Get The Bozack

EPMD

Yeah, vacation's over
As I say mic check, in eighty-nine, time to wreck
Tellin all the sucker crab MC's to step
EPMD's in effect
Snappin necks and cashin large checks, youknowhatI'msayin?
And we gonna do it somethin like this

Shazam, let me tell you who I am
The E-R-I-C-K, S-E-R-M-O-N
Call me a lumberjack, or a midland warrior
Doin damage to the world worse than the Hurricane Gloria
I'm serious -- you can say I'm furious
You're sayin in your mind, "Who is he?" because you're curious
A rare rap style, not heard by the usual
You bite you get damaged, so my brothers stay mutual

While I'm makin and takin, emcees shakin and flakin
Pre-heat my oven to three hundred degrees and start bakin
emcees like potatoes, beats kickin like Cato
Gettin philosophical like the Greek man Plato (who?)
Greek man Plato (who?) The Greek man Plato
But I'm the A.K.Ato flow, bro
As you all well know, I do a show
Pick up the dough and hoe, break to the limo
Money in the pocket, Albee's hands on the ammo
Crack the Olde Gold, as we roll and stroll
Don't play bold sucker, cause you was told
Your spot in the box in eighty-eight was sold
So quit the singin come swingin cause of the beat that I'm bringin
Tryin to wax EPMD, you be U.G.-in
on a heavy narcotic, such as speed or crack
Because your rhyme's mediocre but your tracks are wack
Not fiction but fact black, believe that
Then put away your demo cause the brother is back
and get the bozack.. E..

As I sing and do my thing I might sing
Jane, or the whole shabang
But if I snap, during the course of the rap
P tap me on the back, throw the crowd a slap
Just to distract, til I'm intact
Get my Fisherman hat, so I can mack
Groove to the rhythm of a funky track
Like ("Yo, you slap me and I'll slap you back")
I come correct with the context.. flex..
Just to distract, til I'm intact
Get my Fisherman hat, so I can mack
Groove to the rhythm of a funky track
Like ("Yo, you slap me and I'll slap you back")
I come correct with the context.. and then vex
and then flex and throw a hex on your whole complex
And then check for a second, yo, then sayyy
(R-E-S-P-E-C-T) Respect!
For me the E Double, or the emcee rap goddess
Cause me and PMD we get ours regardless
So get the bozack.. P..

Yo, time to get funky and raw
Stompin out posses (like who?) like Gigantor
Cause when I roll I come fully equipped
Mic in the hand, tooly, and spare clips
Like a detenator with no ticks I then trip or slip
or maybe flip while my DJ's on the mix
Never lost a battle and if I did it was fixed
You must be sick all on the dilznick, like a jim hat
Your shit ain't pumpin and your rhymes are wack
Cause you're a nickel dime sucka, who hangs with Tommy Tucker
Like KRS-One says, you a Part Time Sucka
who works O.T., to be like me
The Capital P, the M, I'm like D
To slay an emcee, on the S-P-O-T
Leave without a motive or a C-L-U-E
So get the bozack.. E..

The MC Grand Royal on the microphone
Terrorist, mafioso, a.k. E Capone
I'm no joke on the stroke I broke so don't choke
No hopes folks, I quote note for note
You mind float on the rhyme on I wrote (what?)
and does the Wild Thing, like my boy Tone Loc
It's equipped with the kit that bit the whole shit
Don't catch a nitfit, because my style legit
Brand new from the crew for you no voodoo
A trick from the flicks master Wu Kung-Fu
Equipped with the posse and the time I need
Cock diesel like Rocky and Apollo Creed
So get the bozack.. P..

Yo, mic checkin, checkin and checkin and checkin
Scanned the crowd, then start wreckin
Either kill or be killed, in the field of hip-hop
Cause if you're slow you blow you get popped mopped and dropped
If you snooze, you lose, here come the oohs and boos
I pop a No-Doz, relax my lips and cruise
past a pooh putt'n sucka whose all about schemein
Wax the P twice, you must be dreamin
Cause as you moan and groan, from the mouth you foam
Sayin deep down inside, I shoulda left P alone
Cause it's a fact, black, that when I'm loopin the track
to lounge in the Danger Zone, because I'm back
In fact, Jack, before I launch my attack
Premeditate my assassination and come strapped
Cause your words are uttered, your wack style is cluttered
Tried to step to the E and the P and got smug
You get the bo-zack
Yo, get the bozack
Yeah, get the bozack (knahmean?)
Yeah, get the BOZACK

Uh-huh, yeah

The B, the O, the Z
Get the BOZACK

Hahhh, yeah

get the bozack, get the bozack
get the booooooeoeoooooeeohzack
get the bozack, get the bozack
get the booooooeoeoooooeeohzack

Get the bozack
The bozack punk, word up

Yo, I don't play

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