

Epmd "Draw"

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* old Western for first 40 seconds *

[Erick Sermon]

Anybody around here seen Two-Gun Billy?

I said, did anybody around here seen Two-Gun Billy?

(Ain't no Two-Gun Billy 'round here

Who the hell you think you are, comin up in here ya
damn yankee?)

[Erick Sermon]

You just pull a gun out on me?

Now you know you done fucked up right? * five
gunshots *

Now, if any one of y'all see him

Tell him that, EPMD was in town..

[Parrish Smith]

Draw, cock it back, squeezin metaphors

Spurs on my Timb's, when I start blazin, hit the floor

Cowards duckin, I'm emptyin chambers when I'm bustin

Quick with mine, smokin up heaters, when I'm crushin

Nice with the weaponry, you ain't shootin me

you shot the deputy (ahhhhh) what you hearin when
you step with the

black dragon, puffin L's in the truck wagon

Drinkin moonshine, writin rhymes with the pants saggin

And hit the saloon, causin the guns in my holster to
make room

like Josie Wale and Clint Eastwood at High Noon

So amigo, take ten paces, move your feet slow

Turn around and wave goodbye, to your people

Time to draw, I'm aimin for your dome and jaw

Fastest nigga in the wild West or East you ever saw

An outlaw, my horse drinkin water from the resevoir

Time to ride again until next time to draw

"Ten nine eight seven six five four

three two murder one lyric at your door" -> Method
Man

Draw..

"Gimme that microphone

I'ma show you the real meaning of the danger zone" ->

Cool J

"Ten nine eight seven six five four

three two murder one lyric at your door" -> Method

Man

Draw..

"Gimme that microphone

I'ma show you the real meaning of the danger zone" ->

Cool J

[Erick Sermon]

Hah

Those dudes quick fast to grab the mic

flee the scene, or see the infrared beam

On the mic I dismantle, leave an impression

and ruin you, like I'm the Bill Clinton scandal

Impeach em, then I Erick can B. President

Pass a law, hardcore in the residence

Act fool, turn shit out, no doubt

the hard route, and watch all the b-boys sprout

Air the room out, take a picture, get the zoom out

and focus, or go into hypnosis

I wasn't here when I wrote this (where was you?)

Up the top with the street team hangin out, hangin

Squadron posters

Me and my dogs homey reppin

in case some punks roll up, yo P, flash the weapon

Forty-four caliber chrome, read it

Can't count ten paces, I'm already heated it

P and Erick Sermon is like a Ruger German

Put one up in your sternum, gun em down and burn em

Any superhero we lettin em know from door

Come correct when it's time to draw

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