

Epmd "Head Banger"

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Negroes

The head banger, what?
The head banger, what?
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The head banger, gettin' wreck
The head banger

Ka rank the boom box as my sound knock from blocks
As I chill and bust grills you take snapshots
Of the maniac dressed in black carry round a strap
Kid you play me too close
(Slow down and catch a cap, pow)

'Cause I don't play games, an outlaw like Jesse James
To hell with the bitches and the so called fame
(Uh, uh)
Strictly biz to hard as I climb charts
(Kid yeah)

Bustin' ass daily as I compose like Mozart
Just stand, say you're mad damn, why him?
Z-oh-one Tonka, five-sixty Benz
I'm sick and mad deep no shorts and no sleep

I'm bugged like a tapped phone, hard like concrete
So get a grip and don't slip or catch a clip
From the infrared aimed at your head as I blast my
target
The Bozack, I rip up flows that

Make an MC stop and chill and say he's all that
Hardcore no R and B singer
Roll with the Hit Squad down with the head banger

The head banger, what?
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The head banger, what?
Yeah, head crack, head crack
Grand Puba, slow down

The head banger, what?
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Erick Sermon break it down
The head banger
Yeah, head crack, head crack

Surprise, you wonder where I've been, I've been workin'
But sounds makin' danger, and black birds chirpin'
A real Damian, Omen possessed by the devil
You dig the rhythm and I'll play the runnin' rebel

Changed my style, so I can freak the funk
Yo pass the Philly, Hit squad spark the blunt
I got the power, to ram shack a stadium
Wubba wubba, even Judy Brown the Palladium

Yo, I'm from the Boondocks so I knows the flavor
(Yeah, yeah)
Sometimes I curse but now, I show behavior
EPMD, yo, is in this to win this
A brand new LP so mind your business

No jokin', I'm gettin' paid fully
You wanna buy the cassette, stop by Sam Goody
Yo, where's my hoodie? I wanna be hard and cause
some ruckus
Talk with the b-boy slang and blast some suckers

Walk like an Egyptian, rough crackin' my steel
Plus I'm goin' to court, make my own appeal
As taught as a kid or told, never talk to a stranger
'Cause I could be a head banger

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K-Solo
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I'm the original rap criminal
(Yeah)
My shots, spell spray duck leaves my trigger finger
digital
(Ho-ah)
My gun will make, many men, things you did when I get
mad
And pissed cause I can make him my target

Braggin' 'em, taggin' 'em, draggin' dragging'em
Mad hollow point rhymes in my mic
Choose Smith or assault over Magnum
(Uh)
So back up off me, here's a clip

For Suzi's and guns and then you fagots gonna off me
I'm sure you know the deal that my nine can box
I knock punks out quick like Evader Holy field
More rhymes than music's, my solution

Subscribers of my style here's a contribution
Let's say you want a shovel layer parkin' MC's
Like cars and drivin' MC's away
Tanks goon be full, to rappers wanna tempt me

I break the steering shift and leave 'em empty
'Cause they can't go, so I'ma call a hoe tow truck
To come tow truck your weak side show

Back on the scene is the incredible one man team
When I get mad I turn green
The Fugitive's gone peace, I'm outta here later
And here's a finger, to all you non movin' spectators

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Redman get down
The head banger
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Surprise niggaz, the original P-Funk funks you up
I take a hit from a spliff then I get biz with the new cut

Because I can Jam like Teddy if you let me
A Good fella but still rugged like Joe Pesci

My style is mad funk to the delic with the irrelevant
shit that I kick back flips any four bitch
(Yeah)
Deduct and I dip then I switch
To an incredible nigga with a nickel nine on the hip

I always got played by a honey dip
But now I'm on the money tip so now I call the honey dip
Honey bitch and swing hardcore because that's where I
come from
(Yeah)

I Rock ya like Chub and burn scrubs like a dum-dum
Remember Redman, last album I was Hardcore
Now I'm back to tear the frame out your ass crack
'Cause I get wreck, with the tec, with the blunt or mote

And what you see is what you get and what you're
gettin' is your
Ass kicked, nigga, hit you with the funk dafied figure
Like a plus funk, funk times stuffed in your back trunk
punk
Yes, the Redman that's what they call me

Wicked with the style you think I have cerebral palsy
Like aaiee, ahaaa 'cause I freak the styles crazy
Lullaby your stupid ass, rock a bye baby
The Funkadelic Devil hit your ass with a level from the
new school
And still holdin' my jewels

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