

Epmd "Brothers On My Jock"

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Brothers on my jock
For the way I hold a piece of steel
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So what cha saying

I go wild as I sip from a cold Lowenbrau
Set up rhymes like fire to gunpowder
Boom, did the bassline crank
From being rated R, from being top rank

I'm hard like an erection
Phrases might get too tough to break down in sections
So I grab a pen and pad, I'm back
To make a killer similar to a back stab

Don't arrest me, arrest my brain, it's insane
If I'm booty, then I've been framed
By an MC, who can't be the R E D
Fuck with me, you'll get slapped up and capped up
easy

By me and a tre-eight pistol
So vacate the premises
Or ask Mayday, Mayday for H E L P
Brothers tell me, I'm electrifyin' similar to round three

I don't brag and boast but smash and roast
MCs with degrees from here to the West Coast
I'm miracle with no abrakadaba
Piece of membranes will smash like crackers
Were they Ritz, Saltine or Town House

None of the above get caught with the roundhouse
Kick, black flip, semi full
My vocal chord prove my pull ain't bull

I'm down wit the Squad

No more than four to five brothers
Six or more, you seen got smothered
By a fist of fury, next is the verdict
Let's hear it from the jury

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I'm a nightmare to rappers, terror to an MC
Cold wreck, the nigga with the help of E-D
Aggravation, don't need it, so get off my dick
Master of disaster, no time for flicks
Straight up b-boy, Real McCoy like Bruce Leroy
Strap the bozack when I'm stabbin' a skeezoid

Gangsta rap, it's Daddy Mack with a bozack
Roy the funk punk pumps skunk like a smokestack
So swing low and lick up balls
I'm like Schwarzenegger, correcting shit

In Total Re-call up E-D and the posse that's ten deep
To wax a sucker nigga booty rappin' MC
So step off 'cause she gets no props
So stick the fork in him, Redman 'cause he's done

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So what cha saying

I'm E-D, I belong with the A-Team
A one man wreckin' machine by all means
Necessary, I destroyed on contact

No fear of getting killed 'cause I'm strapped
The Hit Squad's deep, making it sweet to creep
On my crew but you don't sleep

My mic is caffeine, similar to Maxwell
Making it smooth for me, yes, to wax well
And you might get scared and spark a stove
'Cause I pack steel but hold on like En Vogue

My swiftness, I got a gift not for Christmas
God bless, mmm-hmm, can I get a witness
I'm fresh like a bag of Chips Ahoy
No toy, I'm a hardcore b-boy

Once again, I quote, I'm danger
I smoked Smokey the Bear, I killed the forest ranger
Poof, the fire's out and I'm gone
Peace to Mandela and Farrakhan

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