

Get The Bozack

EPMD

Yeah, vacation's over
As I say mic check, in eighty-nine, time to wreck
Tellin' all the sucker crab MC's to step, EPMD's in effect
Snappin necks and cashin' large checks, youknowwhatI'msayin'?
And we gonna do it somethin' like thisShazam, let me tell you who I am, the E-R-I-C-K, S-E-R-M-O-N
Call me a lumberjack, or a midland warrior
Doin' damage to the world worse than the Hurricane Gloria
I'm serious, you can say I'm furious
You're sayin' in your mind, "Who is he?" because you're curious
A rare rap style, not heard by the usual
You bite you get damaged, so my brothers stay mutual
While I'm makin' and takin', emcees shakin' and flakin'Pre-heat my oven to three hundred degrees and start
bakin'
Emcees like potatoes, beats kickin' like Cato
Gettin' philosophical like the Greek man Plato
Greek man Plato, The Greek man Plato
But I'm the A.K.Ato flow, bro as you all well know, I do a show
Pick up the dough and hoe, break to the limo
Money in the pocket, Albee's hands on the ammo
Crack the Olde Gold, as we roll and strollDon't play bold sucker, 'cause you was told
Your spot in the box in eighty-eight was sold
So quit the singin' come swingin' 'cause of the beat that I'm bringin'
Tryin' to wax EPMD, you be U.G., in
On a heavy narcotic, such as speed or crack
Because your rhyme's mediocre but your tracks are wack
Not fiction but fact black, believe that
Then put away your demo 'cause the brother is back
And get the Bozack, EAs I sing and do my thing I might sing
Jane, or the whole shabang
But if I snap, during the course of the rap
P tap me on the back, throw the crowd a slap
Just to distract, 'til I'm intact
Get my Fisherman hat, so I can mack
Groove to the rhythm of a funky track
Like, "Yo, you slap me and I'll slap you back"I come correct with the context, flex
Just to distract, 'til I'm intact
Get my Fisherman hat, so I can mack
Groove to the rhythm of a funky track
Like, "Yo, you slap me and I'll slap you back"

I come correct with the context, and then vex
 And then flex and throw a hex on your whole complex
 And then check for a second, yo Then say, R-E-S-P-E-C-T, respect
 For me the E Double, or the emcee rap goddess
 'Cause me and PMD we get ours regardless
 So get the bozack, PYo, time to get funky and raw
 Stompin' out posses, like Gigantor
 'Cause when I roll I come fully equipped
 Mic in the hand, tooly, and spare clips
 Like a detenator with no ticks I then trip or slip
 Or maybe flip while my DJ's on the mix
 Never lost a battle and if I did it was fixed
 You must be sick all on the dilznick, like a jim hat Your shit ain't pumpin' and your rhymes are wack
 'Cause you're a nickel dime sucka, who hangs with Tommy Tucker
 Like KRS-One says, you a Part Time Sucka
 Who works O.T., to be like me
 The Capital P, the M, I'm like D
 To slay an emcee, on the S-P-O-T
 Leave without a motive or a C-L-U-E
 So get the bozack, E The MC Grand Royal on the microphone
 Terrorist, mafioso, A.K. E Capone
 I'm no joke on the stroke I broke so don't choke
 No hopes folks, I quote note for note
 You mind float on the rhyme on I wrote
 and does the Wild Thing, like my boy Tone Loc
 It's equipped with the kit that bit the whole shit
 Don't catch a nitfit, because my style legit Brand new from the crew for you no voodoo
 A trick from the flicks master Wu Kung-Fu
 Equipped with the posse and the time I need
 Cock diesel like Rocky and Apollo Creed
 So get the bozack, PYo, mic checkin', checkin' and checkin' and checkin'
 Scanned the crowd, then start wreckin'
 Either kill or be killed, in the field of hip-hop
 'Cause if you're slow you blow you get popped mopped and dropped
 If you snooze, you lose, here come the oohs and boos
 I pop a No-Doz, relax my lips and cruise
 Past a pooh putt'n sucka whose all about schemein'
 Wax the P twice, you must be dreamin' 'Cause as you moan and groan, from the mouth you foam
 Sayin' deep down inside, I shoulda left P alone
 'Cause it's a fact, black, that when I'm loopin' the track
 To lounge in the Danger Zone, because I'm back
 In fact, Jack, before I launch my attack
 Premeditate my assassination and come strapped
 'Cause your words are uttered, your wack style is cluttered
 Tried to step to the E and the P and got smug You get the bozack

Yo, get the bozack
Yeah, get the bozack
Yeah, get the bozack Uh-huh, yeah
The B, the O, the Z
Get the bozack
Hahhh, yeah Get the bozack, get the bozack
Get the bozack
Get the bozack, get the bozack
Get the bozack Get the bozack
The bozack punk, word up
Yo, I don't play

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