

# Hittin' Switches

EPMD

Yeah, this is colorado from shadz of lingo  
Kickin it with the funklord himself, e double  
Hittin' switches, and we bout to get stupid  
So you know, yo e, check it

Ah yeah one two, hey young world, hey young world {"it's on!"}  
Mic check, here I go again, check me out  
Bust the flavor {"heyyyyyyyyyy"} you know my clout  
Rough and rugged -- funk's the contact I hit you with  
To make your head split, trip and do a backflip  
I swing it hardcore like an orangutang  
I bring it wicked, and freak the funk slang  
Like God damn, yea dude gnarly, fuckin a  
I don't play-doh, my nickname ain't clay  
It's the e double, mackaframa, bust the grammar  
My style is sickening, like roseanne-ah  
Plus, I'm funky like \_atomic dog\_  
Boy you can't see me, I'm thicker than fog, so  
Save that drama, here's a floppy disk don't risk it  
Boo-yaa, that's my biscuit!  
On the mic, I cover every angle  
A square, tri-part to a rectangle  
I mean dat wit a passion, so be it  
When I rock the mic it's worth seein  
So cop a squad and parlay bitch  
With the e-r-i-c-k, while I'm hittin' switches

Off and on, off and on, it's on  
Hittin' switches!

Ah shit, it's part two, it's on with the funk so  
Ring the alarm, ding! while I drop the bomb  
On the country, e's gettin funky word to mother  
I smother, any emcee or so-called brother  
Why? I gets busy, who the hell is he?  
The roughneck from new york city  
You wanna mess around with the ill bastard  
Then get your ass kicked, messin with the click  
Def squad, now on location, with the funky sensation  
You wanna step you must be freebasin  
Punk, why you playin, you bored?  
You can't afford, to get choked by the mic cord  
I keep you drunk like whiskey, solve the mystery  
Ummmm, without agatha christie (there we go)  
You think you know \_what's going on\_  
Without marvin gaye around, c'mon let's get down  
I spark your brain with all funk material  
And gettin wicked, and let wilson pickett  
Before I break, let me announce - get the bozack  
Now we all can bounce, as I'm hittin' switches

(switch) back in effect mode, droppin loads  
Watch me explode with the devil in me like crossroads  
And ding-a-ling-a-ling with the guitar, freak the funk speech  
Make the contact strong as bleach  
Rock the mic make the vibes right, and plus dy-no-mite  
So I can fly high like mike and "just do it"

And get freaky-deaky on the real, grab the steel  
In case there's caps to peel  
In the mix, when I flex the context, beware  
Like when you're havin safe sex  
I continue to get brand new, one two  
My mic held tight, so I can recite the hype  
And get busy, my name is erick sermon  
Back for the adventure, without pee-wee herman  
For those who don't know, don't act suspicious  
While I'm hittin' switches