

Generation Efx

Das EFX

Biggidee back from vacation
Here to rock the whole nation
Diggie Das EPMD invation
Down diffa don down diffa do wiggidee one two
Til we do wiggidee rock the Fubu
The official launch the missile
Blow the whistle at the art official
Miggidee mix sure to South Central
Forget you like amnesia biggidee 'bove the reefa
Cheap but Das came to please ya
Take the Bever, now we back son, tougher action
Zoom Das, zoom Das, satisfaction
Biggidee back pop popular, hip hoppin' 'em
The Hit Squad, Def Squad still rockin' 'em

It's everytime we rock a bomb, we get ya mind open

The mic's blazin', smokin', he was chokin'
We don't remove walls, boom Docks, plus the sua
We bring it to ya, we nightmare like Freddy Krueger
So call me drama, trauma, slash comma, no one to bomba
E-tracks like ?, from Def Jam
The East West check my streetbreath, no weak steps
Or rest with the ?, check my repetoir
Mangin' on the reservoir, I'm eatin' caviar
Ey yo I'm really try to do this far
EPMD and Das Efx cold blazin' it, no face in it
Got the whole world chasin' it, the scream show up
Never rock you like my boa, the ill flow up
Came back cause we knowed ya, another go round
Grab the mic, put the flow down, you court mo'
G minus 7, we 'bout to bring now

[Chorus: x2]

Represent my, generation!
Here we go, all we want to do is flow
All we know is get the dough

Diggidee yes yes yo, to the beat yo
No matter what the game, before you walk you got to crawl
Long term plannin', I make ya bounce like a Mars, line affects candy
And let the music play like zany
And feeds your eyes and what you never tought you see again
Diggidee Das and nigga the EPMD again
Ask the mildest skill, we built to puff trees and with ya now Hit
Squad, Kansas
The Diggidee suck D's, all my niggaz squeeze, jiggaz get hot, we freeze
Niggaz in the street keep figgaz, can't fuck with these niggaz
Show stop us, we off the baileys and the ruckus
Dread not a rasta, I'll be back Asta

What the deal is son, ain't this some shit?
Caps frontin' for I even come out this bitch
You forget who we are? Recognize, we spark the Benz
Then split the game to the kids
Now you want to act like my crew, never happen
I've payed the way for rappin', last era

You can say what you want, I sit back and front
The money, the jewels, the hoe, clothes, YOU KNOW
Friends and fools can tell ya so about the lyrical, spiritual
More it's the miracle, fly individual, EPMD and Das Efx might checkin' it

Side checkin' it!

[Chorus: x2]