The Big Payback

EPMD

aiyyo whassup e double? yo whassup man? yo these crab mc's got us trapped up behind these walls man But I'm ready to break out of here and do this, yaknahmsayin? So what's the magic word? Open sesame, and let down the main gate Before you screamed epmd, you shouldn't wait I roll with a posse, hey you tried to stop me Also yo, your brothers tried to pop me On the sneak tip, without me knowin So I keep goin, and my rhymes keep flowin On and on, and I don't quit I get pushed to the limit, and yo that's it Step by step, I put an end to your fun Cause I'm the chosen one, yes me my son A young kid from the ghetto, a kiddie from the city I don't feel sorrow, and I have no pity To run up on you, and wax plus tax Your gold, your money, and from your eyes your contacts Then flex over, a hop skip and a jump To the next town, to go punk a chump Mc's try to diss me, and try to bust caps I'm not havin it, and that means no haps jack So get the bozack, only off the crack, that's wack This is the big payback As I go and flow, to a different type of tempo (why md?) c'mon e, the p keeps it simple Plus I'm strikin like lightnin, throwin blows like tyson Slayin mc's on the q-t, sorta like a sniper So if a sucker don't like me, the feeling is mutual I took my rhyme to a lower rpm, then shift to neutral Then crack a 40 (what kind) of olde e To slay an mc (how) on the q-t (so what's your name boy?) c'mon, you know it's m.d. So while I'm wreckin he's checkin, all the bodies that's left and A pile behind the stage, the p is like steppin Off from the scenes, I see lights and si-rens Witness everywhere, but no one seen a thing When cops ask questions, my description is vague No answers at all, just bodies behind the stage One witness yells out, that he was dressed in black Stupid dookie link, with a fisherman hat A cop said, yo, how'd he flee from the spot?

In a black sports car, I think it was an iroc But the windows were tinted, and we couldn't get a look (why?) there was smoke from the rubber he cooked

The big payback

No rome-et-oh, or juliette romance story

Just epmd, the fame and the glory
The rappin technique, somethin like fencin, dangerous

It keeps you in suspense

And you have to be cool, and plus have stamina Cause if you don't, I'm gonna end up stabbin ya

In your guts, from the razor cuts

And i'ma stick and pick, until your mind goes nuts

It might sound gross, or make your stomach bubble

But don't never ever, mess with e double

I'm like jumpin jack flash, a spy with an eye

I do no stunts, and I'm not the fall guy

I'm just the e, the r-i-c-k, that's all

Did some check one-twos, and some yes yes y'alls

I'm the man of the hour, sweet to be sour

(so what you sayin e?) I got soul power!

So dig it, as I kick it, keep your eyes open

Cause a brother like me, is always scopin

In fact, you should pack, because I cut no slack

It's like that. this is the big paybackIf rappin was a tribe I'd be the chief commanche

Had fat link, chunky rings, nuttin fancy

So saddle up mc's, and off we go

It's not a rodeo, but I carry a lasso

Cause I'm back from vacation, cause suckers kept slippin

Rappin off-beat, plus your tunes wasn't hittin

They wanna claim a style on the m-i-c

But I can rotate the state, cold rippin shows with e

Cause whether maxin or relaxin, waxin or taxin

Never step to a show without packin

My partners, mr. smith and mr. wessun

So nothin moves funny, at the rappin session

I'm strictly biz and knuckles, no time for laugh or chuckles

I drop clear lyrics, while your bass sound muffled

(you sniff blow?)hell no, and still flow and say go

More or less do a show. nah

The only high I get, is when my fans yell hoe

So get the bo-zack, because we're back to hack

Here to let you know that it's the big paybackYeah that's right man, big payback in eighty-nine, vaknahmsayin?

Epmd's in effect on the unfinished business tip? and tony, snappin necks Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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