

Epmd "Dungeon Master"

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Yeah EPMD, yeah
Nocturnal, Nocturnal cats
A yo check it

Yo, Dungeon Master time to draw let's see who's faster
Too late blast him with five slugs from the ghetto
blaster
You slow with yours, yours had to reach for the guard
at the law
Card more gangsters on radar with the night vision
Green screen navy seals, all star marine mercenary in
the mind field
Take you way down, underground, 'neath earth's
surface
A hundred leeks, flat line

E Dub the mic killer, the off and oner , my jawa past
willie
I'm higher than marijuana, my styles foreign, look at
me
As a Guinnesse, Vietnemes, a lad overseas, clockin'
major G's
I tote 3 50's, 7's with the wooden handle in case of a
scandal
Or a so called vandal and if I let off and he gets hit
And if you miss him, go home and light a candle

Yo ,with cyphers our tradition, then I'm a spill when I'm
spittin'
This vocal ammunition
Yo, with cyphers our tradition, then I'm a spill when I'm
speakin'
This vocal ammunition

Yo, I spit ferocious, here's another dosage
I'll capture your mind like hypnosis, so you should
focus
On what hip hop mean to you, whether physical
Or in your spiritual rorm, liver than your black college
dorm
Indecisive niggas swarm lets git it on
You know my motto, drinkin' cold on some cotoroto

Tall bottles until my legs wobble, blow your spot
Drink lots like Freddie Foxx, shits fully knocked
It's hotter than lava rocks, I'm gainin' interest like
When LL said, "Box" and Crush Groove
I freak the ill power move, kid I'm on fire

Flippin' on MC's like David Banner
Changing his back tire, admire, the raw in divorce
Cat's is played out like theater dogs, nothing for this
Hold you scoreless, Jersey reppin', flowin' with the
legends
Using mics for weapons, studying all my lessons

So prepare for this paper run, I hit your cypher
Have your crew sayin', "We should of taped son"
Maverick, Top Gun, shootin' missiles
I prefer 40's over Cristal, I hit the path at the turn style
Nocturnals tactics is wild out like a T-Rex at Jurassic
Park

Making music with my mouth like Biz Mark
Rougher than Tim's at Gal heart, check my street
smarts
Plus credentials, microphones as untencils
Like spoons and forks, celebratin' pop the corks
Off the Moey if you felt me, know you, know me
EPMD and Nocturnal when you fuckin' call me

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Yeah, yeah, Nocturnal son, Nocturnal, EPMD, you know
What's up? You know, what's up, you know what I'm
saying?
This is how we do, reppin' for the crew,
Jersey fuckin' too, hell yeah, hell yeah

