

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 hardcore
The 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 jack
I 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 Sermon
I'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 safe
Nobody's safe chump, so keep your doors locked
Nobody's safe chump, so keep your doors locked
Nobody's safe chump, so keep your doors locked
It'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 gone
Poof, 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

Lyrics provided by

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