

Epmd "Swing It Over Here"

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"kick it over here baby pop!"

Chorus: murray, sermon, others

[km] swing it over here!
[all] yo swing it over here!
[km] swing it over here!
[all] c'mon swing it over here!
[km] y'all swing it over here!
[all] yo swing it over here!
[km] come swing it over here!
[red] yo, swing it over there!

Verse one: keith murray

My rap style is swift like boom bips
So come get a whip, and a bump, it's rough
Crews couldn't hold it in handcuffs
The ordeal is that I'm raw ill on the mic
Switchin my styles up like a transvestite (word)
I think of competition as ? ? and
Keith murray is the vocabulary champ
? come in against deep notable to breach lines?
I'll make you make the same mistake twice three or
four times
And nobody got a style like this
You could say, I got my thinking cap on backwards
I'll demolish the retarded smartest rap artists
Regardless, tryin to scream the hardest
I fuck your head up like amphetamines with l.o.d.
Then bend you out of shape like a master yogi
I put my head through your chest, just to see
Who's next in line, just to get wrecked
I makes contact, bust the interlude
I take my skills to another level like qualudes
And you couldn't hear me out; cause the type of shit
I converse about'll drag your brain in the
slaughterhouse

Chorus: change to [all] throughout

Verse two: erick sermon

Cling cling, somebody tell me something

Why I got more props than don king without bouncing
boxing rings?

ding ding I be the flyest guy you ever sawr on the
microphone

Rip the shit to pieces, so leave me alone

Check me out, the way I freak the mode

The active half flippin shit so split 'fore I explode -
boom!

So umm, pay attention, before I put you and your crew
on suspension

For being closed minded to my invention

Yo, I rock on reel when I record oh my lord

The world full of jackers so I keep my shit stored

When I rock the microphone I rock it right

And keep it hardcore and more blacker than wesley
snipes

To my crew there's no match

You want more funk then here's another batch, yo i

Chorus: [all] throughout

"the redman that's what they call me" --> epmd's

'headbanger' (repeat 3x)

[ed] oh no, here comes the funkadelic redman

Verse three: redman

Aoowwwwhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh my goodness! could this
be

The funk that I was stretching out my lungs

Funkadelic sums up *nasal inhale* I clear the mucus

Stick tissue up my nose to stop the snot from makin
spots

To be or not I still give niggaz polka dots for plots

Now richard dawson had a survey sayin that I was
awesome

Throw on your walkmans while I pour the funk sauce in
your coffins

Wake up! while the blunt's laced up just to pick the
pace up

My style's freaky, nasty like ? seka? pussy papers

When I raped her, you don't know check the four-uno-
uno you know

That funk mixture that gets your body, holy like
scriptures

Now right about now I'm settin off a bomb to blow the
empire

To ashes -- cause my shit's more raw than niggaz

stashes

Massive funk, swingin bangin bent up while I fucked ya
I'm rough enough ta, fuck up another white man's
trucker

Redman's evil like the board of ouiji, niggaz could
smoke

A whole pound of weed and couldn't see me off the tv!

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