

EPMD, Swing It Over Here

"kick it over here baby pop!"

Chorus: murray, sermon, others

(km) □ swing it over here!
(all) □ yo swing it over here!
(km) □ swing it over here!
(all) □ c'mon swing it over here!
(km) □ y'all swing it over here!
(all) □ yo swing it over here!
(km) □ come swing it over here!
(red) □ yo, swing it over there!

Verse one: keith murray

My rap style is swift like boom bips
So come get a whip, and a bump, it's rough
Crews couldn't hold it in handcuffs
The ordeal is that I'm raw ill on the mic
Switchin my styles up like a transvestite (word)
I think of competition as ? ? and
Keith murray is the vocabulary champ
? come in against deep notable to breach lines?
I'll make you make the same mistake twice three or four times
And nobody got a style like this
You could say, I got my thinking cap on backwards
I'll demolish the retarded smartest rap artists
Regardless, tryin to scream the hardest
I f**k your head up like amphetamines with l.o.d.
Then bend you out of shape like a master yogi
I put my head through your chest, just to see
Who's next in line, just to get wrecked
I makes contact, bust the interlude
I take my skills to another level like qualudes
And you couldn't hear me out; cause the type of shit
I converse about'll drag your brain in the slaughterhouse

Chorus: change to (all) throughout

Verse two: erick sermon

Cling cling, somebody tell me something
Why I got more props than don king without bouncing boxing rings?
ding ding I be the flyest guy you ever sawr on the microphone
Rip the shit to pieces, so leave me alone
Check me out, the way I freak the mode
The active half flippin shit so split 'fore I explode - boom!
So umm, pay attention, before I put you and your crew on suspension
For being closed minded to my invention
Yo, I rock on reel when I record oh my lord
The world full of jackers so I keep my shit stored
When I rock the microphone I rock it right
And keep it hardcore and more blacker than wesley snipes
To my crew there's no match
You want more funk then here's another batch, yo I

Chorus: (all) throughout

"the redman that's what they call me" --> epmd's 'headbanger' (repeat 3x)
(ed) □ bh no, here comes the funkadelic redman

Verse three: redman

Aoowwwwwhhhhhhhhhhhhhh my goodness! could this be
The funk that I was stretching out my lungs
Funkadelic sums up *nasal inhale* I clear the mucus
Stick tissue up my nose to stop the snot from makin spots
To be or not I still give niggaz polka dots for plots
Now richard dawson had a survey sayin that I was awesome
Throw on your walkmans while I pour the funk sauce in your coffins
Wake up! while the blunt's laced up just to pick the pace up
My style's freaky, nasty like ? seka? pussy papers
When I raped her, you don't know check the four-uno-uno you know
That funk mixture that gets your body, holy like scriptures
Now right about now I'm settin off a bomb to blow the empire
To ashes -- cause my shit's more raw than niggaz stashes
Massive funk, swingin bangin bent up while I f**ked ya
I'm rough enough ta, f**k up another white man's trucker
Redman's evil like the board of ouiji, niggaz could smoke
A whole pound of weed and couldn't see me off the tv!