

EPMD "Symphony"

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Erick Sermon, EPMD, check it, M.O.P.
Erick and Parrish Millenium Ducats
Hold me down, hold me down

Yo, I grab the mic and grip it hard like it's my last time
to shine
I want the chrome and the cream so I put it down for
mine
Ill cat, slick talk, slang New York
To break it down to straight English, what the fuck you
want?
Remember me? You punk faggot crab MC
Get your shit broke in half for fuckin' around with P
Ayyo strike two, my style Brooklyn like the Zoo
Hey you, look nigga, one more strike you through
Word is bi-dond, rock Esco, FUBU, and Phat Fi-darm
Every time I get my spit on, no doubt, I spark the
gridiron
I step up and bless the track and spit a jewel
We keep cool, no need for static, I strap tools

Next up! Yo I believe that's me
Yo, get on the mic and rock the Symphony

Yo P, time to rock, the sound I got, it reigns hot
Makin' necks snap back, like a slingshot
E hustle, and muscle my way in
Then tussle for days in, on my own with guns blazin'
Not for the fun of it, just for those who want me to run it
Then leave them like who done it?
Sucka duck, I do what I feel right now
When I spit the illest shit, cats be like, "Wow!"
Yo! I get looks when I'm in the place
That's that nigga, makin' you smile with Scarface
It ain't my fault, that my style Silkk enough to Shock ya
Hit you with the fifth, block-a block-a
If I get caught you can bet I'll blow trial
Be downtown swingin', M.O.P. style

Next up, yo I believe that's me
Yo get on the mic and rock the Symphony

Say hello to the devil Danze'll kick
Whenever tragic hit, It's E MO-PMD blastin' shit
Put in work in this cold game, soldier, I use work as
code name
Told ya, line 'em up it's Soul Train and I give 'em the
whole thing
My family has been trained, to swat 'em if they blast it
Hit 'em and make 'em do a gimme backflip
I'm donatin' a casket we have raised hell in midtown
And gunned down in traffic tell 'em what you sayin'
Get the bozac before I tear your maggot ass flat
Boom, boom, they're back

Next up
Yo I believe that's me
Fame! Get on the mic for the Symphony

For gettin' the real, straight from B'Ville
Motherfuckers don't like Fame 'cause I'm not cream
filled
I feel what I speak so I speak what I feel
Sleep and I will, reap and I kill
Motherfuck who know jump out a hugo
Open up your back with a mac, uno, uno
Ghettoville nigga, I break all laws
Drink brews, curse out bitches, and piss on walls

This rap game is a street game now, the game
switched
Rappers are gettin' killed now with the same shit
I ain't no motherfuckin' role model, kids don't follow
'Cause I'ma hit this bitch full throttle
The type to raise up 5 O in your lobby
Rap is my religion, yeah, bitin is a hobby
Show love when you meet us, it's love when you greet
us
Or the first family will come kill you with the heaters
Blah

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