

## EPMD

# "Rap is Still Outta Control"

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Rap is outta control  
Hey, hey rap, rap, wait what, wait  
Rap is outta control

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah  
Erick and Parrish, Busta Bus, check it  
This is one of my favorites  
Aight? So check it, check it

Yeah, outta control  
F'real, rap is outta control, like that  
PMD, still makin' dollars  
Rap's outta control, yo, yo

I be pulsatin' dominatin', up above  
Run-D.M.C. style, stop and show love  
E-Dub, I can't fall off, it's no way, I'm down low  
I stay in the cut with O.J.

And the fact is, some things got to change  
With eight or more rappers that sound the same  
With the same game, like they all in the same gang  
And claim the same fame

Suicide victims, quick to jump off and scream  
I have to die, I'm livin' a lie  
Fake MC's no heart, get torn apart  
Messin' with us? In ninety-nine, get smart

I be the last one you wanna play with  
Rap committees call me, just to okay shit  
Focus on me, I grab the mic and drop gems  
On a ill rhyme, more flashier than rims

Steppin' in Tan Timb's, a pocket full of ends with a  
Couple of friends and a couple of hens  
Never boring, keep shit rocking 'til morning  
With the bird, until the hawks start hawking

Bounce with me, me and my man keep things hittin'  
Hop in the Benz 2000, Benz with the CD skippin'  
EPMD, who's fuckin' with it?

Outta control like 2Pac in Juice, character Bishop

Who's inferior? My Squad be Def  
And we ain't hearin' ya, lounge in the black interior

Because rap is outta control  
Hey, hey rap is outta control  
Rap is outta control  
Rap is outta control

Yo, they took our music and our beat and tried to make  
it street  
Then got in the magazine and tried to sound all sweet  
When it came to EPMD no one said a word  
So I called up Erick Sermon and said, "This shit's  
absurd"

Now we flip the bird, back-breakin' MC's down like  
herbs  
Redlinin', bendin' my chrome rims up on curbs  
So can you make a bill and chill and survive in the rap  
field?  
Flip deals, and cock back burners when the caps peel?

I don't think so, then come next the car repo  
No mo' contract, just strictly handyman in Home Depot  
So don't front for me or the E, 'cause you know our  
steez  
EPMD, blazin' shit, Def 2G's

'Cause we make tape and break MC's who wannabeez  
And gonna-beez, burn 'em down to third degrees  
You heard of me, ain't no one checkin' or servin' me  
I'll turn your 411 into the 911 emergency, surgeon see

Rap is outta control  
Hey, hey rap, rap wait, what wait  
Hey, rap is outta control  
Wait, wait, rap, rap is outta control

And yes yes y'all, ay, yes y'all, kick it E

I stand tall, I won't fall, I recall  
Your rhymes stall when you bust caps  
Make sure they kryptonite caps  
I'm made of steel, I swat bullets like gnats

I'm like, Superman fly high way up in the sky  
And if you try to shoot me down clown I won't die  
I cremate

I hate, let's exterminate  
Wait for a second E, time to debate  
As we take our fisherman hat off, there's no time to  
max  
On the crab MC, who's all on the bozack

Who knows that, 2000 Benz to shows that  
Yo, sold out crowd, where's the hoes at?  
And the Old Gold black, icy cold fat  
Wack MC's yo, where's your clothes at?

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