

# Generation EFX (feat. EPMD)

## Das EFX

Biggidee back from vacation  
Here to rock the whole nation  
Diggy Das EPMD invasion Down diffa don down diffa do wiggidee one two  
Till we do wiggidee rock the Fubu  
The official launch the missile Blow the whistle at the art official  
Miggidee mix sure to South Central  
Forget you like amnesia biggidee 'bove the reefa  
Cheap but Das came to please ya Take the Bever, now we back, son, tougher action  
Zoom Das, zoom Das, satisfaction  
Biggidee back pop popular, hip hoppin' 'em  
The Hit Squad, Def Squad still rockin' 'em It's every time we rock a bomb, we get ya mind open  
The mic's blazin', smokin', he was chokin'  
We don't remove walls, boom Docks, plus the sua  
We bring it to ya, we nightmare like Freddy Krueger So call me drama, trauma, slash comma, no one to bomba  
E-tracks like [Incomprehensible] from Def Jam  
The East West check my street breath, no weak steps  
Or rest with the [Incomprehensible] check my repetoir Mangin' on the reservoir, I'm eatin' caviar  
Ey, yo, I'm really try to do this far  
EPMD and Das Efx cold blazin' it, no face in it  
Got the whole world chasin' it, the scream show up Never rock you like my boa, the ill flow up  
Came back 'cause we knowed ya, another go' round  
Grab the mic, put the flow down, you court mo'  
G minus 7, we 'bout to bring now Represent my generation  
Here we go, all we wanna do is flow  
All we know is get the dough  
Represent my generation  
Here we go, all we wanna do is flow  
All we know is get the dough Diggydee, yes, yes, yo, to the beat yo  
No matter what the game, before you walk you got to crawl  
Long term plannin', I make ya bounce like a Mars, line affects candy  
And let the music play like zany And feeds your eyes and what you never thought you see again  
Diggydee Das and nigga the EPMD again  
Ask the mildest skill, we built to puff trees  
And with ya now Hit Squad, Kansas, the Diggydee suck D's All my niggaz squeeze, jiggaz get hot, we freeze  
Niggaz in the street keep figgaz, can't fuck with these niggaz  
Show stop us, we off the Baileys and the ruckus  
Dread not a rasta, I'll be back Asta What the deal is, son, ain't this some shit?  
Caps frontin' for I even come out this bitch  
You forget who we are? Recognize, we spark the Benz

Then split the game to the kids  
Now you wanna act like my crew, never happen  
I've payed the way for rappin', last era  
You can say what you want, I sit back and front  
The money, the jewels, the hoe, clothes, you know  
Friends and fools can tell ya so about the lyrical, spiritual  
More it's the miracle, fly individual  
EPMD and Das Efx might checkin' it  
Side checkin' it  
Represent my generation  
Here we go, all we wanna do is flow  
All we know is get the dough  
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