

# Puttin' Work In

EPMD

[Raekwon:] Back-up from the Bronx, uh... Psycho Iko  
[Parish Smith:] Yeah  
[Erick Sermon:] E-Dub  
[Parish Smith:] This ain't nothing but drama

"Psycho, Killer, Norman Bates"

Who's one of the dopest MC's rockin mics for years (you)  
Ask any cat in the streets and he'll point right here (uhu)  
Shine everywhere I go without droppin shit for years  
Niggas know this nigga, "Crossover" to "Golddigger"  
Come with the broken language like Smoothe da Hustler and Trigga (uhu)  
My bombs are bigger, can't touch a harmless figure  
Cause is stay razor sharp like my name was RZA  
PMD built a dynasty like Jigga

Yeah, P my nigga, time to cock back pull the trigger  
He a bigger nigga with figures but I'm a bigger nigga  
Duh, I'm a snub nose, I'm way above those  
I got beef and I sit 'til the club closed  
Lights come on, I'm bombin  
Viet-Nam-em, Napalm-em, AK I calm them  
Mom like "Who harmed them?"

[Parish Smith:] I don't know, but they put em in the news and Saddam'd 'em  
[Erick Sermon:] And nobody warned 'em

This is what it sounds like when you puttin work in  
Like Norman Bates pullin back the shower curtains (uhu)  
Or like in "Headbanger" black birds chirpin  
This is what it sounds like when you puttin work in

Mausberg heavy (check, puttin work in)  
Tec-9's steady (check, puttin work in)  
Shotgun heavy (check, puttin work in)  
Machine gun's ready (check, puttin work in)

We from the era of the red white and green sweater  
Cream getter, gleam better  
You know what? the team is clever  
Fuck niggas up get drunk pull out a bigger pump  
Sell crack, all day rep, rock the meanest leather  
Flip you all day chump, mad make you pay  
No doubt, gun in his mouth, he leanin on Broadway  
HipHop gangsters for real, check the archives  
Four Fives, knives, catch you in the sunrise  
Powerful impact, boom, from the canon  
This is not slain to take mine, take this ammo with it  
Big boys, pretty boys, shottin pretty toys  
Pull out the new joints and lower the noise  
The records that we make straight classics  
Built for Benzes, Astons, high powered assassins  
Put that major work in, holler, bash the collar  
Erick, Parrish, mash them dollars up

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