

Epmd

"Can't Hear Nothing But The Music"

Visit "[Can't Hear Nothing But The Music](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

It's a fact I'm mad hard like a jail yard
I'm sick slow call me a retard
Can't hear nothing but the music I'm slippin'
Dark as hell and water drippin'

Parrish Smith mentally sick
Serial rap killer like Dave Berkowitz
Yes, the son of Sam and I'll be goddamn
So take the force and get the balls and watch me slam
man

The exquisite rap wizard from the boon dox
My tune knock wats, been known to cause brain lock
Wit no riff raff, smooth like Shaft
Breaking bones in the rap zone, chill or get smoked
mad fast
Can't stop us from buggin' because we're trippin'
Can't hear nothing but the music, I'm slippin'

Can't hear nothing but the music, I'm slippin'
Can't hear nothing but the music, I'm slippin'
Can't hear nothing but the music, I'm slippin'
Can't hear nothing but the music, I'm slippin'

Breaker, 1, 9, breaker, 1, 9, mayday
Call for backup, it's Erick Sermon's payday
No illusion, just mass confusion
Dull raps, I dutch them, from the funk production

I, the Afro American, black citizen
To make you scream loud as hell like Sam Kinison
No one can stop me
Dun na, na, na, na, na, like Rocky

The combination, the jab, the uppercut
Mad footwork from the rapper expert
Bust a move, I'm worth about a million cash bucks
Say what, damn right, shut the hell up

I fought MC's word up and watch 'em grown up
Play em like Dunkin, then pass out doughnuts
Then I freak the funky style and I use it

MD and hear nothing but the music

Can't hear nothing but the music, I'm slippin'
Can't hear nothing but the music, I'm slippin'
Can't hear nothing but the music, I'm slippin'
Can't hear nothing but the music, I'm slippin'

What's this? Another funky hit from the Hit Squad, kid
I get mad props like Sonny Crockett
You know it's the smooth rap flow that clocks the P doe
Can't stop now 'cuz I'm diesel
(Why?)

EPMD, back in effect on your rap set
Fourth cassette, more deadly than a bomb threat
Can't stop us from buggin' because we're trippin'
Can't hear nothing but the music, I'm slippin'

Slate take two, action, the main attraction
(Who's Bad?)
I'm bad like Michael Jackson
Got more tricks than any Kung Fu flick
Understand, I'm ruff and tuff like Jackie Chan

My technique, the drunken mic, grasp it right
I'm teaching psyche
(P S Y C H E)
I'm slammin', the dopest nigga from the underground
Out the basement, now world renown

Rocking systems, cuss and jock a victim
If we catch flack from a punk and then we diss him
Then I freak a funky style and I use it
Kid, and hear nothing but the music

Can't hear nothing but the music, I'm slippin'
Can't hear nothing but the music, I'm slippin'
Can't hear nothing but the music, I'm slippin'
Can't hear nothing but the music, I'm slippin'

Visit [Epmd](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.