

Underground

EPMD

Comin' straight from the underground
Comin' straight from the underground
I'm comin' straight from the underground
Comin' straight from the underground

As I pump up a brand new funk swing
And bring back the chill of thrill from B.B. King
Old fashioned is the way that I be waxin' a MC
I bust a grill, and the reaction I check

Inspect, make sure the head's wrecked
Snap a neck for some live effects
A machine, my functioning, that's mean
I stay together, my man, like Al Green

I'm a slayer, the E R I C K and I'm back
To attack a punk chump that ain't sayin' Jack
Boom, I'm buckwild when I'm stoned

I close only one eye like a cyclone
So I throw on my black shades that's rhinestone
Summer to my Benz that's outlined in chrome
I'm the Grand Royal MC, I'm no joke

I hit like a Phillie Blunt when it's toked
I smoke, an MC well done, he gets done
I'm knockin' out wack MC's like Michael Nunn
Full power, one punch, crunch, I'm throwin' bolos

I'm strapped heavy, my handguns that's solo
I'm packed when it's time to get down
'Cuz Erick Sermon's comin' straight from the Underground

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Okie dokie, my mind gets slow pokey when I take the
Bull from a Phillie Blunt and I hope me
Old Gold is cold when I pop the cap
Take a sip and then blitz, then crack a back with a rhyme sack

'Cuz I'm too smooth, pay my dues and can't lose
I'm Top Gun pullin' bitches like Tom Cruise
And my main man, D Wade, still gets paid
And in the off-season we vacate in the shade

So all hail the Mary, crack the Moet
Blast the boom box, then act like George and Jet, son
'Cuz my style, similar to Tae-Kwon-Do, but hey, yo
I don't kick or throw stars, this brother flows
To the funk track with 808 drops for prop the top

Of druggin' or thuggin', D T's or cops
I say, "No" to blow and "Yes" to cuss and I suggest
You put a buck on Lotto and if you win, you should invest

In a new grill, Bill, 'cuz I rock non until

The Fat Lady sings, or Brooklyn starts to ill
There's a fat chance, with the brother Bistro
'Cuz I'm the master of the quadraverb and the echo
There's no time to stop, so P keep on steppin'

On the edge of the frame of the mind, the nine is the weapon
That I choose to squeeze when a brother acts wild
One slug to the head, mafioso style
You catch a Universal beat down with sounds that pound
Watch yourself son, I'm comin' straight from the underground

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