

## Epmd "The Fan"

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Yo, yo-yo, yo  
Aiyyo this here's procedure, rock MC's durin' my leisure  
Time I spend to do 'em in  
The sound pumps hard and runs right through ya  
When it hits, it reacts like a airbag to ya

Some flip to it, small kids might skip to it  
And jail cats get rep to it  
You get, by on record but you wack on stage  
So I'm, blowin' you up, throwin' hand grenades

That's why we roll with the big boys  
With big toys, bringin' crazy noise and ruckus  
Shuttin' down crews and motherfuckers  
In low beta, not to be fucked with like the swamp gator  
Potato, on the barrel of the snub nosed when I blaze ya

As I, dust bust, crush and rush  
Catch you flossin' nigga, turn your ice physi' into slush  
So yo, what's the deally for really  
We rock nine untilly, grindin' like Billy  
So niggaz chill and spark the Phillie

Yo, I know you was a fan of mine  
I know you was a fan of mine  
I know you was a fan of mine  
Here's my card and on the back of it's my fan club  
digits

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Uh, aiyyo takin' our spot, that's outrageous  
P and I stomp those who get courageous  
And microphones get rocked on stages  
Any book or mag, we on a few pages

Not commercial, not frontin', and no movie  
I swear, 'cause we take it there

Billboard's top ten, that's tradition  
Comin' through blatin' with mad ammunition

Five-alarmer, microphone bomber, woman charmer  
Night in armor, penthouse view, with the sauna  
God dammit, pass me the rock, and watch me slam it  
Jam it cram it, until you stupid niggaz understand it

It's been a long time, MC crabbin' bitch niggaz runnin'  
Wack MC's we straight stunnin'  
When we roll up, unexpected, undetected  
Resurrected, EPMD second wind, fuel-injected

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Word yeah, tell em P, yo  
I never seen y'all before, when I came through  
With my dogs headbangin' with the 'Hit Squad crew'  
Hardcore, we got biz from the get go  
Any beef with us, we ain't lettin' shit go

E-Dub, no one replacin' me  
If there's a spot, then find a vacancy  
Boy, I own my style, while y'all got leases  
I get the whole pie, while y'all get pieces

That's why we own, bitin' our shit, we don't condone  
News flash, Erick and Parrish, we got it sewn  
And like I'm Damon we Dash for the cash, mash for the  
fash'  
Bashin' the rash, double up P, straight on smidash

So stop playin', serious like 'So What Cha Sayin?'  
In Apollo sold out with Red man, fuckin' headbangin'  
To the street corners, the back alleys, to the Cali  
valleys  
EPMD in effect, chillin' as the scans tally

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