

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', slayin 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
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