum-dum
Remember Redman, last album I was Hardcore
Now I'm back to tear the frame out your assCRACK
Cause I get wreck, with the tec, with the blunt or moet
And what you see is what you get and what you're gettin is your
ASS KICKED, nigga, hit you with the funkdaified figure
Like A plus funk, funk times stuffed in your back trunk PUNK
Yes the Redman that's what they call me
Wicked with the style you think I have cerebral palsy
Like AAIEEAHAAA, cause I freak the styles crazy
Lullaby your stupid ass, ROCKABYE BABY
The Funkadelic Devil hit your ass with a level from the new school
and still holdin my jewels!

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