

## Move On

EPMD

yeah, coming to you like, yeah, you know another one of those,  
Flavorishis, mackadoshis, sour cream and onion type flavor.

I rule the world like kurtis blow with my afro blown  
I'm torn out the frame, drunk style stagger like ned the wino  
For black albino, I'm like suicide on vinyl  
The type of antidope shit you have to keep away from my nose  
And I'm the, bombest rhymers, check my steez  
My vocals are like vaginas, wet an mc's when they open  
My identities, blows facilities to ememies please test these abilities  
I'm rugged, I pack a 24 studded, karrot automatic, 45 nigga slugger  
So ring thee alarm, when your tv is on, I react freakin' to songs  
When bitches see me perform, bitches say I strickly brake vertibraes  
Bones back, chinky eyed like japs I blow states off the map  
Just by eye contact

Don't get it twisted and if you do, you best to move on move on  
"rock, rock on" - redman

Yeah, I shut down things for the moment, what?  
Paying my dues for them fake ass crews (yeah)  
Who be claimin' to be the shit y'all stop  
Gimmicks, hard core lyrics for an image  
I'm stompin' 'em the beast wompin' 'em  
Brain damage is caused, girls drop they drawers to the ground  
I be's the effect like wrecks, rhyme skills be shooting off like two black  
Techs  
Somebody stop me I'm smoking like mask  
Shut your mouth, he's a bad, uh, like shaft  
The e-double bring the dopest material, way out cosmic type  
Alcoholic whisky type funk for your sissys (word up)  
Huh, I take it to the streets, if you can't run up on my turf then get some  
Cleats  
I let one nigga slide in 93, but this year, he's fuckin' history

Strick nine rules the mind on the verge of destruction  
Blood starts to boil like a lyrical combustion, eruption  
Insane no pressure no pain, niggas falling off it's strain to maintain  
They be killing me, trying to preach to me, teach to me  
I got a phd in funkology  
You got your bachelors and your masters in the field of dramatics  
The lyrical are bringing the static from the attic, so cock your automatics  
I've had it up to here, you niggas are in danger  
You better stand clear, no hugs no love and kiss mainstream america  
They just ain't ready for this, cause I'm nice as shit  
Niggas be having fits, the squad of def be smacking hits after hits  
And what's goin' on in your mind I can feel it  
Tremors in the body has caused for the healin'

You know what I'm sayin'? things is hot in the tunnel out in here you know  
What I'm sayin'? ah, n-y-c streets is love, it's hot in the summer, um,  
Spring, winter and fall things are just lovely, sweet & sour sauce. doin'  
This y'all feel this. I feel you.