

# The Big Payback

EPMD

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Eh yo, whassup E Double?Yo what's up man?Yo these crab MC's  
Got us trapped up behind these walls man  
But I'm ready to break out there and do this  
You know what I'm sayin?  
So what's the magic word?Open Sesame, and let down the main gate  
Before you scream EPMD, you should wait  
I roll with a posse, can you try to stop me  
Also yo, your brothers tried to pop me  
On the sneak tip, without me knowin  
So I keep goin, and my rhymes keep flowin  
On and on, and I don't quit  
I get pushed to the limit, and yo that's it  
Step by step, I put an end to your fun  
Cause I'm the chosen one, yes me my son  
A young kid from the ghetto, a kiddie from the city  
I don't feel sorrow, and I have no pity  
To run up on you, and wax plus tax  
Your gold, your money, and from your eyes your contacts  
Then flex over, a hop skip and a jump  
To the next town, to go punk a chump  
MC's try to diss me, and try to bust caps  
I'm not havin it, and that means no haps Jack  
So get the bozack, and lay off the crack, cause that's wack  
This is the big paybackAs I go and flow, to a different type of tempo  
(Why MD?) C'mon E, cause P keep it simple  
Plus I'm strikin like lightnin, throwin blows like Tyson  
Slayin MC's on the Q-T, sorta like a sniper  
So if a sucker don't like me, the feelin is mutual  
I tune my rhyme to a low RPM, then shift to neutral  
And crack a 40 (what kind) of Olde E  
To slay an MC (how) on the Q-T  
(So what's your name boy?) C'mon E, you know it's M.D

Now while I'm wreckin he's checkin, all the bodies that's left and  
A pile behind the stage, the P is like steppin  
Off from the scenes, I see lights and si-rens  
Witness everywhere, but no one seen a thing  
When cops ask questions, my description is vague  
No answers at all, just bodies behind the stage  
One witness yells out, that he was dressed in black  
Stupid dookie link, with a Fisherman hat  
A cop says yo how he fled from the spot?  
"In a black sports car, I think it was an Iroc  
But the windows were tinted, and we couldn't get a look"  
(Why?) There was smoke from the rubber he cooked  
The big paybackNo Rome-et-oh, or Juliette romance story  
Just EPMD, the fame and the glory  
The rappin technique, somethin like fencin  
Dangerous, it keep you in suspense  
And you have to be cool, and plus have stamina  
Cause if you don't, I'm gonna end up stabbin ya  
In your guts, from the razor cuts  
And I'mma stick and pick, until your mind goes nuts  
It might sound gross, or make your stomach bubble  
But don't ever ever ever, mess with E Double  
I'm like Jumpin Jack Flash, a Spy with an Eye  
I do no stunts, and I'm not The Fall Guy  
I'm just the E, the R-I-C-K, that's all  
Say some check one-twos, and some yes yes y'all  
I'm the man of the hour, too sweet to be sour  
(So what you sayin E?) I got "Soul power!"  
So dig it, as I kick it, keep your eyes open  
Cause a brother like me, is always scopin  
In fact, you should pack, because I cut no slack  
It's like that, this is the big paybackIf rappin was a tribe I'd be the chief commanche  
Hat, fat link, chunky rings, nothing fancy  
So saddle up MC's, and off we go  
It's not a rodeo, but I carry a lasso  
Cause I'm back from vacation, cause sucker kept slippin  
Rappin off-beat, plus they tune wasn't hittin  
Don't wanna claim a style on the M-I-C  
But I can go state to state, cold rippin shows with E  
Cause whether maxin or relaxin, waxin or taxin  
Never step to a show without packin  
My partners, Mr. Smith and Mr. Wesson  
So nothin moves funny, at the rappin session  
I'm Strictly Biz and knuckles, no time for laugh or chuckles  
I drop clear lyrics, while your bass sound muffled

(You sniff blow?) Hell no, and still flow and say dough  
More or less do a show, nah  
The only high I get, is when my fans yell HOE  
So get the bo-zack, cause we're back to hack  
Here to let you know that it's the big payback

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