

# Strictly Snappin' Necks

## EPMD

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, I'm swingin low  
Washin wannabees down, with some H2O  
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" 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"  
No words at all boy  
"Strictly snappin necks!"  
"EPMD is in town"  
No words at all boy  
"Strictly snappin necks!" 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 'ho'  
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 'ho', 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" 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 draw joints 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"  
No words at all boy  
"Strictly snappin necks!"  
"EPMD is in town"  
No words at all boy  
"Strictly snappin necks!" SCSU!  
EPMD's in effect  
Snappin necks n cashin checks