

Epmd "Richter Scale"

Visit "[Richter Scale](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Check one, uh-huh
Yeah, aww yeah, uhh Richter Scale

It goes lights, camera, action I'm on
One more time to kill 'em, my rap flow is fulfilling
I scream with the Beastie Boys, "What time is it?"
It's two o'clock, you gettin' knocked out the box

Then kicked off the block, Def Squad Hit Squad
No we won't stop, fuck it, call the cops
I be the invincible, in the school of hard knocks, I'm the
principle
Fatman Joe you know

As you suffer the repercussions, comin' through the
blaze
Bust the crime scene, 'cause some drama
Niggaz duckin' when we come through, throwin' the
jab, in the one-two
Layin' MC's out to trap, when we run through, like what?

Like the marathon, flooded with the diamonds on
Get my rhymin' on, EPMD fuckin' shinin' on
Back to Biz, new address with the fat crib
My shit in the Wiz, poli'-in with the big wigs

Off the meter, and everytime we reach the
Tip-top and ya don't stop, uhh!
In the field of rap, we pull rank no question
We top the Richter Scale

Off the meter, and everytime we reach the
Tip-top and ya don't stop, uhh!
In the field of rap, we pull rank no question
We top the Richter Scale

Bust the techniques, E.D. fantastic
Unreal GangStarr shit, Mass Appeal
Rap's top dawg, I'm the one you call on
To get Sic'-Wid-It, E don't forget it

I'm six, two and a half, heavysset, chocolate brown

Hell of a jab, gift of gab
I'm the elite, keep it underground like street level
I rock a Rolex watch with a diamond bezel

Rap terror terror, EPMD, a new era
Off the Richter Scale, blowin' hotter than ever
With the Squadron, beg your pardon, got the heads
noddin'
Lost your mind and said, "Shit!" when we barged in

The front door, rugged, keeps our shit raw
Make hits for the fans, plus the world tour
Believe that, peep that E and P's back
Wreckin' heads daily, so chill and get the bozack

Off the meter, and everytime we reach the
Tip-top and ya don't stop, uhh!
In the field of rap, we pull rank no question
We top the Richter Scale

Off the meter, and everytime we reach the
Tip-top and ya don't stop, uhh!
In the field of rap, we pull rank no question
We top the Richter Scale

Yo Royal Flush-in, all my cats be bustin'
Servin' you customers and those fake hustlers
Whassup? Step to me, I smack you silly
I'm the Kid, but no comparison to Billy

I ain't scared of you motherfuckers, can't you tell?
Girls lose to me when they groove to Maxwell
I got one life to live so I'm livin'
Got girls to be hittin', more cars to be drivin'

We stripped too many beats to make too many niggaz
to break
No moves are fake, no warnin' shots fired blastin' on
crews
Like corrupt Jakes
The Black Viper, scream on MC's and rhyme cyphers
More Dangerous Mind than, Michelle Pfeiffer

So skedaddle-daddle, you get rattled don't wanna
battle-battle
Put one to your rhyme saddle, stompin' through, like
wild cattle
We flow beef so dead that, let that shit cease
I'm quick with the hands, plus accurate with the two-
piece

Off the meter, and everytime we reach the
Tip-top and ya don't stop, uhh!
In the field of rap, we pull rank no question
We top the Richter Scale

Off the meter, and everytime we reach the
Tip-top and ya don't stop, uhh!
In the field of rap, we pull rank no question
We top the Richter Scale

Visit [Epmc](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.