

## Epmd "It's Going Down"

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Oww!  
Get on down  
Get on down  
Get on down

Well it's the E wit the juice, I'm down to get lose  
Strapped in black wit the nine by the boots  
Hardcore funk that make ya wanna pump a chump  
My posse's thick so I will never get jumped

The Slayer a beast from the east I'm psycho  
If I had a glove, I would be Bad as Michael  
Some say yo I sound rugged  
Pack wit the ultimate rap wit the Power like Snap

A.K.A. the Mic Wrecker  
A rap star wit the boomin' style, black as tar  
Smokin' the E's no jokin', so don't trip or flip  
And make a hit, so bust it

Some ain't feel the way I do when I get wreck  
No half steppin', I kick back like a weapon  
On the microphone, I delight  
And groovy, a California quake couldn't move me

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No lights, no camera but lots of action  
No moonwalkin' backwards, kid, like Michael Jackson  
Strictly funk flows and steel toed Timb boots to troop  
State to state, stage to stage, as I clock loot

Black Asiatic, rapper fanatic, automatic  
Black nine mil is what I pack so kill the static  
EPMD quench the sound of thumps underground  
Ya stupid boy, no props here, you catch a beat down

The Squad still in effect, no record skippin'  
Ya stupid boy, keep the track, still bullshittin'

Down wit the rap pack, still grabbin' my bozack  
Here's a ticket kid to ride the Jim like Amtrak

Got mad skills, hi-tech, been known to snap necks  
From eighty-seven to ninety-two, fourth cassette  
But now I'm Swayze, ghost, the rap host  
Who rip shows from coast to coast

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Yeah, back to the picture, the scene  
It's me Erick Sermon, my M-16  
Just in case, ya know, a fight broke out  
I can just chill, pull out the smoke out

One, no grill, no charcoal, no fluid  
Act like Bo Jackson, Nike, and Just Do It  
If there's a problem, the Hit Squad rolls mad deep  
So I can rest my head and get some sleep

While the E-Double, takes a nap, no time to slack  
It's my turn to guard the fort, ready for combat  
Guns and violence, that we don't promote  
Just takin' what's ours kid, chill or smell the gun smoke

As I pull out, squeezin' like Mr. Charmin  
Destroyin' posses of demo tapes like Agent Orange  
So chill kid and act like you know  
Peace from the M.D. A.K.A. slow flow

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