

Strictly Snappin' Necks

EPMD

[parrish smith]

Just when you thought it was safe to make records

The rap duo is back, it's time to start wreckin

E double swingin high *scratch* I'm swingin low

Washin wannabees down, with some h20

As I go blow to blow, toe to toe, flow for flow

(any has pmd?) hell no!

I'm blowin rappers off course, like the s.s. minnow

That's not your rhyme sonny, so please let go my eggo I hear voices sayin that's erick sermon

[erick sermon]

Straight up, right now, I'm on a mission

Front face the center and face your competition

As I rock, you jock, and in shock

And have fear -- when the e is on the spot

(you pulled the mic handle: joker, joker, joker)

Yeah boy, you hit the jackpot

So chill as I flex my skill and rap talent

Smooth hardcore, no time for love ballads

I'm not kickin the slow jams that's cool

But nah the hardcore, that make the brothers act fool

That's the way I would want stuff lookin

The crowd yellin, and buckwhylin like brooklyn boy Epmd is in town

[pmd] no words at all boy

Strictly snappin necks!

Epmd is in town

[pmd] no words at all boy

Strictly snappin necks!

[parrish smith]

Welcome... and all aboard

Crab tried to diss, now it's time to score

People, tripped and flipped, when we splurged our gift

To get paid off what we made, and also uplift

A new way to sway, or should I say flow

To keep the ladies screamin 'ow', the brothers yellin 'hoe'

Now hold the o, and give me an intro

A kick and a snare, now the green light to go

I flex a rhyme on a rapper then proceed to wreck

By break this mic in half, then put him in the yolk and snap his neck

When five-oh roll, they say what's the m.o.

Another rapper was hit, by mister slow flow

Cause on my second return, I had to come correct

Takin nuttin but bodies, on the unfinished business tip

I make the music, that makes a posse ill
 In they jeeps or playin ball, or ready to chill
 Or maybe at the spot where you hang where it's hot
 Drinkin quarts of old gold, in the parkin lot
 But mainly at a concert where the place is packed
 Brothers yellin 'hoe', girlies on the bozack
 The system boomin, smoke everywhere
 People swayin side to side with they hands in the air
 A posse digs the music so they want to roll
 So they troop through the venue, scopin everyone's gold
 But whether you in new york, detroit, l.a. or miami
 Approach with caution, cause brothers pack jammies
 In they coat pocketbooks, and even they jock
 You on the wrong brother, and you bound to get popped I hear voices sayin that's erick
 sermon[erick sermon]
 Hurry hurry and step right up
 The best show on earth, epmd yea word up
 And featuring the man on the cut
 He who don't believe can get the (macadamia) nuts
 So whassup homeboy, there's any static?
 Do we have to? and get dramatic?
 Or can we cool and be jolly old chaps
 Or break loose, pull out guns and bust caps?
 Nah, I don't think you want that
 So I cool, and instead I bust raps
 Like check one two, and you don't quit
 And match a funky dope rhyme that fits
 I say a rhyme and change the whole subject
 And still flow, and freak the whole public
 It can't be done, especially by a crab mc
 Who came out the crack rehab
 You must be mad, in fact, kind of rad
 You not a smooth criminal, you soft and I'm bad
 Don't mean to brag, I'm just makin a point
 Some say I'm def, the old school say I'm the joint
 Fencin, no half-steppin, straight up and down
 I gets mine, so you should cool and lounge when Epmd is in town
 [pmd] no words at all boy
 Strictly snappin necks!
 Epmd is in town
 [pmd] no words at all boy
 Strictly snappin necks![parrish]
 Scsu!
 Epmd's in effect
 Snappin necks n cashin checks

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>

