

Phantom Planet

"Dungeon Master"

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Intro:

Yeah, EPMD, yeah, Nocturnal (Nocturnal cats). A-yo
check it.

Nocturnal:

Yo Dungeon Master, time to draw let's see who's faster
Too late, blast him with 5 slugs from the ghetto blaster
You slow with yours (yours) had to reach for the guard
at the law
Card more gangsters on radar, with the night vision
Green spreen navy seals, all star marine mercenary in
the mind
Feild, take you way down, underground the Earth's
surface
A 100 leeks, flatline ?

Erick Sermon:

E Dub the mic killer, the off and oner
My jawa past willie, I'm higher than marajuana
My styles foreign, look at me as a Guinesse, Vietnemes
A lad overseas, clockin' major G's
I tote 3 50's, 7's with the wooden handle
In case of a scandle, or a so called vandal
And if I let off and he gets hit
And if you miss him, go home and light a candle

Hook:

Yo with cyphers our tradition, then I'm a spill when I'm
spittin'
This vocal ammunition (X2)

Nocturnal:

Yo I spit ferroshis, here's another dosage
I'll capture your mind like hypnosis, so you should
focus
On what hip hop mean to you, whether physical or in
your spiritual
Form, liver than your black college dorm
Indecisive niggas swarm lets git it on
You know my motto, drinkin' cold on some cotoroto
Tall bottels until my legs wobble, blow your spot

Drink lots like Freddie Foxx, shits fully knocked
It's hotter than lava rocks, I'm gainin interest like when
LL said "Box"
And Crush Groove, I freak the ill power move
Kid I'm on fire, flippin' on MC's like David Banner
Changing his back tire, admire, the raw indivorce
Cat's is played out like theater dogs, nothing for this
Hold you scoreless, Jersey reppin', flowin' with the
legends
Using mics for weapons, studying all my lessons
So prepare for this paper run, I hit your cypher
Have your crew sayin' "We should of taped son"
Mavrick, Top Gun, shootin' missles
I prefer 40's over Cristal, I hit the path at the turnstyle
Nocturnals tactics is wildout like a T-Rex, at Jurassic
Park
Making music with my mouth like Biz Mark
Rougher than Tim's at Galheart, check my street
smarts
Plus credentials, microphones as untencils
Like spoons and forks, celebratin' pop the corks
Off the Moey if you felt me know you know me
EPMD and Nocturnal in your fuckin' ?

Hook (X4)

Outro:

Yeah yeah Nocturnal son. Nocturnal, EPMD, you know
what's up, you know
what's up. You know what I'm saying. This is how we do.
Reppin' for the
crew. Jersey fuckin' too. Hell yeah, hell yeah.

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