

# Brothers On My Jock

EPMD

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Brothers on my jock  
For the way I hold a piece of steel  
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For the way I hold a piece of steel Brothers on my jock  
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For the way I hold a piece of steel So what cha saying I go wild as I sip from a cold Lowenbrau  
Set up rhymes like fire to gunpowder  
Boom, did the bassline crank  
From being rated R, from being top rank I'm hard like an erection  
Phrases might get too tough to break down in sections  
So I grab a pen and pad, I'm back  
To make a killer similar to a back stab Don't arrest me, arrest my brain, it's insane  
If I'm booty, then I've been framed  
By an MC, who can't be the R E D  
Fuck with me, you'll get slapped up and capped up easy By me and a tre-eight pistol  
So vacate the premises  
Or ask Mayday, Mayday for H E L P  
Brothers tell me, I'm electrifyin' similar to round three I don't brag and boast but smash and roast  
MCs with degrees from here to the West Coast  
I'm miracle with no abrakadaba  
Piece of membranes will smash like crackers  
Were they Ritz, Saltine or Town House None of the above get caught with the roundhouse  
Kick, black flip, semi full  
My vocal chord prove my pull ain't bull  
I'm down wit the Squad No more than four to five brothers  
Six or more, you seen got smothered  
By a fist of fury, next is the verdict  
Let's hear it from the jury Brothers on my jock  
For the way I hold a piece of steel  
Brothers on my jock  
For the way I hold a piece of steel Brothers on my jock

For the way I hold a piece of steel  
 Brothers on my jock  
 For the way I hold a piece of steel So what cha saying I'm a nightmare to rappers, terror to an MC  
 Cold wreck, the nigga with the help of E-D  
 Aggravation, don't need it, so get off my dick  
 Master of disaster, no time for flicks  
 Straight up b-boy, Real McCoy like Bruce Leroy  
 Strap the bozack when I'm stabbin' a skeezoid Gangsta rap, it's Daddy Mack with a bozack  
 Roy the funk punk pumps skunk like a smokestack  
 So swing low and lick up balls  
 I'm like Schwarzenegger, correcting shit In Total Re-call up E-D and the posse that's ten deep  
 To wax a sucker nigga booty rappin' MC  
 So step off 'cause she gets no props  
 So stick the fork in him, Redman 'cause he's done Brothers on my jock  
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 For the way I hold a piece of steel So what cha saying I'm E-D, I belong with the A-Team  
 A one man wreckin' machine by all means  
 Necessary, I destroyed on contact  
 No fear of getting killed 'cause I'm strapped  
 The Hit Squad's deep, making it sweet to creep  
 On my crew but you don't sleep My mic is caffeine, similar to Maxwell  
 Making it smooth for me, yes, to wax well  
 And you might get scared and spark a stove  
 'Cause I pack steel but hold on like En Vogue My swiftness, I got a gift not for Christmas  
 God bless, mmm-hmm, can I get a witness  
 I'm fresh like a bag of Chips Ahoy  
 No toy, I'm a hardcore b-boy Once again, I quote, I'm danger  
 I smoked Smokey the Bear, I killed the forest ranger  
 Poof, the fire's out and I'm gone  
 Peace to Mandela and Farrakhan Brothers on my jock  
 For the way I hold a piece of steel  
 Brothers on my jock  
 For the way I hold a piece of steel Brothers on my jock  
 For the way I hold a piece of steel  
 Brothers on my jock  
 For the way I hold a piece of steel So what cha saying

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