

EPMD f/ Havoc

"What You Talkin'"

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[Chorus One: Erick Sermon] We Mobb'n, Hit Squad'n
We got dough but it ain't from robbin We rock
microphones it's out job and Def Squad motherfucker
and my name is Edi Amin - nigga what you talkin The
Grand Royal - nigga what you talkin It's E-Dub - nigga
what you talkin Tell 'em to lift it up (no doubt E) [Erick
Sermon] Yo this here is big boy shit (yeah) for the over
200 pounder club Co-cappy dub (whoahhhoahhh) I
came back to rep my city Nigga, I took the key from
Diddy Def Squad's the committee, I rock for the gritty
I'm milk like a new mom titty - y'all wit me? E Serm' the
Green Eyed one, call me M-Ro I got stripes on my arm,
call me general I'm nice (I'm nice) I'll pull rank like {?}
leaves of rice with this mic device Easy~! Who got the
issue I'll straight diss you And hit you with the dadgum
missile - hear it whistle? Comin for ya the Oscar De La
Hoya, the Golden Boy Yeah - I'm that dude, don't
believe I'll show ya boy Ask Destiny's Child, I'm that
"Soldier Boy" Chill like the New York winter, no one
colder boy [Chorus Two: Erick Sermon] + (Havoc) We
Mobb'n, Hit Squad'n We got dough but it ain't from
robbin We rock microphones it's out job and Infamous
motherfucker and his name is (Black Mobb'n) - nigga
what you talkin (G.B. I-N-3) - what you talkin (Infamous
Mobb Deep) - what you talkin (H-A-V-O-C) - what you
talkin [Havoc] The stomach stay hungry so the hammer
keep lickin I'm lookin at the clock see time is still tickin
My beef, open the stove, see mine is done When they
keep playin with me, you minus one One less nigga on
that street my patience run short so ready to make you
ancient Your last destination'll be marked a headstone
Ain't worth it like tryin to get a fed case thrown Closed
casket, and ain't that what, who want what? I mastered,
playin the cut, 'til I'm forced out my shell, pull that gat,
you spill guts 'Splain it yourself, of how you ain't sayin
the stuff Time's up, you about to get touched homeboy
I ain't gon' sit here and argue wit'cha face homeboy
But next time you better watch what you say homeboy
But ain't gon' be a next time say bye homeboy [Chorus
Three: Erick Sermon] + (Parrish) We Mobb'n, Hit
Squad'n We got dough but it ain't from robbin We rock

microphones it's out job and Hit Squad motherfucker
and my name is (I'm the Microphone Doctor) - nigga
what you talkin (PMD) - nigga what you talkin (A black
cloud) - nigga what you talkin (Time to lift it up) - uh-
huh, what you talkin [Parrish Smith] I be killin it when
I'm feelin it Straight drillin it when I'm peelin it Comin
through in the Tahoe truck fo'-wheelin it Rollin through
thick, pumpin knockin blastin my shit Checkin out
chicks Pointin sayin "That's P the shit" Freshly dipped,
Nike Air Force One is the kick I'm Parrish Smith, you
dudes don't wanna fuck with this You got nothin, since
"Strictly Biz" I keep it pumpin At every function, yo E
and P, never lunchin Never slip, microphone wreck is
the biz (That's Erick Sermon) and me Parrish Smith
Probably blowin your whole life to shit That's how trifle
it get, your fly-ass wife'll quit And like AJ Benz on
Hollywood Scandal, life's a bitch We got the hypest
spit, straight up cause we nicer kid Look what the mic
done did, EPMD know, lost they wig From day one,
never been a dud with the flow gun [Chorus Four: Erick
Sermon] We Mobb'n, Hit Squad'n We got dough but it
ain't from robbin We rock microphones it's out job and
Squadron motherfucker and the name is {Edi Amin}
nigga what you talkin {I'm the Microphone Doctor}
nigga what you talkin {It's E-Dub} nigga what you talkin
{Infamous Mobb Deep} what you talkin

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