

## John Frusciante "Generation EFX"

Visit "[Generation EFX](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

Verse: [Das EFX]

Biggidee back from vacation  
Here to rock the whole nation  
Diggie Das EPMD invation  
Down diffa don, down diffa do, wiggidee one two  
Til we do, wiggidee rock the Fubu  
The official, launch the missile  
Blow the whistle at the art-official  
Miggidee mix sure to South Central  
Forget you, like amnesia, biggidee 'bove the reefa  
Cheap, but Das came to please ya  
Take the Bever, now we back son, tougher action  
Zoom Das, zoom Das, satisfaction  
Biggidee back pop popular, hip hoppin' 'em  
The Hit Squad, Def Squad still rockin' 'em

Verse: [Parrish Smith (EPMD)]

It's everytime we rock a bomb, we get ya mind open  
The mic's blazin', smokin', he was chokin'  
We don't remove walls, boom Docks, plus the sua  
We bring it to ya, we nightmare like Freddy Krueger  
So call me drama, trauma, slash comma, no one to  
bomba  
Eat tracks like Jeffrey Dahmer, from Def Jam  
The East West check my streetbreath, no weak steps  
Or rest with the ???, check my repetoir  
Mangin' on the resevoir, I'm eatin' caviar  
Ey yo I'm really try to do this far  
EPMD and Das Efx cold blazin' it, no face in it  
Got the whole world chasin' it, the scream show up  
Never rock you like my boa, the ill flow up  
Came back cause we knowed ya, another go round  
Grab the mic, put the flow down, you court mo'  
G minus 7, we 'bout to bring now

Chorus: [Das EFX]

Represent my, generation!  
Here we go, all we wanna do is flow

All we know is get the dough  
(2x)

Verse: [Das EFX]

Diggidee yes yes yo, to the beat yo  
No matter what the game, before you walk you got to  
crawl  
Long term plannin', I make ya bounce like a Mars, line  
affects candy  
And let the music play like zany  
And feeds your eyes and what you never tought you  
see again  
Diggidee Das and nigga the EPMD again  
Ask the mildest skill  
We built to puff trees and with ya now Hit Squad,  
Kansas  
The Diggidee suck D's  
All my niggaz squeeze, jiggaz get hot, we freeze  
Niggaz in the street keep figgaz, can't fuck with these  
niggaz  
Show stop us, we off the baileys and the ruckus  
Dread not a rasta, I'll be back Asta

Verse: [Erick Sermon (EPMD/Def Squad)]

What the deal is son, ain't this some shit?  
Caps frontin' for I even come out this bitch  
You forget who we are? Recognize, we spark the Benz  
Then split the game to the kids  
Now you wanna act like my crew, never happen  
I've payed the way for rappin', last era  
You can say what you want, I sit back and front  
The money, the jewels, the hoe, clothes, YOU KNOW  
Friends and fools can tell ya so about the lyrical,  
spiritual  
More it's the miracle, fly individual  
EPMD and Das Efx might checkin' it  
Side checkin' it!

Chorus (2x)

Visit [John Frusciante](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.