

# The Fan

EPMD

Yeah yeah uh huh word up  
Yo yo yo.. YO

Aiyyo this here's procedure rock MC's durin my leisure  
time I spend to do em in  
The sound pumps hard and runs right through ya  
When it hits it reacts like a airbag to ya  
Some flip to it small kids might skip to it  
and jail cats get rep to it  
You get by on record but you wack on stage  
So I'm blowin you up throwin hand grenades

That's why we roll with the big boys  
with big toys, bringin crazy noise and ruckus  
shuttin down crews and motherfuckers  
in low beta, not to be fucked with like the swamp gator  
potato, on the barrel of the snub nosed when I blaze ya  
As I, dust bust, crush and rush  
Catch you flossin nigga, turn your ice physi' into slush  
So yo, what's the deally for really  
We rock nine untilly, grindin like Billy  
So niggaz chill and spark the Phillie

Yo, I know you was a fan of mine  
I know you was a fan of mine  
I know you was a fan of mine  
Here's my card and on the back of it's my fan club digits

Uh, aiyyo takin our spot, that's outrageous  
P and I stomp those who get courageous  
And microphones get rocked on stages  
Any book or mag, we on a few pages  
Not commercial, not frontin, and no movie  
I swear, cause we take it there  
Billboard's top ten, that's tradition  
Comin through blastin with mad ammunition

Five-alarmer, microphone bomber, woman charmer  
Night in armor, penthouse view, with the sauna  
God damnit, pass me the rock, and watch me slam it  
Jam it cram it, until you stupid niggaz understand it  
It's been a long time, MC crabbin bitch niggaz runnin  
Wack MC's we straight stunnin  
when we roll up, unexpected, undetected  
Resurrected, EPMD second wind, fuel-injected

Word yeah, tell em P, yo  
I never seen y'all before, when I came through  
with my dogs headbangin with the - Hit Squad crew  
Hardcore, we got biz from the get go  
Any beef with us, we ain't lettin shit go  
E-Dub, no one replacin me  
If there's a spot, then find a vacancy  
Boy, I own my style, while y'all got leases  
I get the whole pie, while y'all get pieces

That's why we own, bitin our shit, we don't condone

News flash, Erick and Parrish, we got it sewn  
And like I'm Damon we Dash for the cash, mash for the fash'  
Bashin the rash, double up P, straight on smidash  
So stop playin, serious like \_So What Cha Sayin'?'\_  
In Apollo sold out with Redman, fuckin headbangin  
to the street corners, the back alleys, to the Cali valleys  
EPMD in effect, chillin as the scans tally