

Epmd "House Party"

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* one minute and fourty second opening long skit
which features neither Erick or Parrish *

It's like this y'all IT'S LIKE THAT Y'ALL
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It's like this y'all IT'S LIKE THAT Y'ALL

[Parrish Smith]

This is the year for the barbaric and the cats with skills
Underground with the hoodie, fuck keepin it real
While you was pissin in your bed, we was makin a mill'
Got up, with Erick Sermon, dropped "You Gots 2 Chill"
Then niggaz bugged, turned hardcore b-boy, slash
thug
Givin fake love, with fake hugs, to fake thugs
with fake mugs, runnin they mouth with the place
bugged
And caught a slug, and no one see nothin but mask
and gloves

[Erick Sermon]

Aiyyo likewise I come in strong with no disguise,
ruthless
It's me, transformed I'm Eazy-E
Past the point of rockin the joint
I'm blowin the spot, wreckin the scene with my team
NFL: Niggaz For Life, so feel that
I see a few clowns, so where's the steel at
Me and my boys are ready, aim that and hold it steady
For those who dream, believe I'm Freddie

Now yo, if you got more dollars in your pocket
Put a peace sign in the air if you from the South Bronx
and let me hear you say

Hell yeahHELL YEAH
Say hell yeahHELL YEAH

[Parrish Smith]

Aiyyo, I grab the mic and strike, explode and ignite
Off the head, reminscin about some shit last night
No dough, in the pocket but that shit's alright

And these faggots, always stress me so I keep my shit tight

Who am I? The cat to put that ass on standby
Fuck your sister, then chill with you, then tell her man hi
Then start stalkin, three point shot like Hershey
Hawkins
Takin it back to the Seventy-Sixers like Johnny Dawkins

[Erick Sermon]

Yo I come through camouflaged with the Squadron
entourage
Lookin like ghetto superstars
EPMD's the name, there's no mistaken
I rob you for all you got, and keep takin
The blah-blah buck off like a wild Jamaican
Earthquakin and dominatin the situation
Yes on the scene, the duo, thorough
Lettin off, causin ruckus in five boroughs

Yo this shout out goes to Brownsville,
youknowhatl'msayin?
On ? Avenue, Newport Garden Squadron
EPMD, youknowhatl'msayin?
To the Brentwood Posse, somebody just say

Make money money, make money money money
MAKE MONEY MONEY, MAKE MONEY MONEY MONEY
Everybody say make money money, make money
money money
MAKE MONEY MONEY, MAKE MONEY MONEY MONEY

[Parrish Smith]

Yo, who grabs the mic and spit flows while you swing
low
I'm high off the indo, but straight up, you gets no wins
though
I like to ill, pop corks and watch the Mo' spill
Hundred dollar bills dippin po-nine while my niggaz
chill

[Erick Sermon]

Yo yoyoyoyoyoyoyo P chill chill chill
Niggaz is in here fightin B
Yo lounge out man, god damn, niggaz is always fuckin
up shit
Just put some shit on they can dance to then

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