

## Epmd "Pioneers"

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And you don't quit  
Yeah, pioneers one time  
(One time, two times)  
Yeah, Erick Sermon boy  
Yeah, we rap, where you at?  
(Mic check)  
Check this out

Aiyyo, who wanna step up and get their cranium  
cracked  
From my man, Louis, from the Ville, Slugger baseball  
bat  
Cock back gats 'cause rugged apparel's where it's at  
So stand back, we flash a nine before the jack

And squeeze triggers blazin' at one-hit wonder niggaz  
Like Smoothe Da Hustler  
I still sneak over and fuck your babysitter  
No quitter, microphone's my transmitter  
Which clocks figures in return, the track's the 'Gold  
Digger'

Huh me? I buy ice for no one  
Rap shogun, so I bought myself a gun  
Yeah Dunn, ain't the one to be steppin' to son  
I agree with Slick Rick, you cats is crumbs

My squad gets Dumb and Jim Carrey you ought the  
buildin'  
Messin' around with God's children  
I take action, like film crews  
You against me, face to face, you'll lose

Here comes two big pioneers, Rolex watches  
Cars by the pairs, in stock we got shares  
That's right  
Legendary, hardcore b-boy is the pedigree

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P and I don't stop, we don't quit, who's seein' 'em?  
On tracks, we Ruff Ryde like D and them  
Then case the joint, like an agent, that's secret  
Cats hate, so we on point frequent

E keep it decent, had to smack a dude recent  
Right down the block from the precinct  
See you a punk that talk too lenient  
When I speak to a motherfucker, I mean it

So open Sesame and let down the main gate  
But before you scream EPMD, you should wait  
'Cause we roll with a posse from Strong Long to  
Canarsie  
QBC, Boogie Down Bronx, back to Marcy

Pass that kiko, I drop a verse that sound slick yo  
And your chick know, P's hungry, like the hippos  
Suck on no nipples but duck cats, quick to stick you  
Like a pin-up, workin' out and doin' chin-ups

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Huh, ayyo my style flows, say it liquidates  
It's best when it hits the beat and catch the breaks  
Two time felon, fuck around with me  
And my man pussycat and catch two to the melon

Then I be like, "Yep yep," just like Teddy, 'Raw' like  
Eddie  
Sweaty, when I hold shit down and bake like Betty  
And when I want things to move, I blink like 'Bewitched'  
To handle shit in the dark, red lights, with the laser hit

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