

# Underground

## EPMD

Comin' straight from the underground  
Comin' straight from the underground  
I'm comin' straight from the underground  
Comin' straight from the underground As I pump up a brand new funk swing  
And bring back the chill of thrill from B.B. King  
Old fashioned is the way that I be waxin' a MC  
I bust a grill, and the reaction I check Inspect, make sure the head's wrecked  
Snap a neck for some live effects  
A machine, my functioning, that's mean  
I stay together, my man, like Al Green I'm a slayer, the E R I C K and I'm back  
To attack a punk chump that ain't sayin' Jack  
Boom, I'm buckwild when I'm stoned I close only one eye like a cyclone  
So I throw on my black shades that's rhinestone  
Summer to my Benz that's outlined in chrome  
I'm the Grand Royal MC, I'm no joke I hit like a Phillie Blunt when it's toked  
I smoke, an MC well done, he gets done  
I'm knockin' out wack MC's like Michael Nunn  
Full power, one punch, crunch, I'm throwin' bolos I'm strapped heavy, my handguns that's solo  
I'm packed when it's time to get down  
'Cuz Erick Sermon's comin' straight from the Underground Comin' straight from the underground  
I'm comin' straight from the underground  
I'm comin' straight from the underground  
I'm comin' straight from the underground Okie dokie, my mind gets slow pokey when I toke the  
Bull from a Phillie Blunt and I hope me  
Old Gold is cold when I pop the cap  
Take a sip and then blitz, then crack a back with a rhyme sack 'Cuz I'm too smooth, pay my dues and can't lose  
I'm Top Gun pullin' bitches like Tom Cruise  
And my main man, D Wade, still gets paid  
And in the off-season we vacate in the shade So all hail the Mary, crack the Moet  
Blast the boom box, then act like George and Jet, son  
'Cuz my style, similar to Tae-Kwon-Do, but hey, yo  
I don't kick or throw stars, this brother flows  
To the funk track with 808 drops for prop the top Of druggin' or thuggin', D T's or cops  
I say, "No" to blow and "Yes" to ccess and I suggest  
You put a buck on Lotto and if you win, you should invest  
In a new grill, Bill, 'cuz I rock non until The Fat Lady sings, or Brooklyn starts to ill  
There's a fat chance, with the brother Bistro  
'Cuz I'm the master of the quadraverb and the echo  
There's no time to stop, so P keep on steppin' On the edge of the frame of the mind, the nine is the weapon

That I choose to squeeze when a brother acts wild  
One slug to the head, mafioso style  
You catch a Universal beat down with sounds that pound  
Watch yourself son, I'm comin' straight from the underground I'm comin' straight from the underground  
I'm comin' straight from the underground  
Straight from the underground

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