

Epmd "Get Wit This"

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Last man standing, like Bruce Willis, about to kill with
this
Niggaz feel this, the masters of realness
In your town to get down, so give your man a pound
Let him know what's goin down, take a pull and hold it
now
Back to matters we call the rhyme data
Home run batter, shuttin down your chitter chatter
So kill the he say she say bust the replay
Hit Squad, Def Squad, stay busy like the freeway

Dig this, in the field of rap, I pull rank
Sets it Off like Vivica Fox and La' robbin banks
What you think? On the roof I work, smokin dank
Puffin Bone Thugs and the boombox crank
Live in color, I represent, for the hardcore brother
Who pack Lethal Weapons, without Dan Glover
And still we achieve the great, those who try
To fade us get clowned, plus beat down, so

Let's get up, let's get down
Roll with the hardcore funk, the hardcore sound
Let's get wit this, mackadocious funk material
It's been a long time, we shouldn't have left you

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Aiyyo the rhymes I recite, airtight, like a submarine
Hip Hop fiends, like a Jones, for nicotine
Of tobacco so I can't slack yo
Got the knack though, bring it live and that's a fact yo
Niggaz buggin out, askin when we comin out
Samps is runnin out, need new shit to talk about
How you doin, where you been, in the biz
Sittin on chrome, back to set trends

Well it's the rappin Lex Luthor, step to me I'll do ya
Send you back to the future, he for real man? HELL
YEAH

I don't care, I gets it on anywhere
From the streets of East New York, to the streets of Bel
Air
First things first, I come to work with mad equipment
To do y'all, in the U Haul and the side biscuit
My persona, got suburban kids
Bangin their heads up in the gym like Nirvana

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Back to take mine, like Jordan, goin baseline
Create rhyme, break spines, when it's showtime
Niggaz wanna doubt me, talk about P
No slouch B, cause off the meter's how my clout be

Indeed, I'm amazing when I
Got the crowd doin shit by remote control
Comin high powered, what's the discrepancy coward?
Dunk on your head, like Juwan Howard

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