

# Get The Bozack

EPMD

Yeah, vacation's over  
As I say mic check, in eighty-nine, time to wreck  
Tellin all the sucker crab MC's to step  
EPMD's in effect  
Snappin necks and cashin large checks, youknowwhatI'msayin?  
And we gonna do it somethin like this

Shazam, let me tell you who I am  
The E-R-I-C-K, S-E-R-M-O-N  
Call me a lumberjack, or a midland warrior  
Doin damage to the world worse than the Hurricane Gloria  
I'm serious -- you can say I'm furious  
You're sayin in your mind, "Who is he?" because you're curious  
A rare rap style, not heard by the usual  
You bite you get damaged, so my brothers stay mutual

While I'm makin and takin, emcees shakin and flakin  
Pre-heat my oven to three hundred degrees and start bakin  
emcees like potatoes, beats kickin like Cato  
Gettin philosophical like the Greek man Plato (who?)  
Greek man Plato (who?) The Greek man Plato  
But I'm the A.K.Ato flow, bro  
As you all well know, I do a show  
Pick up the dough and hoe, break to the limo  
Money in the pocket, Albee's hands on the ammo  
Crack the Olde Gold, as we roll and stroll  
Don't play bold sucker, cause you was told  
Your spot in the box in eighty-eight was sold  
So quit the singin come swingin cause of the beat that I'm bringin  
Tryin to wax EPMD, you be U.G.-in  
on a heavy narcotic, such as speed or crack  
Because your rhyme's mediocre but your tracks are wack  
Not fiction but fact black, believe that  
Then put away your demo cause the brother is back  
and get the bozack.. E..

As I sing and do my thing I might sing  
Jane, or the whole shabang  
But if I snap, during the course of the rap  
P tap me on the back, throw the crowd a slap  
Just to distract, til I'm intact  
Get my Fisherman hat, so I can mack  
Groove to the rhythm of a funky track  
Like ("Yo, you slap me and I'll slap you back")  
I come correct with the context.. flex..  
Just to distract, til I'm intact  
Get my Fisherman hat, so I can mack  
Groove to the rhythm of a funky track  
Like ("Yo, you slap me and I'll slap you back")  
I come correct with the context.. and then vex  
and then flex and throw a hex on your whole complex  
And then check for a second, yo, then sayyy  
(R-E-S-P-E-C-T) Respect!  
For me the E Double, or the emcee rap goddess  
Cause me and PMD we get ours regardless  
So get the bozack.. P..

Yo, time to get funky and raw  
Stompin out posses (like who?) like Gigantor  
Cause when I roll I come fully equipped  
Mic in the hand, tooly, and spare clips  
Like a detenator with no ticks I then trip or slip  
or maybe flip while my DJ's on the mix  
Never lost a battle and if I did it was fixed  
You must be sick all on the diltznick, like a jim hat  
Your shit ain't pumpin and your rhymes are wack  
Cause you're a nickel dime sucka, who hangs with Tommy Tucker  
Like KRS-One says, you a Part Time Sucka  
who works O.T., to be like me  
The Capital P, the M, I'm like D  
To slay an emcee, on the S-P-O-T  
Leave without a motive or a C-L-U-E  
So get the bozack.. E..

The MC Grand Royal on the microphone  
Terrorist, mafioso, a.k. E Capone  
I'm no joke on the stroke I broke so don't choke  
No hopes folks, I quote note for note  
You mind float on the rhyme on I wrote (what?)  
and does the Wild Thing, like my boy Tone Loc  
It's equipped with the kit that bit the whole shit  
Don't catch a nitfit, because my style legit  
Brand new from the crew for you no voodoo  
A trick from the flicks master Wu Kung-Fu  
Equipped with the posse and the time I need  
Cock diesel like Rocky and Apollo Creed  
So get the bozack.. P..

Yo, mic checkin, checkin and checkin and checkin  
Scanned the crowd, then start wreckin  
Either kill or be killed, in the field of hip-hop  
Cause if you're slow you blow you get popped mopped and dropped  
If you snooze, you lose, here come the oohs and boos  
I pop a No-Doz, relax my lips and cruise  
past a pooh putt'n sucka whose all about schemein  
Wax the P twice, you must be dreamin  
Cause as you moan and groan, from the mouth you foam  
Sayin deep down inside, I shoulda left P alone  
Cause it's a fact, black, that when I'm loopin the track  
to lounge in the Danger Zone, because I'm back  
In fact, Jack, before I launch my attack  
Premeditate my assassination and come strapped  
Cause your words are uttered, your wack style is cluttered  
Tried to step to the E and the P and got smug  
You get the bo-zack  
Yo, get the bozack  
Yeah, get the bozack (knahmean?)  
Yeah, get the BOZACK

Uh-huh, yeah

The B, the O, the Z  
Get the BOZACK

Hahhhh, yeah

get the bozack, get the bozack  
get the boooooooooooooooooehzack  
get the bozack, get the bozack  
get the boooooooooooooooooehzack

Get the bozack  
The bozack punk, word up

Yo, I don't play