

# It's Going Down

EPMD

Owww!

Get on down

Well, it's the E wit the juice, I'm down to get loose  
Strapped in black wit the nine by the boots  
Hardcore funk that make ya want to pump a chump  
My posse's thick so I will never get jumped  
The slayer, a beast from the east, I'm psycho  
If I had a glove, I would be Bad as Michael  
Some say, yo, I sound rugged  
Pack wit the ultimate rap wit the Power like Snap  
A.K.A. the Mic Wrecker  
A rap star wit the boomin style, black as tar  
Smokin, the E's no jokin, so don't trip or flip  
And make a hit, so bust it  
Some ain't feel the way I do when I get wreck  
No half steppin, I kick back like a weapon  
On the microphone, I delight  
And groovy, a California quake couldn't move me

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No lights, no camera, but lots of action  
No moonwalkin backwards, kid, like Michael Jackson  
Strictly funk flows and steel toed Timb boots to troop  
State to state, stage to stage, as I clock loot  
Black Asiatic, rapper fanatic, automatic  
Black nine mil is what I pack so kill the static  
EPMD quench the sound of thumps underground  
Ya stupid boy, no props here, you catch a beatdown  
The Squad still in effect, no record skippin  
Ya stupid boy, keep the track, still bullshittin  
Down wit the rap pack, still grabbin my bozack  
Here's a ticket kid to ride the Jim like Amtrak  
Got mad skills, hi-tech, been known to snap necks  
From eighty-seven to ninety-two, fourth cassette  
But now I'm Swayze, ghost, the rap host  
Who rip shows, from coast to coast

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Yea, back to the picture, the scene  
It's me Erick Sermon, my M-16  
Just in case, ya know, a fight broke out  
I can just chill, pull out the smoke out  
One, no grill, no charcoal, no fluid  
Act like Bo Jackson, Nike, and Just Do It  
If there's a problem, the Hit Squad rolls mad deep  
So I can rest my head and get some sleep  
While the E-Double, takes a nap, no time to slack  
It's my turn to guard the fort, ready for combat  
Guns and violence, that we don't promote  
Just takin what's ours kid, chill or smell the gunsmoke  
As I pull out, squeezin like Mr. Charmin  
Destroyin posses of demo tapes like Agent Orange  
So chill kid and act like you know  
Peace from the MD a.k.a. Slow Flow