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 rhythmatic 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-killa 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
---
Lyrics powered by lyrics.tancode.com
written by AUGUST MOON, TYRONE THOMAS, ERIC SERMON, PARNISH SMITH
Lyrics Â© HARLEM MUSIC

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/