

Rap Is Outta Control

EPMD

G, man, do I have the power like He-Man
To crack a wack MC's head, open like a pea can
Damn, my name should become Sam
But I prefer, a grand royal for the jam
I'm putting heads out, the guns I use to pump lead out
Hey son, I suggest that you head out
I total, cremate, striking mic flakes
I won't break, I make more nerds than a earthquake
Strong, got more strength than King Kong
I'm worldwide, I'm interviewed like Kaitly Chung
I'm on now, live at 12, it's so dope
All the way to 4 o'clock, there no soaps
I'm able to rock the mic nice and stable
It's a chance that you might see me on cable
Vision, Showtime or HBO with the flow
Getting more play than Rambo
Hey yo, what a you know, party people, rap is outta control
Rap is outta control, it's definitely, fuckin outta control
Rap is outta control, rap is definitely is outta control
It's outta control, rap is outta control

Straight from the underground, where
universal beat down is a mush
Yo, I stuck crab MC, E (too late, he got crushed)
Was he a pop rap singer, R&B swinger
Fagot who jumped the gate and now you get the finger
In other words, it's absurd to try to get wit
The brother from Brentwood, Long Island, nicknamed Swift Lip
I'm too smooth and yes, I groove to the slam track
Wit a Beck's in my right hand, left hand on bozack
I moved on ya posse, first reaction was "Oh shit
Let's do that brother, hell no (why) he's too quick"
So dial 1-900-55-eat-shit
I pack a twelve shot nine mil and yes I still kick
(What) ass like a jock (height) 6'3" and stocky
(Rap name) not Balboa, so motherfuck Rocky
I'm the mainstream supreme, slamming like Aikeem
The Dream, and yes sometimes it may seem that

Rap is outta control Sure dude, rap-rap-rap-rap-rap, for sure dude
Rap is outta control, yes, yes y'all, yes y'all
Yes y'all, yes y'all, kick it E

I stand tall, I won't fall, I recall
Ha ha, your rhymes stall
When I bust caps, until they Kryptonite caps
I reign of steel, I swap bullets like that
I'm like, Superman, fly high up in the sky
And if you try to shoot me down, clown, I won't die
I cremate

I hate, let's exterminate
Wait for a second, E, time to debate
As I take my fisherman hat off, there's no hat
For an MC on a trail of a mad comeback