

**EPMD f/ Keith Murray****"They Tell Me"**

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[Erick Sermon] Yeah Something has to be said Uh  
Somebody tell me something Whats up? [Parrish  
Smith] That it's on right now and we about to let off And  
that the industry is sleepin and HipHop is soft EPMD is  
the boss like Rick Ross We don't knock or ring or else  
we kick down the door with force Bust you down, leave  
a sign on you that say you lost Game over, no more  
quarters, plus the machine is broke Money don't really  
remember nothing, all he has seen is smoke No  
witness, no statement, no case Incorporate you eat  
cheese, then you get a raise Rubbed out return to the  
earth Six feet deep in the dirt With the snakes and  
maggots cause you got murked [Erick Sermon] Yeah,  
and they keep telling me that You're only as good as  
your last record And if I was to do something now they  
wouldn't second Hardcore respect it and that is enough  
You got more props then call your bluff Same thing  
happend to Marry and Mariah They both came back  
with fire, fuck retiring I got belts around my waist You  
keep holding your pants up Homeboy male up! That's  
your opinion, cause you're not feeling it How you know  
they're hot the fans not hearing it The record pins  
steering it in one direction You, there is some music in  
the real niggas section [Parrish Smith] That EPMD is a  
corporation it's not its the group And that they always  
stack paper so put up your loot Ghetto celebs that's  
why niggaz salute Orange juice and grey goose We  
dramatic backwards now that P is loose Me and E is  
back for the kill, no troops That's why we spit the real in  
the vocal booth [Erick Sermon] Yeah so called gangster  
and you ain't even hard So called boxer and you ain't  
even sport When them ribber hit you got punked in the  
yard You said you got shot and you ain't even scarred  
But they belive this and you keep betraying them You  
are a bitch and I'm not the only one saying it [Keith  
Murray] Now he from the BX but he really soft And he  
from BK but his guns don't go off He from cop killer  
Queens but he still getting robbed And he from money  
making but he ain't on his job Now he from LA but he's  
scared to bang And he from Texas but he will do the  
damn thing He'd stay in VA but he is scared of the

streets And he's from Chi-a but he's sweet as a peach I  
can tell you 'bout the dope fiends and all of that But I  
let them tell it 'cause they sell their moms crack And  
that ain't gangsta that is wanksta Went to jail and the  
homo shanked ya Don't get caught between my city  
and the moon You'll be screaming at night, you loose  
your life at me to doom I really hung with BIG, squared  
off with Pac Shook hands in the House of Blues before  
the shit popped First fought niggaz in the industry and  
kept it cool You ain't see me running my mouth in no  
interviews And you fools on them DVD's waving tools  
No that ain't something that a gangsta do

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