

EPMD f/ Tre, Vic D "Actin' Up"

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[Chorus] When one-two starts actin up Homey duck,
homey duck, homey duck, homey duck BLAOW!
Somebody shoulda told that dude BLAOW! Somebody
shoulda told that dude [Verse One: Vic D] "One, two,
three, four, five" Oh-six through oh-eight, this is oh-
nine live And for the new year I pack a chrome fo'-five
And keep it straight raw like Shady fo'-five It's I,
youngest in charge, a.k.a. so fly Act up, I'm your neck
like a fuckin bowtie Back up, show respect to the
newest multi- -million sold, and that's only in the N.Y. -
OH! Get low when that kickback blow I put a X on you
squares, call it tic-tac-toe {*click clack BLOW*} Put a lil'
tag on his toe I call it yeast infection faggot how I get
that dough So who want beef, and I'ma shoot it 'til my
shooter come through Hop out the Cougar put a hole in
your medullah It's mo' back at it I'm stoned like crack
addicts Hocus pocus sayonara I'm gone - black magic
[Chorus] [Verse Two: Erick Sermon] + (Parrish Smith)
That EPMD we a hip-hop phenom' This style I birthed it, I
am the mom The illest (Slow Flow) and the one-two
(Without D.M.C. I'm who they Run to) Who they come to,
to get their swag (I've been that little boy with the duffel
bag) Ain't anything changed, keep cash bags with me
(I'm a threat, so I keep trash bags with me) Okay! Dem
lay, and if dey dumpin Double pumpin shotgun action,
who's askin? YOUUUUUUUUUUU~! (Can't be for real)
(You eatin, but you ain't finish your meal) Uhh, I'm the
blueprint for those who can't lose (I wrote them checks
so I paid them dues) Yeah Sermon, who walked in my
shoes? You better be Bigfoot (if not stay put) [Chorus]
[Verse Three: Tre] So I'm the future of this music, bet
your life on that Since construction paper and Crayolas
I've been writin raps So don't confuse me with these
bamas that, ain't got no talent And just all of a sudden
up and decide to rap Ain't no disguisin that bullshit,
they ride to that bullshit Who bought 'em that bullshit?
Your mom and them? She probably mad, 'bout to whup
your ass for not again But don't feel bad, you just tryin
to win Talkin 'bout designers and your diamonds what
you drivin in And you ain't even behind the wheel, go to
the passenger side of it Tell me - why is that niggaz do

that? That nigga ain't do that He lyin, he ain't never
lived through that Even people that know you hear you
and be like "Who dat?" That nigga ain't do that (uh-uh, I
don't believe him) I been knew that, been seen through
that Hear you yappin 'bout some weight you never sold
People you ain't never shoot at Take it down, let's see
whatever fairy tales you bring back (You do got a good
imagination though, I can tell you that) This force is all
boss, to fakers of all fakers Just face it, you all talk and
it's PHONY BABY [Chorus]

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