

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
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For the way I hold a piece of steelSo what cha sayingI 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 rankI'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 stabDon'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 easyBy 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 threeI 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 HouseNone 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 SquadNo 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 juryBrothers on my jock
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For the way I hold a piece of steelSo what cha sayingI'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 skeezoidGangsta 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 shitIn 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 doneBrothers on my jock
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For the way I hold a piece of steelSo what cha sayingI'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 sleepMy 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 VogueMy 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-boyOnce 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 FarrakhanBrothers on my jock
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