

Epmd "Right Now"

Visit "[Right Now](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Right here right now?

Yeah uh huh

Uh huh

Ah y'all know what that is yo uh huh (E Dub)

Uh huh uh huh y'know what that is word up

(Wax and tax em) The Squadron PMD Erick Sermon

(Millenium Ducats) Yo yo uh huh

Def Jam

Excuse me! I'm tryin to earn a mere buck or two

Yo my name's E Dub so who the fuck are you?

I'm lockin it down now and that's that

I'm the bigga nigga, supreme vigor figure with cap

Hold your gat, I can't control the sound

If the beat grabs you up, then hold yourself down

Captivates, give it raw to the kick and snare

Like UHH-HUH YEAH YEAH

I love it when my jewels dangles

Could see stars, like the Bangles

When you approach me, adress me as Mr. like

Bojangles

Death Decepticon, bad intentions when we reppin on

Microphones, step in the set and start flexin on

Your big man, don't lose focus and watch the
quicksand

Kill the drama, my nigga lean on cats, like a kickstand

Fuck it, Erick and Parrish Millenium Ducats

Fully flossed out, two G's, Fisherman bucket

Who? EPMD got checks to cash

What what? Drop bombs for the clubs to blast

When? Right now, so my crew could flash

Where? Right here, get the money and stash

Who? EPMD got checks to cash

What what? Drop bombs for the clubs to blast

When? Right now, so my crew could flash

Where? Right here, get the money and stash

Aiyyo what's that song, that got the average dude

Playin the fool, hittin the bong with Cheech and Chong
What? Me and Mic Doc rock the spot like we're up
With more technique, than Bruce Lee with num-chuks
(wha-TAH)
Pure player, my rap flow's athletic
Workout seven albums rap calisthetics
EPMD now here to getcha
With a blow, you coulda sworn Roy Jones hit ya

Cats can't hold me, Erick and Parrish, we hold the
trophy
Scorn your team all day so I suggest you change your
goalie
Cause I'm hype again, with E Double, on the mic again
Crack a 40, spark a L, then pop a ?Perkadan?
Straight off tiggy, ridin shotgun with my niggy
No diggy, E and P tight like Lenny and Squiggy
Sundullah, no one cooler than the rap ruler
And to the cats out there frontin, yo, you can't fool us

Who? EPMD got checks to cash
What what? Drop bombs for the clubs to blast
When? Right now, so my crew could flash
Where? Right here, get the money and stash

Aiyyo, stop, drop, and roll, we on fire
And we won't stop rockin til we retire
Who said we Out of Biz? That there was a liar
I'm Sammy Sosa, and P's Mark McGwire
Home run hitters, with black tar beneath the eye
If you wanna hate me, do it now, try
I'm lethal, take it back to EPMD third album
And do it For My People

I jump out the plane and hanglide
Hit the ice and slip-slide
Niggaz don't get it, EPMD status, correct me if I'm
Mistaken, currently record breakin and still bakin
Like Kevin to Footloose only difference we keep the
sytem quakin
Dusk to dawn, word is bond
You fuck with EPMD, Erick and Parrish, the shit is on
Cause we roll with a street team that donate posters
Quick to roast ya
Run up with the gat cocked back, clap, and smoke ya

Who? EPMD got checks to cash
What what? Drop bombs for the clubs to blast
When? Right now, so my crew could flash
Where? Right here, get the money and stash

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

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