

# Symphony

## EPMD

Erick Sermon, EPMD, check it, M.O.P.  
Erick and Parrish Millenium Ducats  
Hold me down, hold me down Yo, I grab the mic and grip it hard like it's my last time to shine  
I want the chrome and the cream so I put it down for mine  
Ill cat, slick talk, slang New York  
To break it down to straight English, what the fuck you want?  
Remember me? You punk faggot crab MC  
Get your shit broke in half for fuckin' around with P  
Aiyyo strike two, my style Brooklyn like the Zoo  
Hey you, look nigga, one more strike you through  
Word is bi-dond, rock Esco, FUBU, and Phat Fi-darm  
Every time I get my spit on, no doubt, I spark the gridiron  
I step up and bless the track and spit a jewel  
We keep cool, no need for static, I strap tools Next up! Yo I believe that's me  
Yo, get on the mic and rock the Symphony Yo P, time to rock, the sound I got, it reigns hot  
Makin' necks snap back, like a slingshot  
E hustle, and muscle my way in  
Then tussle for days in, on my own with guns blazin'  
Not for the fun of it, just for those who want me to run it  
Then leave them like who done it?  
Sucka duck, I do what I feel right now  
When I spit the illest shit, cats be like, "Wow!"  
Yo! I get looks when I'm in the place  
That's that nigga, makin' you smile with Scarface  
It ain't my fault, that my style Silkk enough to Shock ya  
Hit you with the fifth, block-a block-a  
If I get caught you can bet I'll blow trial  
Be downtown swingin', M.O.P. style Next up, yo I believe that's me  
Yo get on the mic and rock the Symphony Say hello to the devil Danze'll kick  
Whenever tragic hit, It's E MO-PMD blastin' shit  
Put in work in this cold game, soldier, I use work as code name  
Told ya, line 'em up it's Soul Train and I give 'em the whole thing  
My family has been trained, to swat 'em if they blast it  
Hit 'em and make 'em do a gimme backflip  
I'm donatin' a casket we have raised hell in midtown  
And gunned down in traffic tell 'em what you sayin'  
Get the bozac before I tear your maggot ass flat  
Boom, boom, they're back Next up  
Yo I believe that's me

Fame! Get on the mic for the Symphony  
For gettin' the real, straight from B'Ville  
Motherfuckers don't like Fame 'cause I'm not cream filled  
I feel what I speak so I speak what I feel  
Sleep and I will, reap and I kill  
Motherfuck who know jump out a hugo  
Open up your back with a mac, uno, uno  
Ghettoville nigga, I break all laws  
Drink brews, curse out bitches, and piss on walls  
This rap game is a street game now, the game switched  
Rappers are gettin' killed now with the same shit  
I ain't no motherfuckin' role model, kids don't follow  
'Cause I'ma hit this bitch full throttle  
The type to raise up 5 O in your lobby  
Rap is my religion, yeah, bitin is a hobby  
Show love when you meet us, it's love when you greet us  
Or the first family will come kill you with the heaters  
Blah

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