

It's Going Down

EPMD

Oww!
Get on down
Get on down
Get on down Well it's the E wit the juice, I'm down to get lose
Strapped in black wit the nine by the boots
Hardcore funk that make ya wanna pump a chump
My posse's thick so I will never get jumped The Slayer a beast from the east I'm psycho
If I had a glove, I would be Bad as Michael
Some say yo I sound rugged
Pack wit the ultimate rap wit the Power like Snap A.K.A. the Mic Wrecker
A rap star wit the boomin' style, black as tar
Smokin' the E's no jokin', so don't trip or flip
And make a hit, so bust it Some ain't feel the way I do when I get wreck
No half steppin', I kick back like a weapon
On the microphone, I delight
And groovy, a California quake couldn't move me Get on down, get on down
Get on down, get on down
It's going down
It's going down No lights, no camera but lots of action
No moonwalkin' backwards, kid, like Michael Jackson
Strictly funk flows and steel toed Timb boots to troop
State to state, stage to stage, as I clock loot Black Asiatic, rapper fanatic, automatic
Black nine mil is what I pack so kill the static
EPMD quench the sound of thumps underground
Ya stupid boy, no props here, you catch a beat down The Squad still in effect, no record skippin'
Ya stupid boy, keep the track, still bullshittin'
Down wit the rap pack, still grabbin' my bozack
Here's a ticket kid to ride the Jim like Amtrak Got mad skills, hi-tech, been known to snap necks
From eighty-seven to ninety-two, fourth cassette
But now I'm Swayze, ghost, the rap host
Who rip shows from coast to coast Get on down, get on down
Get on down, get on down
It's going down
It's going down Yeah, back to the picture, the scene
It's me Erick Sermon, my M-16
Just in case, ya know, a fight broke out
I can just chill, pull out the smoke out One, no grill, no charcoal, no fluid
Act like Bo Jackson, Nike, and Just Do It
If there's a problem, the Hit Squad rolls mad deep

So I can rest my head and get some sleep While the E-Double, takes a nap, no time to slack
It's my turn to guard the fort, ready for combat
Guns and violence, that we don't promote
Just takin' what's ours kid, chill or smell the gun smoke As I pull out, squeezin' like Mr. Charmin
Destroyin' posses of demo tapes like Agent Orange
So chill kid and act like you know
Peace from the M.D. A.K.A. slow flow It's going down
It's going down
It's going down
It's going down
Get on down

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