

Scratch Bring It Back (Part 2 - Mic Doc)

EPMD

Rewind...

Heal up, real up, bring it back, come rewind...

Now about to wreck shop is the man wit the plan
Godamn, yo, watch me slam
Taking the bassline, freaking my lines
Squeezing my Reebox's pumps and Kriss Kross then jump
Way behind the track so I sound smooth and rugged
Pumped it for the Hit Squad, yo, they cold dugged it
You know my style, man, yo, check the stats
Down wit the Mic Doc, my DJ is Scratch
Straight from Brooklyn, Albany projects
He gets respect when he's rocking wit the set
He goes crazy, maybe goes into a rampage
Yo, but don't be afraid
Can produce hard tracks like this
But don't shut him down, put him on the funk list
Live in color, a smooth brother
If I had to pick a DJ, I couldn't, word to mother
So George, hit me wit the funk scratch
Then after that black, come back and rewind that
George, hit me wit the funk scratch
Then after that, yo, come back then rewind that

I'm def, it's my turn
Freakin a new style, flippin this new style over the track
I'm all that, down, rippin
All over the place, yea, check em
(Yo, yo, yo, yo, MD, yo, hold up money grip
yo get off that bullshucks
Rip the hardcore style for the b-boy niggas,
yknowimsayin, hit me wit that funk)
Record mode, set the EQ for Dolby
Step back, check yaself, punk, you don't know me
I flow, G, (say what) multi mil see
Brother on fade to black, YO!, and BET
For my grill in the Source wit the record force
A1 choice, the golden voice taking no loss
The name is Mic Doc, don't forget it hop
The kid from up the block, the tape's kicking ya boom box
From the boon dox, the powerhouse on the rap route
So make way, time to roll out
Can you wind it and mine, primetime
He got me illin, so hit me wit a (rewind)
Now bring it back, bust that wisecrack
Damn, it's been 5 years, kid, you're still on my bozack
Shockin P, clockin P, when I'm rockin see
You're not Parrish Smith, so why you mockin me
You're just a wannabe, you wanna be me
Sell for millions, until then, get the nuts, G
No time to battle rap, F that
I'm pushing maximum level, so smell the smoke from my mic, black
I'm outta here, peace to the hardcore
Bring in the hook while Scratch is cuttin like a chainsaw

"My style... deadly psychopath, schizophrenic"

"Don't forget I'm... crazy swift"

"How can a brother be so nice"
"Master on the beatdown"
"Huh forget it I'm constipated"