

## Draw

EPMD

Anybody around here seen two-gun billy?  
I said, did anybody around here seen two-gun billy?

(ain't no two-gun billy 'round here  
Who the hell you think you are, comin up in here ya damn Yankee?)

You just pull a gun out on me?  
Now you know you done fucked up right?  
Now, if any one of y'all see him  
Tell him that, EPMD was in town

Draw, cock it back, squeezing metaphors  
Spurs on my Timb's, when I start blazing, hit the floor  
Cowards ducking, I'm emptying chambers when I'm busting  
Quick with mine, smoking up heaters, when I'm crushing  
Nice with the weaponry, you ain't shooting me  
You shot the deputy what you hearing when you step with the  
Black dragon, puffin L's in the truck wagon  
Drinking moonshine, writing rhymes with the pants sagging  
And hit the saloon, causing the guns in my holster to make room  
Like Josie wale and Clint Eastwood at high noon  
So amigo, take ten paces, move your feet slow  
Turn around and wave goodbye, to your people  
Time to draw, I'm aiming for your dome and jaw  
Fastest nigga in the wild west or east you ever saw  
An outlaw, my horse drinking water from the reservoir  
Time to ride again until next time to draw

"ten nine eight seven six five four  
Three two murder one lyric at your door"  
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"gimme that microphone  
I'ma show you the real meaning of the danger zone"

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Those dudes quick fast to grab the mic  
Flee the scene, or see the infrared beam  
On the mic I dismantle, leave an impression  
And ruin you, like I'm the Bill Clinton scandal  
Impeach em, then I Erick can b. president  
Pass a law, hardcore in the residence  
Act fool, turn shit out, no doubt  
The hard route, and watch all the b-boys sprout  
Air the room out, take a picture, get the zoom out  
And focus, or go into hypnosis  
I wasn't here when I wrote this (where was you?)  
Up the top with the street team hanging out, hanging squadron posters  
Me and my dogs homey repping  
In case some punks roll up, yo p, flash the weapon  
Forty-four caliber chrome, read it  
Can't count ten paces, I'm already heated it  
P and Erick Sermon is like a rugger German

Put one up in your sternum, gun em down and burn em  
Any superhero we letting em know from door  
Come correct when it's time to draw