

# It's My Thing

EPMD

Yeah time to put it down E  
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EPMD Millineum Ducats DefCon 9 2 G's  
Uh huh yeah

Yeah it's like this why'all it's like that why'all  
It's like this why'all it's like that why'all  
It's like this why'all it's like that why'all  
Ay E Dub check it out

MC's out there, you better stand clear  
EPMD is a world premier  
From New York straight talk, America's best  
Cold wild Long Island, is where we rest

Style of the rap, makes your hands clap  
Take care of myself because the lines are strapped  
Day mean business, no time for play  
If you bite a line, we'll roll your way  
The more you bite, your body gets hot  
Don't get too close, because you might get shot  
Gnawin at my rhyme like a poisonous rat  
Don't play Dumbo, you're smarter than that

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The rhythmatic style, keeps the rhyme flowin  
Good friends already bitin, without you knowin  
Can't understand, why your body's gettin weaker  
Then you realize, it's the voice from the speaker  
The mind become delirious, situation serious  
Don't get ill, go and get curious

Nuff about that, let's get on to somethin better  
And if gets warm, take off the hot sweater  
And if you want some water, I'll get you a cup  
And if you don't want it, then burn the hell up  
I'm tellin you now boy, you ain't jack  
Talkin much junk like Mr. T at your back  
but he's not, so don't act cute  
Cause if you do you in hot pursuits

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As the song goes on you will notice a change  
The way I throw down, the way I say my name  
The mic that I'm packin, is flame resistant  
So MC be cool, and keep your distance  
When I walk into the party girls are screamin at me  
I park my mic and my hoes, and then I yell FREEZE..  
.. music please

Ah where was I? Oh yes  
Say a def rhyme then I plumb the rest  
Everytime I rock a rhyme I can tell that you like it  
Emotion is strong, like the mind of a psychic  
The mind is weary, floatin like a dove

Sweating and things, like cause you was makin love  
Control the crowd, so they can accept it  
Total concentration is the perfect method

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The wack I subtract, the strong I attack  
The ones who grab the mic and freeze, I throw it back  
I perfect and eject, make MC's sweat  
Take em off on the mic then I tell em step  
Not waiting or debating, cause MC's keep hating  
Play me too close, like two dogs mating

Now let's get on with the rest of the lesson  
Don't really like it when suckers start messin  
Tryin to make a scene, talkin very loud  
Talkin much junk to attract a crowd  
You say you want to battle, your first mistake  
You get quiet and stuff, like you was at a wake  
In the beginnin, you knew you wasn't winnin  
Now you feel ashamed, your head starts bendin  
Kinda upset boy -- I understand  
You lost again -- I won, god damn

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My funky fresh lyrics, put you in the spirit  
I speak a little louder for you suckers can't hear it  
The rhymes I designed, are right on time  
and at the crowd on my mic, flash a danger sign  
Cause I'm the Thriller of Manilla, MC cold killer  
Drink Budweiser, cannot stand Miller  
MC's cold clockin til the party's through  
then they tap me on my shoulder and say, "This Bud's for you"

To be a real MC, you can't be obedient  
To be smooth is the main ingredient  
You have to be silky like a Milky Way  
To be able to make it work, you rest and play  
I control the pace of the rate the rhymes blowin  
Hydraulically jacked, is the way they're flowin  
Slow yes, just like they're awed  
The comparison is wave like the motion of water, smooth..

While the record is spinnin, got your fly girlie grinnin  
MD is on the mic, you know I'm only beginnin  
Rhymes fresher than fresh, never heard me fess  
Scored 110, on my MC test  
My rhymes are strong than Tyson, hold a MC license  
When I grab the mic, MC's get frightened

I'm dangerous, I'm here to crush some bones  
Lounge homeboy you in the danger zone  
What I mean by lounge, I don't mean bitin, huh  
You mess around, and we'll be fightin  
It's alright if you bite, but don't recite  
because the rhymes are mine, and that ain't right  
But until just chill to the next episode  
Donald J, yo, release the code

It's my thing

Erick and Parrish millennium Ducats

All the way live, 2 G's, 2 G's, 5 G's  
New legacy