

# Crossover

## EPMD

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Let's get up, let's get down  
Roll with the hardcore funk, the hardcore sound  
Let's get wit this, mackadocious funk material  
So simple, when I rock wit the instrumental  
Who am I (E-D the Green Eyed Bandit)  
Control my career so I can never get stranded  
But the rest are gettin Brand Nubian  
Changed up they style, from jeans to suits and  
Thinking about a pop record, somethin' made for the station  
For a whole new relation  
Ship of a new type of scene  
To go platinum and clock mad green  
AKA, a sellout, the rap definition  
Get off that boy, change your mission  
Come back around the block  
Pump Color Me Badd to the ah, tick tock  
Let them know your logo, not a black thing  
My background sing, my background sing for the crossover  
The rap era's outta control, brother's sellin' their  
soul  
To go gold, going, going, gone, another rapper sold  
(To who) To pop and R&B, not the MD  
I'm strictly hip-hop, I'll stick to Kid Capri  
Funk mode, yeah, kid, that's how the Squad rolls  
I know your head is bobbin' cuz the neck knows  
(Not like other rappers) frontin' on they fans, they ill  
Trying to chill, saying "damn, it be great to sell a mill"  
Thats when the mind switch to the pop tip  
(Kid, you're gonna be large)  
Yea right, that's what the company kicks  
Forget the black crowds, you're wack now  
In a zoot suit, frontin' black lookin' mad foul  
I speak for the hardcore (rough, rugged and raw)

I'm outta here, catch me chillin' on my next tour  
From the US to the white cliffs of Dover  
Strictly underground funk, keep the crossover(So whatcha sayin) You wanna go pop goes the weasel  
You know you should be rocking the fans wit something diesel  
But you insist to piss me off black  
So I flex the biceps so I can push em back  
So real hardcore hip-hop continue wreck it  
And all sucker MCs duck down and get the message  
So ban the crossover, yo, who's wit me  
(Hit Squad) yea, P, hit meAnother megablast funky dope style from cross yonder  
(So help me Rhonda, help, help me Rhonda)  
(Yo, from what) the crossover, yea crossing you over  
Outta here, gone, peace, nice to know ya (see ya)  
What a way to go out, no clout is what the fans will shout  
Cause you got gassed and took the wrong route  
Came on the scene, chillin', freakin' a funky dope line  
But when they finish wit you (beep) flatline  
Some say there's no business like show business  
But if this the truth, please explain why is this  
Rappers been around long, makin' mad noise you see  
Still I haven't seen one rapper livin' comfortably  
No time to pick and wish on a four leaf clover  
I stick to underground, keep the crossover

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