

EPMD, U Got Shot

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Who's there? Another motherfuckin hardrock"

[ODB] "Whoa-ho-hoh, let me like slow up with the flow"

[ODB] "Introducing, yo FUCK that nigga's name!"

[ODB] "If you wanna step to my motherfuckin rep
Chk-chk, BLAOW BLAOW BLAOW, blown traject'"

[ODB] "Gimme my fuckin shit, chk-chk, BLAOW!"

"You got shot cause you knock knock knocked.."

[Parrish Smith]

On my knees at the mercy of God
Straight up back up I keeps it hard
You like to watch but can't touch this nigga
or catch a charge
Papichulo, with karate chops, just like judo
Fuckin coolo make you quit rap and go sing with Menudo
Underground's where we live and that's where we'll be when you leave
Overachieve, I'd rather be rockin Apollo Creed
Time to speak up, faggot niggaz droppin these weak cuts
We're the b-boys, hows about some hardcore in the speakers
for the Mic Dons, ??
??, PMD shinin with my stripes on
in the saddle, fuck around, get your shit rattled
No paddles up shit's creek when time to battle
Same place, same bat time, so fuck a bat channel
This nigga, object of game, get your pockets bigger
Biggie, Pac, and Eaze - one love, them still my fuckin niggaz

[215]

We don't need no gat, just cock me fuckin back
and watch me spitfire my ?volerical? fact
It's a sign of a miracle that, my iron spittin
ain't peelin your cap, me and the devil had a spiritual chat
Cause I'm eviler with lyrical rap
than a black cat, on a black night, and I'm black
in the moonshinin, I'm sippin Starsky and Hutch
while my rims blindin, while P rollin the Dutch
Cause I'm too much for ma's and grandpa's to solve
Roll the windows to your cars, when out at large
Who the fuck's in charge? Charles Laston Sauls
I got his mom suckin my balls like a fresh pack of Halls
Right hand to Allah, I'm the roughest of the raw
Nobody's ever seen what they seen and never saw
when I jump in my car, they go ooh and ahh
EPMD, 215, and 8-Off Agallah

[8-Off]

Yo 215, who the FUCK was them cats up in the car?
One of them got a gat, the other one wanna spar
Jumpin out the car, pop a trunk, swingin crowbars
Stick up my seeds in my fiends for the G's
People low self-esteem rockin the gleam, hotter than steam
When I blow off the top I got this cream like Bill Rothstein
And when I rob unique excitement is, why you scream
So put your hands together, get your mans together
Here's the plan together here's the gun together let's run together
Soldier mind crime nigga, bitch-down live nigga
8-Off's gonna hit em like, five niggaz, surprise niggaz

[Erick Sermon]
Aiyyo you hit em like that
I bust em from the back, to the extreme
Hit em up, make em scream like a bitch
And switch up, for the mix up, and dig a ditch up
and bounce, then for luck, I throw a six up
And hook off like Prince Naseem a head
Duck yo' head, or go inside instead
Step to me bourgeoisie? Fancy as Dandy?
You get killed, like you was Jon-Benet Ramsey
And some of y'all just plain civilians
Talkin shit, and never even seen a million
Actin like y'all Sicilians, when y'all niggaz
with small figures, and chasin gold diggers
(Motherfuckers) Don't even come up to me yappin
Or you'll Die Hard with Bruce and Sam Jackson
Right now, you wanna duel, you fool
I'm a Dogg 4 Life like my nigga Ja Rule
Who wanna flex, with the influential
with mad credentials on instrumentals we're too essential
The mic and the beat, now shit's complete
for me to kick your ass, for talkin trash, punk

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