

# Symphony 2000

EPMD

Yeah, Erick Sermon, EPMD, check it  
Redman, method man, lady luck, def jam  
Erick and Parrish millennium ducats  
Hold me down, hold me down

Yo!

I grab the mic and grip it hard like it's my last time to shine  
I want the chrome and the cream so I put it down for mine  
Ill cat, slick talk, slang new york  
To break it down to straight english, what the fuck you want?  
Remember me? you punk fagot crab emcee  
Get your shit broke in half for fucking around with p  
Hey yo strike two, my style Brooklyn like the zoo  
Hey you, look nigga, one more strike you through  
Word is bi-dond, rock esco, fubu, and phat fi-darm  
Every time I get my spit on, no doubt, I spark the gridiron  
I step up and bless the track and spit a jewel  
We keeps cool, no need for static, I strap tools  
Next up!

Yo I believe that's me  
Yo, get on the mic and rock the symphony

Yo p!

Time to rock, the sound I got, it reigns hot  
Making necks snap back, like a slingshot  
E hustle, and muscle my way in  
Then tussle for days in, on my own with guns blazing  
Not for the fun of it, just for those who want me to run it  
Then leave them like, who done it?  
Sucker duck, I do what I feel right now  
When I spit the illest shit, cats be like, "wow!"  
Yo! I get looks when I'm in the place  
That's that nigga, making you +smile+ with Scarface  
It ain't my fault, that my style silk enough to shock ya  
Hit you with the fifth, block-a block-a  
If I get caught you can bet I'll blow trial  
Be downtown swinging, m.o.p. style  
Next up!

Yo yo it's funk d.o.c.  
Yo, you're on the mic to rock the symphony

Yo yo

Did you ever think you would catch a cap?  
Yo did you ever think you would get a slap?  
Yo did you ever think you would get robbed  
At gunpoint, stripped and thrown out the car?  
It's funk doc, you know my name hoe  
My style dirty underground, or Ukraine po'  
When it hits you, pain pumps cool-aid, through the vein and shit  
Snatch the trap then I dash like Damon did  
Doc, walk thin red lines to shell shock  
Hair lock with fucking broads in nail shops  
Hydro? got more bags than bellhops  
Two thousand Benz on my eight by ten picture  
Papichu', slaying gcrews in icu

Battling, using hockey rules  
For Keith Murray, doc gon' cock these tools  
Rollin down like dice in Yahtzee fool!  
I "just do it" like Nike, outta 'bama  
With ten kids with hammers, hooked to a camper!  
Yo next up

It's the g-o-d  
Yo yo, get on the mic for the symphony

Youth on the move, paying them dues, nothing to lose  
Huh, street kids, broken and bruised, eyeing yo' jewels  
Huh, bad news, baring they souls through rhyming blues  
Hardcore! to make them brothers act fool  
Hands on the steel, flip you heads over heel  
Smell the daffodils from the lyric overkill  
Feeling like the mack inside a Cadillac Seville  
Too ill, on cuts, the barber of Seville, fi-ga-ro!  
The sky is falling, Geronimo!  
I feel my high coming down, lookout below!  
Hey yo! dead that roach clip and spark another  
Chicken hawks, playing they selves like Parker brothers  
I rock for the low-class, from locash  
The broke-assed, even rock for trailer park trash  
Yeah yeah, the god on your block like Godzilla  
Yeah yeah, she gave away my pussy I'ma kill her  
John john phenom-enon, in japan they call me ichiban  
Wu-tang clan, number won!  
In the whole nine, I hold mine  
Keep playing with it kid, you might go blind, jerk off!  
Fuck them a.k.a., for now it's just meth  
That's it, that's all, solo, single no more no less

Next up!  
I believe that's me  
Bastard!  
Get on the mic and rock the symphony

Mrs. stop drop and roll, rocks top the told  
Hot, even though dames is froze  
Pop close range at foes, and blaze them hoes  
Leave em with they brains exposed, and stains on clothes  
Y'all better change your flows, hear how luck spitting?  
Stay drunk-pissed in the s-type, stay whipping  
When the guns spitting, duck or get hitting  
It's written, we in the game but ball different  
Point game like Jordan, y'all play the role of Pippen  
Style switching, like tight ass after sticking  
Man listen, stop your crying and your bitching  
Like e and p's last CD, you're out of business