

Epmd

"It's My Thang '99"

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Yeah, what up, yo it's Mr. Keith Murray
The Lyrical Lexicon, the matador metaphor
Wit my niggas Redman and the EPMD, the Squadron
You what I sayin'? One time for DJ Clue, check it out

Aiyyo, we got these hoes spreaded out like mustard
The Squad go to war like General Custard
I just lost my a-alike, and I'm takin' it hard
And havin' bad dreams of spooky voices and
graveyards

First of all, I'm the E of EPMD
Rockin' the Player Way like Eightball & MJG
Squadron, my click be fully armed
I got dough, my account be fat and formed

Drinkin a Beck's, all day I think about sex
Got the gaze to knock the 'A' off your Virex
Who am I? DO, my MO is fuck PO
Love ta fuck Ya, fuck ya, fuck ya, fuck ya

Aiyyo I detonate on impact
So niggaz better get back
The playahaters stay off the dick, P ain't wit that
The blunt, I split that, bust a four wit the kick back
No need to stress that chickenhead nigga, already hit
that

I put the pow in the wow like gun to the powder
Give the hardcore niggaz something they could be
proud of
I get out of hand like I lost my arm
Decipher the head of c-cipher like Voltron

Who got wins? Those that be hard pretend
You got skills? Come here, let me tap that chin
Bing, my style ropa-dope around the ring
I'm well promoted, and don't even know Don King

Call me the Sam Cassel, shots two minute on the clock
Cops know the SL hand do well

Can tell by the nails you frail
We can battle till your girl big ass feet out them
Channel

Aiyyo my brain attack this hip hop shit aggressively
My recipe, mixed wit stress and niggaz testin' me
Consecutively, five golds so technically
You niggaz got a long way to go to catch the PMD

Aiyyo we put you to the test, put it through your chest
Make a motherfucker catch a cardiac arrest
Live out the Fresh Fest, one of the best
I asked my nigga Red Alert, he said 'Yes'

I intimidate MC's from the throwing of my vocal tone
It don't work, I show them the chrome and flash the
greens
Coincide wit the red beam, and hear about it
All day on street scene

I Welcome niggaz like Kotter to the night marauder
Pull out my gat, you'll be like, like Godfather
I hang small, but when I'm hard I'm gigantic
In fact, my big-ass dick sunk the Titanic

An MC massacre, got a click and crew ready to blast at
ya
'Cuz we the masters
We catch you niggaz wit glass, and who you gon' askin'
Like you gaspin', backin' up while P's blastin'

I'll be like, Get At Me Dog like DMX
Keith Murray pack a black tech
And I don't give a fuck, I can't be touched
Females jump in my flow like double-dutch

My technique, knock niggaz off they feet
I'm Ultimate, like the fuckin' break beat
It's My Thing, back wit the sequel
Hold my Squad down wit the chrome desert eagle

Yo, I go back like straps, puttin' Lee patch where your
knee at
Puff wit midas, and no Civics wit the ski racks
Shut niggaz down that be tryin' to win
I'll be like, like I'm from CNN

So peep the Thriller of Manilla, wreck shit like Godzilla
Drink Old English, can not stand Miller
MC's cold rockin' till the party's through
Then they tap me on the shoulder and say "This Bud's

for you"

DJ Clue
The Professional
Uh huh

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