

# Nobody's Safe Chump

## EPMD

Ah, yeah, it's the home of the microphone master, Houdini  
I'm dope, some don't believe me  
Unless, I stress and bust a cap from steel  
Aim for the dome, show 'em that I'm real hardcoreThe underground rapper who's wrecking  
I pack a Smith & Wesson on my right section  
I'm strapped at all time, Jack  
Nine mills to gap, for a punk, suck new jackI must stay focus and keep my mind open  
The world's mass confusion, there mad guns smoking  
For punks trying to get respect and yearning  
Mess around and catch a bad one from Erick SermonI'm serious, boy but not Jermaine Jackson  
I also have a 12 gauge shotgun for action  
So chill, back the hell up and get a grip  
Get off that, thinking that you're all that real quick  
Like the Rude Boys said  
It's written all over your face, punk, nobody's safeNobody's safe chump, so keep your doors locked  
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Nobody's safe chump, so keep your doors lockedIt's the hardcore rap music that make your ears ring  
'Joys of Funk' produce a song to make my fans sing  
Singing, swinging, hum along, thump my rap song  
I bet I get wreck on a DL, then the P's gonePoof, no phone booth, cape or tight suit  
Dress in all black, black skullcap, black down goose  
To hide the mock bird, word wit the pistol grip  
Squeeze 'em quick, show who's crossing wit the loose lip'Cuz loose lips sink ships, don't need a ship to catch a  
nine clip  
I ain't going out on some bullshit  
Bank shot, corner pocket, now watch me rock it  
Can't mock the rap style so, boy, stop it(So, what's the name?)  
John Doe, 'k, it's a slow flow  
'Swiss Miff' crazy, the boy's loco  
Like Neon Deion Sanders, call him prime time  
(It's the new style)  
Time to get mine'Cuz nobody's safe in the fast pace of the rap race  
So keep your hoodies on and your boots laced  
Now I'm out, beaming back to the Boondocks  
Nobody's safe chump, so keep your doors locked