

Epmd "It's My Thing *"

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{helicopter flies overhead}

"it's my thing!"

"and the stadium is packed..
There's a large crowd out there today..
Let's hear them play"

"you out there? louder!"
"it's my thing!"

"you out there? louder!"
"it's my thing!"

[parrish smith]
Mc's out there, you better stand clear
Epmd is a world premier
From new york straight talk, america's best
Cold wild long island, is where we rest

[erick sermon]
("you out there? louder!")
Style of the rap, makes your hands clap
Take care of myself because the lines are strapped
Day mean business, no time for play
If you bite a line, we'll roll your way
("you out there? louder!")
The more you bite, your body gets hot
Don't get too close, because you might get shot
Gnawin at my rhyme like a poisonous rat
Don't play dumbo, you're smarter than that

[pmd]it's my thing

"it's my thing!"
"you out there? louder!"

"it-it, it, it-it, it-it, it's my thing!"

[parrish smith]
The rhythmic style, keeps the rhyme flowin
Good friends already bitin, without you knowin

("you out there? louder!")
Can't understand, why your body's gettin weaker
Then you realize, it's the voice from the speaker
The mind become delirious, situation serious
Don't get ill, go and get curious
("it's my thing!")

[erick sermon]
Nuff about that, let's get on to somethin better
("louder!")
And if gets warm, take off the hot sweater
And if you want some water, I'll get you a cup
And if you don't want it, then burn the hell up
("you out there? louder!")
I'm tellin you now boy, you ain't jack
Talkin much junk like mr. t at your back
But he's not, so don't act cute
Cause if you do you in hot pursuits

[pmd]it's my thing

"it's my thing!"
"you out there? louder!"

"it-it, it, it-it, it-it, it's my thing!"

[parrish smith]
As the song goes on you will notice a change
The way I throw down, the way I say my name
("you out there? louder!")
The mic that I'm packin, is flame resistant
So mc be cool, and keep your distance
When I walk into the party girls are screamin at me
I park my mic and my hoes, and then I yell freeze..
.. music please

"it's my thing!"

[erick sermon]
Ah where was i? oh yes
Say a def rhyme then I plumb the rest
("you out there? louder!")
Everytime I rock a rhyme I can tell that you like it
Emotion is strong, like the mind of a psychic
The mind is weary, floatin like a dove
Sweating and things, like cause you was makin love
Control the crowd, so they can accept it
Total concentration is the perfect method

[pmd]it's my thing

"it's my thing!"
"you out there? louder!"

"it-it, it's my, it-it, it's my thing!"

[parrish smith]
The wack I subtract, the strong I attack
The ones who grab the mic and freeze, I throw it back
("you out there? louder!")
I perfect and eject, make mc's sweat
Take em off on the mic then I tell em step
Not waiting or debating, cause mc's keep hating
Play me too close, like two dogs mating
("it's my thing!")

[erick sermon]
("you out there? ")
Now let's get on with the rest of the lesson
Don't really like it when suckers start messin
Tryin to make a scene, talkin very loud
Talkin much junk to attract a crowd
("you out there? louder!")
You say you wanna battle, your first mistake
You get quiet and stuff, like you was at a wake
In the beginnin, you knew you wasn't winnin
Now you feel ashamed, your head starts bendin
Kinda upset boy -- I understand
You lost again -- I won, God damn

[pmd]it's my thing

"it's my thing!"
"you out there? louder!"

"it-it, it, it-it, it-it, it's my thing!"

[parrish smith]
My funky fresh lyrics, put you in the spirit
I speak a little louder for you suckers can't hear it
("you out there? louder!")
The rhymes I designed, are right on time
And at the crowd on my mic, flash a danger sign
Cause I'm the thriller of manilla, mc cold killer
Drink budweiser, cannot stand miller
Mc's cold clockin til the party's through
Then they tap me on my shoulder and say, "this bud's
for you"
("it's my thing!")

[erick sermon]
("you out there? louder!")

To be a real mc, you can't be obedient
To be smooth is the main ingredient
You have to be silky like a milky way
To be able to make it work, you rest and play
("you out there? louder!")
I control the pace of the rate the rhymes blowin
Hydraulically jacked, is the way they're flowin
Slow yes, just like they're awed
The comparison is wave like the motion of water,
smooth..

"it's my thing!"
"you out there? louder!"

"it-it, it, it-it, it-it, it's my thing!"

[parrish smith]
While the record is spinnin, got your fly girlie grinnin
Md is on the mic, you know I'm only beginnin
("you out there? louder!")
Rhymes fresher than fresh, never heard me fess
Scored 110, on my mc test
My rhymes are strong than tyson, hold a mc license
When I grab the mic, mc's get frightened

[erick sermon]
("you out there? louder!")
I'm dangerous, I'm here to crush some bones
Lounge homeboy you in the danger zone ("it's my
thing!")
What I mean by lounge, I don't mean bitin, huh
You mess around, and we'll be fightin
It's alright if you bite, but don't recite
Because the rhymes are mine, and that ain't right
("you out there? louder!")
But until just chill to the next episode
Donald j, yo, release the code

[pmd]it's my thing

"it's my thing!"
"it's my thing!"
"you out there? "

"it-it, it, it-it, it-it, it's my thing!"

"it's my thing! it's my thing! it's my thing!"
("you out there? louder!")
"it-it, it, it-it, it-it, it's my thing!"

"la-la-loud-la-loud-la-louder!"

"it's my thing!"

"you out there? louder!"

"it's my thing!" *music fades*

"you out there? "

"ya ya ya-ya ya-ya ya-ya you out there? "

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