

Rap Is Outta Control

EPMD

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Tom J is in the house, rap is outta control
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Rap is outta control, rap is outta control
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Rap is outta controlG, man, do I have the power like He-Man
To crack a wack MC's head, open like a pea can
Damn, my name should become Sam
But I prefer a grand royal for TheJamI'm putting heads out, the guns I use to pump lead out
Hey son, I suggest that you head out
I total, cremate, strikin' mic flakes
I won't break, I make more nerds than a earthquakeStrong, got more strength than King Kong
I'm worldwide, I'm interviewed like Kaity Chung
I'm on now, live at twelve, it's so dope
All the way to four o'clock, there no soapsI'm able to rock the mic nice and stable
It's a chance that you might see me on cable vision
Showtime or HBO with the flow
Gettin' more play than RamboAiyyo, whatta you know, party people, rap is outta control
Rap is outta control, it's definitely, fuckin' outta control
Rap is outta control, rap is definitely outta control
It's outta control, rap is outta controlStraight from the underground, where universal beatdown is a mush
Yo, I stuck crab MC, E, too late, he got crushed
Was he a pop rap singer, R&B swinger
Faggot who jumped the gate and now you get the fingerIn other words, it's absurd to try to get with
The brother from Brentwood, Long Island, nicknamed Swift Lip
I'm too smooth and yes, I groove to the Slam Track
Wit a Beck's in my right hand, left hand on BozackI moved on ya posse, first reaction was
"Oh shit, let's do that brother, hell no, why, he's too quick"
So dial 1-900-55-eat-shit
I pack a twelve shot nine mil and yes I still kickWhat, ass like a jock, height 6'3" and stocky
Rap name not Balboa, so motherfuck Rocky
I'm the mainstream supreme, slamming like Aikeem the Dream
And yes sometimes it may seem thatRap is outta control, rap is outta control

Sure dude, rap-rap-rap-rap-rap, for sure dude
Rap is outta control, yes, yes, y'all, yes, y'all
Yes, y'all, yes, y'all, kick it EI stand tall, I won't fall, I recall, ha ha, your rhymes stall
When I bust caps, until they Kryptonite caps
I reign of steel, I swap bullets like that
I'm like, Superman, fly high way up in the sky
And if you try to shoot me down, clown
I won't die, I cremateI hate, let's exterminate
Wait for a second, E, time to debate
As I take my fisherman hat off, there's no hat
For an MC on a trail of a mad comeback

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