

Epmd "Rampage"

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[Incomprehensible]

Slow down baby, slow down baby
Slow down baby yeah, slow down baby yeah
Slow down baby, slow down baby

Slow down baby, slow down baby
Slow down baby, slow down baby
Slow down baby, slow down baby
Slow down baby

You can get rugged, though, hard like P
Trying to play my man but you couldn't touch me
You faggot to comp rapper on a quest
You get your head flown, boy you must be smokin' sens
So many often wonder if MDs paid
You're goddamn right, punk, stay out of my way
'Cause I clock Gs while you clock Zs
And I don't smoke crack, I smoke M.C's

So pick up a pen, cop a squat, and take notes
A rapper suffered from bleeding, sprains and slit
throats
My style deadly psychopath or schizophrenic
Rapper choke like a carburetor, freeze up, and panic
'Cause I clock pesos, don't sell ileyo
Another name for cocaine, mi amigo
That's Spanish terminology for friend
Now sit back and rub my bozack as I send

Bass funk with beats that thump
Kickers and amps cold lined up in my trunk
My system cranking, my headlights are blinkin'
Brother ridin' my tip L, at the same time thinkin'
Damn, how could a brother be so nice
'Cause I'm the capital P E twice M D E twice
I choose to squeeze, some choose to fight
I like to write but then again some bite
While you were bangin' on tables, I was bangin' Snow
White

Yeah slow down baby, yeah slow down baby

Yeah slow down baby, yeah slow down baby

The ripper, the master, the overlording
Playing MC's like a old accordion
I get the inspiration from a necessary station
Them sayin' I was vacationin'
You can't cope with your weak-ass throat
Tryin' 'a sneak a peak in while I freak the notes
Major MC's become minor B flats
So retire the mike, get your chains and your bats

Here's your chance to advance, gettin' your stance
I'm 'a shoot the holster off your cowboy pants
Pure entertainment, tonight's your arraignment
You're guilty, face down on the pavement
No holds barred, it's time to get scarred
You and your squad better praise the real God
The Undertaker droppin' thunder on fakers
When it comes to lyrics I'm as freaky as Seka

So lay the mike down slow and careful
'Cause mine is fully loaded and I have another handful
A clip to slip in and start rippin'
Divin' and dippin' and givin' punks a whippin'
Just in case you wanna go a few rounds and so
I'm down so that you clowns will know
Me gettin' burnt or hurt won't be tolerated
I got rhymes up the forget it, I'm constipated

Yeah slow down baby, yeah slow down baby
Yeah slow down baby, yeah

When I come around homeboy, watch your nugget
I master on the beat down, my style's rugged
When I attack the microphone, close the zone
Rap sees danger, can't roam
Security is packed and wall to wall can't fall
A rap tank is full so I can't stall
My microphone is filled with premium
Any whack MC that flexes, I'm creamin' 'em

Not with lotion, bust the motion, flotation
When I'm rockin' the mike I'm like coastin'
Underneath fatigue at my peak
You still seek the style 'cause yours is extra weak
New method, rip the stage at my age and get loose
and kick
Like Bruce in a rage-I'm on a rampage

Slow down baby, slow down baby
Slow down baby, slow down baby

Slow down baby, slow down baby

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