

# Symphony 2000

## EPMD, Redman, Method Man & Lady Luck

[pmd]yeh. erick sermon. epmd. check it  
[e-dub]redman. method man. lady luck. def jam  
[pmd]erick and parrish millenium ducats  
Hold me down, hold me down (\*echoes\*).Uhh. yo!  
I grab the mic and grip it hard like it's my last time to shine  
I want the chrome and the cream so I put it down for mine  
Ill cat, slick talk, slang new york  
To break it down to straight english, what the fuck you want?  
Remember me? you punk faggot crab emcee  
Get your shit broke in half for fuckin around with p  
Aiyyo strike two, my style brooklyn like the zoo  
Hey you, look nigga, one more strike you through  
Word is bi-dond, rock esco, fubu, and phat fi-darm  
Every time I get my spit on, no doubt, I spark the gridiron  
I step up and bless the track and spit a jewel  
We keeps cool, no need for static, I strap tools  
Next up!  
[e-dub]yo I believe that's me  
[pmd]yo, get on the mic and rock the symphony[erick sermon]  
Yo p!  
Time to rock, the sound I got, it reigns hot  
Makin necks snap back, like a slingshot  
E hustle, and muscle my way in  
Then tussle for days in, on my own with guns blazin  
Not for the fun of it, just for those who want me to run it  
Then leave them like -- who done it?  
Sucka duck, I do what I feel right now  
When I spit the illest shit, cats be like, wow!  
Yo! i get looks when I'm in the place  
That's that nigga, makin you +smile+ with scarface  
Uhh, +it ain't my fault+, that my style silkk enough to shock ya  
Hit you with the fifth, block-a block-a  
If I get caught you can bet I'll blow trial  
Be +downtown swingin+, m.o.p. style  
Next up!  
[red]yo yo it's funk d.o.c.  
[e-dub] yo, you're on the mic to rock the symphony[redman]  
Hehahhh! yo yo  
Did you ever think you would catch a cap?

Yo did you ever think you would get a slap?  
Yo did you ever think you would get robbed  
At gunpoint, stripped and thrown out the car?  
It's funk doc, you know my name hoe  
My style dirty underground, or ukraine po'  
When it hits you, pain pumps kool-aid, through the vein and shit  
Snatch the trap then I dash like damon did  
Doc, walk \_thin red lines\_ to shell shock  
Hairlock with fuckin broads in nail shops  
Hydro? got more bags than bellhops  
Two thousand benz on my eight by ten picture  
Papichu', slain crews in icu  
Battlin, usin hockey rules  
For keith murray, doc gon' cock these tools  
Rollin down like dice in yahtzee fool!  
I just do it like nike, outta 'bama  
With ten kids with hammers, hooked to a camper!  
Yo next up[meth]it's the g-o-d  
[red]yo yo, get on the mic for the symphony[method]  
Youth on the move, payin them dues, nuttin to lose  
Huh, street kids, broken and bruised, eyein yo' jewels  
Huh, bad news, barin they souls through rhymin blues  
\_hardcore\_! to make them brothers act fool  
Hands on the steel, flip you heads over heel \*sniff\*  
Smell the daffodils from the lyric overkill \*sniff\*  
Feelin like the mack inside a cadillac seville \*screech\*  
Too ill, on cuts, the barber of seville - fi-ga-ro!  
The sky is fallin - geronimo!  
I feel my high comin down. lookout below!  
Aiyyo! dead that roach clip and spark another  
Chickenhawks, playin theyselves like parker brothers  
I rock for the low-class, from locash  
The broke-assed, even rock for trailer park trash  
Yeah yeah, the God on your block like godzilla  
Yeah yeah -- she gave away my pussy i'ma kill her  
John john phenom-enon, in japan they call me ichiban  
Wu-tang clan, numba won!  
In the whole nine, I hold mine  
Keep playin with it kid, you might go blind - jerkoff!  
Fuck them a.k.a., for now it's just meth  
That's it, that's all, solo, single no more no less[all]next up!  
[lady] I believe that's me  
[all]bastard!  
[pmd]get on the mic and rock the symphony[lady luck]  
Mrs. stop drop and roll, rocks top the told

Hot, even though dames is froze  
Pop close range at foes, and blaze them hoes  
Leave em with they brains exposed, and stains on clothes  
Y'all better change your flows, hear how luck spittin?  
Stay drunk-pissed in the s-type, stay whippin \*screech\*  
When the guns spittin, duck or get hittin  
It's written, we in the game but ball different  
Point game like jordan, y'all play the role of pippen  
Style switchin, like tight ass after stickin  
Man listen, stop your cryin and your bitchin  
Like e and p's last cd, you're out of business

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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