

Strictly Snappin' Necks

EPMD

Just when you thought it was safe to make records
The rap duo is back it's time to start wreckin'
E Double swingin' high I'm swingin' low
Washin' wannabees down with some H2O
As I go blow to blow toe to toe flow for flow
(Any has PMD?) Hell no!
I'm blowin' rappers off course like the S.S. Minnow
That's not your rhyme sonny so please let go my Eggo

"I hear voices sayin' that's Erick Sermon"

Straight up, right now, I'm on a mission
Front face the center and face your competition
As I rock, you jock, and in shock
and have fear, when the E is on the spot
(You pulled the mic handle: Joker, Joker, Joker)
Yeah boy, you hit the jackpot
So chill as I flex my skill and rap talent
Smooth hardcore, no time for love ballads
I'm not kickin' the slow jams that's cool
But nah the hardcore, that make the brothers act fool
That's the way I would want stuff lookin'
The crowd yellin', and buckwhylin' like Brooklyn boy

"EPMD is in town"
No words at all boy
"Strictly snappin necks!"
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Welcome, and all aboard
Crab tried to diss, now it's time to score
People, tripped and flipped, when we splurged our gift
To get paid off what we made, and also uplift
A new way to sway, or should I say flow
To keep the ladies screamin' 'OW', the brothers yellin' 'hoe'
Now hold the O, and give me an intro
A kick and a snare, now the green light to go
I flex a rhyme on a rapper then proceed to wreck
by break this mic in half, then put him in the yolk and snap his neck
When five-oh roll, they say what's the M.O.
Another rapper was hit, by Mister Slow Flow
'Cause on my second return, I had to come correct
Takin' nuttin' but bodies, on the Unfinished Business tip
I make the music, that makes a posse ill
In they Jeeps or playin ball, or ready to chill
Or maybe at the spot where you hang where it's hot
Drinkin' quarts of Old Gold, in the parkin lot
But mainly at a concert where the place is packed
Brothers yellin' 'hoe', girlies on the bozack
The system boomin', smoke everywhere
People swayin' side to side with they hands in the air
A posse digs the music so they want to roll
So they troop through the venue, scopin' everyone's gold
But whether you in New York, Detroit, L.A. or Miami
Approach with caution, cause brothers pack jammies

in they coat pocketbooks, and even they jock
You on the wrong brother, and you bound to get popped

"I hear voices sayin' that's Erick Sermon"

Hurry hurry and step right up
The best show on earth, EPMD yea word up
And featuring the man on the cut
He who don't believe can get the (macadamia) NUTS
So whassup homeboy, there's any static?
Do we have to ? and get dramatic?
Or can we cool and be jolly old chaps
or break loose, pull out guns and bust caps?
Nah, I don't think you want that
so I cool, and instead I bust raps
Like check one two, and you don't quit
And match a funky dope rhyme that fits
I say a rhyme and change the whole subject
and still flow, and freak the whole public
It can't be done, especially by a crab MC
who came out the crack rehab
You must be mad, in fact, kind of rad
You not a smooth criminal, you soft and I'm bad
Don't mean to brag, I'm just makin a point
Some say I'm def, the old school say I'm the joint
Fencin, no half-steppin, straight up and down
I gets mine, so you should cool and lounge when

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SCSU!
EPMD's in effect
Snappin' necks n cashin' checks