

EPMD, The Big Payback (version Of "Out Of Bus

[E]Yo whassup P?

[P]Yo, whassup E Double?

[E]How bout the crab MC's out there?

[P]No doubt

[E]Tried to mess with The Squadron

[P]Straight up

[E]Knowin they ain't got no wins

[P]Nut-ting, nut-ting

[E]Knahmsayin? Gotta let em know this time

[P]Yeah we got these cats

[E]We get down like that

[P]Straight underground like that

[E]Word up

[P]Two thou'

[E]Check it

[Erick Sermon]

Open Sesame, and let down the main gate
Before you scream EPMD, you should wait
I roll with a posse, can you try to stop me
Also yo, your brothers tried to pop me
on the sneak tip, without me knowin
so I keep goin, and my rhymes keep flowin
On and on, and I don't quit
I get pushed to the limit, and yo that's it
Step by step, I put an end to your fun
cause I'm the chosen one, yes me my son
A young kid from the ghetto, a kiddie from the city
I don't feel sorrow, and I have no pity
to run up on you, and wax plus tax
Your gold, your money, and from your eyes your contacts
Then flex over, a hop skip and a jump
to the next town, to go punk a chump
MC's try to diss me, and try to bust caps
I'm not havin it, and that means no haps Jack
So get the bozack, and lay off the crack, cause that's wack
This is the big payback

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[Parrish Smith]

As I go and flow, to a different type of tempo
(Why MD?) C'mon E, cause P keep it simple
Plus I'm strikin like lightnin, throwin blows like Tyson
Slayin MC's on the Q-T, sorta like a sniper
So if a sucker don't like me, the feelin is mutual
I tune my rhyme to a low RPM, then shift to neutral
and crack a 40 (what kind) of Olde E
To slay an MC (how) on the Q-T
(So what's your name boy?) C'mon E, you know it's M.D.
Now while I'm wreckin he's checkin, all the bodies that's left and
a pile behind the stage, the P is like steppin
off from the scenes, I see lights and si-rens
Witness everywhere, but no one seen a thing
When cops ask questions, my description is vague
No answers at all, just bodies behind the stage
One witness yells out, that he was dressed in black
Stupid dookie link, with a Fisherman hat
When five-ohs ask how he fled from the spot?
"In a black sports car, I think it was an Iroc
but the windows were tinted, and we couldn't get a look"
(Why?) There was smoke from the rubber he cooked
The big payback

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[Erick Sermon]

No Rome-et-oh, or Juliette romance story
Just EPMD, the fame and the glory
The rappin technique, somethin like fencin
Dangerous, it keep you in suspense
And you have to be cool, and plus have stamina
Cause if you don't, I'm gonna end up stabbin ya
in your guts, from the razor cuts
And I'ma stick and pick, until your mind goes nuts
It might sound gross, or make your stomach bubble
But don't ever ever ever, mess with E Double
I'm like Jumpin Jack Flash, a Spy with an Eye
I do no stunts, and I'm not The Fall Guy
I'm just the E, the R-I-C-K, that's all
Say some check one-twos, and some yes yes y'all
I'm the man of the hour, too sweet to be sour
(So what you sayin E?) I got "Soul power!"
So dig it, as I kick it, keep your eyes open
Cause a brother like me, is always scopin
In fact, you should pack, because I cut no slack
It's like that.. this is the big payback

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[Parrish Smith]

If rappin was a tribe I'd be the chief commanche
Hat fat link, chunky rings, nuttin fancy
So saddle up MC's, and off we go
It's not a rodeo, but I carry a lasso
Cause I'm back from vacation, cause sucker kept slippin
Rappin off-beat, plus they tune wasn't hittin
Don't wanna claim a style on the M-I-C
But I can go state to state, cold rippin shows with E
Cause whether maxin or relaxin, waxin or taxin
Never step to a show without packin
my partners, Mr. Smith and Mr. Wessun
So nothin moves funny, at the rappin session
I'm Strictly Biz and knuckles, no time for laugh or chuckles
I drop clear lyrics, while your bass sound muffled
(You sniff blow?) Hell no, and still flow and say dough
More or less do a show.. nahhh
the only high I get, is when my fans yell HOE
So get the bo-zack, cause we're back to hack
Here to let you know that it's the big payback