

Draw

EPMD

Anybody around here seen two-gun billy?
I said, did anybody around here seen two-gun billy?

(ain't no two-gun billy 'round here
Who the hell you think you are, comin up in here ya damn Yankee?)

You just pull a gun out on me?
Now you know you done fucked up right?
Now, if any one of y'all see him
Tell him that, EPMD was in town

Draw, cock it back, squeezing metaphors
Spurs on my Timb's, when I start blazing, hit the floor
Cowards ducking, I'm emptying chambers when I'm busting
Quick with mine, smoking up heaters, when I'm crushing
Nice with the weaponry, you ain't shooting me
You shot the deputy what you hearing when you step with the
Black dragon, puffin L's in the truck wagon
Drinking moonshine, writing rhymes with the pants sagging
And hit the saloon, causing the guns in my holster to make room
Like Josie wale and Clint Eastwood at high noon
So amigo, take ten paces, move your feet slow
Turn around and wave goodbye, to your people
Time to draw, I'm aiming for your dome and jaw
Fastest nigga in the wild west or east you ever saw
An outlaw, my horse drinking water from the reservoir
Time to ride again until next time to draw

"ten nine eight seven six five four
Three two murder one lyric at your door"
Draw
"gimme that microphone
I'ma show you the real meaning of the danger zone"

"ten nine eight seven six five four
Three two murder one lyric at your door"
Draw
"gimme that microphone
I'ma show you the real meaning of the danger zone"

Those dudes quick fast to grab the mic
Flee the scene, or see the infrared beam
On the mic I dismantle, leave an impression
And ruin you, like I'm the Bill Clinton scandal
Impeach em, then I Erick can b. president
Pass a law, hardcore in the residence
Act fool, turn shit out, no doubt
The hard route, and watch all the b-boys sprout
Air the room out, take a picture, get the zoom out
And focus, or go into hypnosis
I wasn't here when I wrote this (where was you?)
Up the top with the street team hanging out, hanging squadron posters
Me and my dogs homey repping
In case some punks roll up, yo p, flash the weapon
Forty-four caliber chrome, read it
Can't count ten paces, I'm already heated it
P and Erick Sermon is like a rugger German

Put one up in your sternum, gun em down and burn em
Any superhero we letting em know from door
Come correct when it's time to draw