

Symphony 2000

EPMD

Yeah, Erick Sermon, EPMD, check it
Redman, method man, lady luck, def jam
Erick and Parrish millennium ducats
Hold me down, hold me down

Yo!
I grab the mic and grip it hard like it's my last time to shine
I want the chrome and the cream so I put it down for mine
Ill cat, slick talk, slang new york
To break it down to straight english, what the fuck you want?
Remember me? you punk fagot crab emcee
Get your shit broke in half for fucking around with p
Hey yo strike two, my style Brooklyn like the zoo
Hey you, look nigga, one more strike you through
Word is bi-dond, rock esco, fubu, and phat fi-darm
Every time I get my spit on, no doubt, I spark the gridiron
I step up and bless the track and spit a jewel
We keeps cool, no need for static, I strap tools
Next up!

Yo I believe that's me
Yo, get on the mic and rock the symphony

Yo p!
Time to rock, the sound I got, it reigns hot
Making necks snap back, like a slingshot
E hustle, and muscle my way in
Then tussle for days in, on my own with guns blazing
Not for the fun of it, just for those who want me to run it
Then leave them like, who done it?
Sucker duck, I do what I feel right now
When I spit the illest shit, cats be like, "wow!"
Yo! I get looks when I'm in the place
That's that nigga, making you +smile+ with Scarface
It ain't my fault, that my style silk enough to shock ya
Hit you with the fifth, block-a block-a
If I get caught you can bet I'll blow trial
Be downtown swinging, m.o.p. style
Next up!

Yo yo it's funk d.o.c.
Yo, you're on the mic to rock the symphony

Yo yo
Did you ever think you would catch a cap?
Yo did you ever think you would get a slap?
Yo did you ever think you would get robbed
At gunpoint, stripped and thrown out the car?
It's funk doc, you know my name hoe
My style dirty underground, or Ukraine po'
When it hits you, pain pumps cool-aid, through the vein and shit
Snatch the trap then I dash like Damon did
Doc, walk thin red lines to shell shock
Hair lock with fucking broads in nail shops
Hydro? got more bags than bellhops
Two thousand Benz on my eight by ten picture
Papichu', slaying gcrews in icu

Battling, using hockey rules
For Keith Murray, doc gon' cock these tools
Rollin down like dice in Yahtzee fool!
I "just do it" like Nike, outta 'bama
With ten kids with hammers, hooked to a camper!
Yo next up

It's the g-o-d
Yo yo, get on the mic for the symphony

Youth on the move, paying them dues, nothing to lose
Huh, street kids, broken and bruised, eyeing yo' jewels
Huh, bad news, baring they souls through rhyming blues
Hardcore! to make them brothers act fool
Hands on the steel, flip you heads over heel
Smell the daffodils from the lyric overkill
Feeling like the mack inside a Cadillac Seville
Too ill, on cuts, the barber of Seville, fi-ga-ro!
The sky is falling, Geronimo!
I feel my high coming down, lookout below!
Hey yo! dead that roach clip and spark another
Chicken hawks, playing they selves like Parker brothers
I rock for the low-class, from locash
The broke-assed, even rock for trailer park trash
Yeah yeah, the god on your block like Godzilla
Yeah yeah, she gave away my pussy I'ma kill her
John john phenom-enon, in japan they call me ichiban
Wu-tang clan, number won!
In the whole nine, I hold mine
Keep playing with it kid, you might go blind, jerk off!
Fuck them a.k.a., for now it's just meth
That's it, that's all, solo, single no more no less

Next up!
I believe that's me
Bastard!
Get on the mic and rock the symphony

Mrs. stop drop and roll, rocks top the told
Hot, even though dames is froze
Pop close range at foes, and blaze them hoes
Leave em with they brains exposed, and stains on clothes
Y'all better change your flows, hear how luck spitting?
Stay drunk-pissed in the s-type, stay whipping
When the guns spitting, duck or get hitting
It's written, we in the game but ball different
Point game like Jordan, y'all play the role of Pippen
Style switching, like tight ass after sticking
Man listen, stop your crying and your bitching
Like e and p's last CD, you're out of business