

Das Efx "Generation Efx"

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Biggidee back from vacation
Here to rock the whole nation
Diggie Das EPMD invasion

Down diffa don down diffa do wiggidee one two
Till 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

It's every time 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
E-tracks like [Incomprehensible] from Def Jam
The East West check my street breath, no weak steps
Or rest with the [Incomprehensible] check my repetoir

Mangin' on the reservoir, 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

Represent my generation
Here we go, all we wanna do is flow
All we know is get the dough

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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 thought 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

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

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