

Epmd "Scratch Bring It Back"

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Chorus: busta rhymes

Rewind...

Heal up, real up, bring it back, come rewind...

[erick sermon]

Now about to wreck shop is the man wit the plan

Godamn, yo, watch me slam

Taking the bassline, freaking my lines

Squeezing my reebox's pumps and kriss kross then
jump

Way behind the track so I sound smooth and rugged

Pumped it for the hit squad, yo, they cold dugged it

You know my style, man, yo, check the stats

Down wit the mic doc, my dj is scratch

Straight from brooklyn, albany projects

He gets respect when he's rocking wit the set

He goes crazy, maybe goes into a rampage

Yo, but don't be afraid

Can produce hard tracks like this

But don't shut him down, put him on the funk list

Live in color, a smooth brother

If I had to pick a dj, I couldn't, word to mother

So george, hit me wit the funk scratch

Then after that black, come back and rewind that

George, hit me wit the funk scratch

Then after that, yo, come back then rewind that

Chorus

[parrish smith]

I'm def, it's my turn

Freakin a new style, flippin this new style over the track

I'm all that, down, rippin

All over the place, yea, check em

(yo, yo, yo, yo, md, yo, hold up money grip

Yo get off that bullshucks

Rip the hardcore style for the b-boy niggas,

Yknowimsayin, hit me wit that funk)

Record mode, set the eq for dolby

Step back, check yaself, punk, you don't know me

I flow, g, (say what) multi mil see
Brother on fade to black, yo!, and bet
For my grill in the source wit the record force
A1 choice, the golden voice taking no loss
The name is mic doc, don't forget it hop
The kid from up the block, the tape's kicking ya boom
box
From the boon dox, the powerhouse on the rap route
So make way, time to roll out
Can you wind it and mine, primetime
He got me illin, so hit me wit a (rewind)
Now bring it back, bust that wisecrack
Damn, it's been 5 years, kid, you're still on my bozack
Shockin p, clockin p, when I'm rockin see
You're not parrish smith, so why you mockin me
You're just a wannabe, you wanna be me
Sell for millions, until then, get the nuts, g
No time to battle rap, f that
I'm pushing maximum level, so smell the smoke from
my mic, black
I'm outta here, peace to the hardcore
Bring in the hook while scratch is cuttin like a chainsaw

"my style... deadly psychopath, schizophrenic"

"don't forget i'm... crazy swift"

"how can a brother be so nice" -- 2x

"master on the beatdown"

"huh forget it I'm constipated"

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