

# It's My Thang

## EPMD

M.C.s out there ya better stand clear EPMD is a world premier From  
New York  
straight talk America's best Cold Wild Long Island is where we rest  
The style  
of the rap makes your hands clap Take care sucker 'cause the lines  
are  
strapped They mean business no time for play If you bite a line they  
blow  
you away The more you bite your body gets hot Don't get too cold  
because you  
might get shot Knowin' that my rhyme's like a poisonous rat Don't play  
dumb  
boy, you're smarter than that It's my thing The rhythmic style keeps  
the  
rhymes flowin' The friends already bitin' without you knowin' You  
can't  
understand why your body's gettin' weaker Then you realize it's the  
voice  
from the speaker The mind becomes delirious Situation serious Don't  
get ill,  
go and get curious Enough about that, let's get on to somethin' better  
And if  
it gets warm, take off the hot sweater And if you want some water,  
I'll get  
you a cup And if you don't wantit, then burn the hell up I'm tellin'  
ya now,  
boy, you ain't jack Talkin' that junk like Mr. T is your back But he's  
not So  
don't act cute 'Cause if we do, you in high pursuit It's my thing  
As the song  
goes on, you will notice a change The way I throw down, the way I say  
my name  
The mike that I'm packin' is flame resistant So M.C.s be cool, and  
keep your  
distance When I walk into the party, girls are screamin' at me I park  
my mike  
in my holst' and the I yell, "Freeze" Music please Oh, where was I?  
Oh, yes  
Say a def rhyme then I burn the rest Everytime I rock a rhyme, I can

tell  
that you like it The emotion is strong, like the mind of a psychic The  
mind  
is weary, floatin' like a dove Sweatin' the thing just like if you was  
makin'  
love Control the crowd so they can accept it Total concentration, it's  
the  
perfect method It's my thing The wack I subtract The strong I attack  
The ones  
who got the mike and freeze, I throw back I perfect and eject make  
M.C.s  
sweat Take 'em off on the mike then I tell 'em "Step" Not waiting or  
debating  
cause M.C.s keep hatin' Play me too close like two dogs mating Now  
let's get  
on with the rest of the lesson I don't really like it when suckers  
start  
messin' Tryin' to make a scene, talkin' very loud Talkin' more junk to  
attract a crowd You say you won the battle, your first mistake You get  
the  
quietest stuff like you was at a wake In the beginnin', ya knew ya  
wasn't  
winnin' Now you for shame, your hair starts bendin' Kind of upset,  
boy, I  
understand You lost again, I won goddamn It's my thing  
My funky fresh lyrics  
put you in a spirit I speak a little louder for you suckers can't hear  
it The  
rhymes I design are right on time And at the crown of the mike, I  
flash a  
danger sign 'Cause I'm the thrilla of Manila, M.C. cold-killin' Drink  
Budweiser, cannot stand Miller M.C.s cold-clockin' till the party's  
through  
Then they tap me on my shoulder, say "This Bud's for You" To be a real  
M.C.  
You can't be obedient To be smooth is the main ingredient You have to  
be  
silky like a Milky Way To be able to make it work, you rest and play I  
control the pace of the rate the rhymes goin' How loud I project and  
to where  
they're flowin' Slow, yes, just like they're oil The comparison is  
wave like  
the motion of water Smooth It's my thing While the record is spinnin'  
Got  
your fly-girly grinnin' MD is on the mike, ya know I'm only beginnin'

Rod's  
fresh and fresh, you never heard me fess Scored a 110 on my M.C. test  
My  
rhymes are stronger than Tyson Hold an M.C. license When I grab the  
mike  
M.C.s get frightened I'm dangerous I need a cross and bones Lounge,  
homeboy,  
you in the danger zone What I mean by lounge, I don't mean bitin' Huh,  
ya  
mess around and we'll be fightin' It's all right if ya bite but don't  
recite  
Because the rhymes are mine and that ain't right But until then, just  
chill  
to the next episode Donald J, yo, release the close It's my thing

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