

Hittin' Switches

EPMD

Yeah, this is colorado from shadz of lingo
Kickin it with the funklord himself, e double
Hittin' switches, and we bout to get stupid
So you know, yo e, check it

Ah yeah one two, hey young world, hey young world {"it's on!"}
Mic check, here I go again, check me out
Bust the flavor {"heyyyyyyyyyy"} you know my clout
Rough and rugged -- funk's the contact I hit you with
To make your head split, trip and do a backflip
I swing it hardcore like an orangutang
I bring it wicked, and freak the funk slang
Like God damn, yea dude gnarly, fuckin a
I don't play-doh, my nickname ain't clay
It's the e double, mackaframa, bust the grammar
My style is sickening, like roseanne-ah
Plus, I'm funky like _atomic dog_
Boy you can't see me, I'm thicker than fog, so
Save that drama, here's a floppy disk don't risk it
Boo-yaa, that's my biscuit!
On the mic, I cover every angle
A square, tri-part to a rectangle
I mean dat wit a passion, so be it
When I rock the mic it's worth seein
So cop a squad and parlay bitch
With the e-r-i-c-k, while I'm hittin' switches

Off and on, off and on, it's on
Hittin' switches!

Ah shit, it's part two, it's on with the funk so
Ring the alarm, ding! while I drop the bomb
On the country, e's gettin funky word to mother
I smother, any emcee or so-called brother
Why? I gets busy, who the hell is he?
The roughneck from new york city
You wanna mess around with the ill bastard
Then get your ass kicked, messin with the click
Def squad, now on location, with the funky sensation
You wanna step you must be freebasin
Punk, why you playin, you bored?
You can't afford, to get choked by the mic cord
I keep you drunk like whiskey, solve the mystery
Ummmm, without agatha christie (there we go)
You think you know _what's going on_
Without marvin gaye around, c'mon let's get down
I spark your brain with all funk material
And gettin wicked, and let wilson pickett
Before I break, let me announce - get the bozack
Now we all can bounce, as I'm hittin' switches

(switch) back in effect mode, droppin loads
Watch me explode with the devil in me like crossroads
And ding-a-ling-a-ling with the guitar, freak the funk speech
Make the contact strong as bleach
Rock the mic make the vibes right, and plus dy-no-mite
So I can fly high like mike and "just do it"

And get freaky-deaky on the real, grab the steel
In case there's caps to peel
In the mix, when I flex the context, beware
Like when you're havin safe sex
I continue to get brand new, one two
My mic held tight, so I can recite the hype
And get busy, my name is erick sermon
Back for the adventure, without pee-wee herman
For those who don't know, don't act suspicious
While I'm hittin' switches