

Epmd

"Let The Funk Flow"

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[Parrish Smith]

Relax while I tax, or you can just max
It really doesn't matter, just stay the hell back
Poppin much junk, now the time has arose-n
I pick your card and your name has been chosen
Not all about my mob and all the stick up scene
"Let it flow!", you know what I mean?
I'm the PMD, in the place to be
Rock a rhyme and I'll lock ya, around the tick-tocker
Suckers steady clockin at the same time jockin
So a brother like MD takes a chill and lay low
Hypnotize your girl, while the funk flow

[Erick Sermon]

I got my girls to keep me pumpin, just like Getty
Use the same fuel as Mario Andretti
Kickin butt in the beginning all the way to the end
He drives, I rhyme no matter what we win
I come fully equipped, with the mic on my hip
So if you real, it's no time to slip
Cause when it's time for some action, check on the Mic-
hael Jackson
Do a spin, grab my nuts, and start taxin
Let the MC's know that I shock like lightning
They mess with the E-Double-E, I sounds frightening

[Parrish] So let the funk flow

"Let it flow!"

[Erick Sermon]

Blastoff, and off you go
We usually take off fast, but now we take off slow
I would say "bon voyage", but I'm not leavin
I don't wanna go, but the girlies keep screamin
So I will stay, if that's fine wit you
But I won't leave, until the party is through
So while I'm here, let me get funky
Fiendin for the rhyme (like a four-deuce junkie)
Put the pep in your step, the stride in your glide
EPMD done went nationwide

[Parrish Smith]

While the bass is steady pumpin and the beat be like
thumpin
You lose your cool, then you start jumpin
You're out of control, and I'm right on track
And seconds later I work the bone out your back

To mess with the two is to mess with hot water
We like to hang, torture then slaughter
All sucker MC's, who proceed to intrude
E said (let em slide), say what but I'm in the mood
for dishin and dismissin, all those who don't listen
Reelin' one-s in, as if we was fishin
So in eighty-eight, no wait I think it's too late
Cause in eighty-seven, you bit on the old bait

[Erick] So let the funk flow
"Let it flow!"

[Parrish Smith]
Lounge homeboy you in the danger zone
When the brother PMD is on the microphone
The slow momentum of my rhymes are divine and
combined
to go off beat, and come back on time
To maintain and explain, but never sound the same
And when it comes to do this, very few remain
People on my jock for the rhymes I invent
Dip in a phone booth just like Clark Kent
Step out dressed to impress, with no intention to fess
Chillin HARD, with the P on my chest
Rhymin on the mic, while the beat rocks steady
Throw a funky fresh rhyme and MC's fetch it like
Freddy

[Erick Sermon]
Listen to heavy metal, hardcore rock n roll
Drink a six-pack, maybe Miller or Stroh's
That's not the move, it's about hip-hop
The love that y'all playin and screamin had to stop
Let's get it straight for nineteen eighty-eight
For it can sound fine for nineteen eighty-nine
I hear the girls out there sayin E is hot
That only shows you what juice I got
And if you don't like me, and you yellin boo
There's nothin wrong wit me, it's somethin wrong with
you
So let the funk flow
"Let it flow!"

[Parrish] So let the funk flow
"Let it flow!"

[Parrish] Yo, this beat is sort of funky
[Sermon] Man, I ain't worried about it, I know it's funky
"Let it flow!"

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