

# Dungeon Master

EPMD

Yeah, epmd, yeah, nocturnal (nocturnal cats). a-yo check it.  
Yo dungeon master, time to draw let's see who's faster  
Too late, blast him with 5 slugs from the ghetto blaster  
You slow with yours (yours) had to reach for the guard at the law  
Card more gangsters on radar, with the night vision  
Green spreen navy seals, all star marine mercenary in the mind  
Feild, take you way down, underground the earth's surface  
A 100 leeks, flat line

E dub the mic killer, the off and oner  
My jawa past willie, I'm higher than marajuana  
My styles foreign, look at me as a guinesse, vietnemes  
A lad overseas, clockin' major G's  
I tote 3 50's, 7's with the wooden handle  
In case of a scandle, or a so called vandal  
And if I let off and he gets hit  
And if you miss him, go home and light a candle

Yo with ciphers our tradition, then I'm a spill when I'm spittin'  
This vocal ammunition  
Yo I spit ferrosphis, here's another dosage  
I'll capture your mind like hypnosis, so you should focus  
On what hip hop mean to you, whether physical or in your spiritual  
Form, liver than your black college dorm  
Indecisive niggas swarm lets git it on  
You know my motto, drinkin' cold on some cotoroto  
Tall bottles until my legs wobble, blow your spot  
Drink lots like Freddie Foxx, shits fully knocked  
It's hotter than lava rocks, I'm gainin interest like when ll said "box"  
And crush groove, I freak the ill power move  
Kid i"m on fire, flippin' on mc's like David Banner  
Changing his back tire, admire, the raw indivorce  
Cat's is played out like theater dogs, nothing for this  
Hold you scoreless, jersey reppin', flowin' with the legends  
Using mics for weapons, studying all my lessons  
So prepare for this paper run, I hit your cypher  
Have your crew sayin' "we should of taped son"  
Mavrick, top gun, shootin' missiles  
I prefer 40's over Cristal, I hit the path at the turnstile  
Nocturnals tactics is wildout like a t-rex, at Jurassic Park  
Making music with my mouth like biz mark  
Rougher than Tim's at galheart, check my street smarts  
Plus credentials, microphones as utensils  
Like spoons and forks, celebratin' pop the corks  
Off the moey if you felt me know you know me  
Epmd and nocturnal in your fucking?

Yeah yeah nocturnal son. nocturnal, epmd, you know what's up, you know  
What's up. you know what I'm saying. this is how we do. reppin' for the  
Crew. jersey fuckin' too. hell yeah, hell yeah