

EPMD, Underground

[Refrain:] Comin' straight from the Underground [x4]

[Erick Sermon:]

As I pump up a brand new funk swing,
and bring back the chill of thrill from B.B. King.
Old fashioned is the way that I be waxin' a MC,
I bust a grill, and the reaction I check,
inspect, make sure the head's wrecked;
[crunch] snap a neck for some live effects.
A machine, my functioning, that's mean.
I stay together, my man, like Al Green.
I'm a slayer, the E-R-I-C-K and I'm back
to attack a punk chump that ain't sayin' jack.
Boom, I'm buckwild when I'm stoned,
I close only one eye like a cyclone.
So I throw on my black shades that's rhinestone,
summer to my Benz that's outlined in chrome.
I'm the Grand Royal MC, I'm no joke.
I hit like a Phillie Blunt when it's toked.
I smoke, an MC well-done, he gets done.
I'm knockin' out wack MCs like Michael Nunn.
Full-power, one punch, crunch, I'm throwin' bolos.
I'm strapped heavy, my handguns that's solo.
I'm packed when it's time to get down.
Cuz Erick Sermon's comin' straight from the Underground...

[Refrain x4]

[PMD:]

Okie dokie. My mind gets slow-pokey when I take the
bull from a Phillie Blunt and I hope me
Old Gold is cold when I pop the cap.
Take a sip and then blitz, then crack a back with a rhyme sack.
Cuz I'm too smooth, pay my dues, and can't lose.
I'm Top Gun, pullin' bitches like Tom Cruise.
And my main man, D-Wade, still gets paid.
And in the off-season, we vacate in the shade.
So all hail the Mary, crack the Moet,
blast the boom-box, then act like George and Jet-son.
Cuz my style, similar to Tae Kwon Do, but hey-yo,
I don't kick or throw stars, this brother flows
to the funk track, with 808 drops for prop the top
of druggin' or thuggin, D.T.s or cops.
I say, no to blow and yes to cess and I suggest
you put a buck on Lotto, and if you win, you should invest
in a new grill, Bill, cuz I rock non- until
the Fat Lady sings, or Brooklyn starts to ill.
There's a fat chance, with the brother bistro,
cuz I'm the master of the quadraverb and the echo.
There's no time to stop, so P keep on steppin'
on the edge of the frame of the mind, the nine is the weapon.
That I choose to squeeze when a brother acts wild.
One slug to the head, mafioso style.
You catch a Universal beat down with sounds that pound,
watch yourself son, I'm comin' straight from the underground.

[Refrain x2]