

Epmd "You Gots 2 Chill '97"

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As I step to the mic with the b boy stance to the
braveheart m.c.'s
I wouldn't take a chance keep quiet while the m.c. rap
And if you disrespect me it's the big payback
The E double E is my name I spell things to decline I tell
My squad rocks well I'm in your hood comin through
like mud
Chromed out beamed out in a all black truck
You a player what team you wit I got major chips, I push
the flyest
Whips
Got the flyest chics, my outfits be freshly dipped
No matter what the steez, I'm equipped

Well my name is M-D, I'm known as the motivator, funky
beat maker
New jack terminator, enjoy to destroy, because your
rhyme's a toy
Never sweatin no click , Why P?, cause I'm a b-boy
When we on the scene, we always rock the spot, the
green-eyed bandit
Scratching Mic Doc, in the beginning, we had to let the
world know
Now, EPMD is clockin all the dough, sit back and relax
Of course the biz phat, T.V. wit the phone in the back
Always calm under pressure, no need to act ill
Listen when I tell you boy, you gots to chill

I be the fly rhyme maker, female heart-breaker, the
dude
Want to play me and my crew, that's rude, I'm dope
When I get down to the beat, I'm raw, I keep it hardcore
for the
Streets
My track's a miracle drug for thugs in this club

Yo E, I remember when they used to be scrubs, what
up?
I'm the big bear, some of y'all are baby cubs, talkin
large money when
I see your bank stubs, I take control of your body and
soul

Pack heat in my pants when it's time to roll

Well it's P-double E-M-D-E-E, here to bless the track or
flip the flow

Wit E

When we touch the microphone, no doubt, we always
shine

Jewels and rhymes, settin traps and land mines, did
thousand shows

Faced many places, EPMD is back, and yo, throw the
tape in

Cause when we come around, we always come wit the
flavor

Underground hardcore funk, than what we gave you
Or give you, ayyio what's next on the menu, business to
take 2's

Stadium and venues, wit E, and I'm the microphone
doctor

And the capital E, capital P, capital M, D, it's no doubt,
the world

Shocker

Hit Squad, Def Squad, yeah we both get ill, so believe
me when I tell

You boy, you gots to chill

Yo, I'm in the house now, dudes wit ice grills, raise they
eyebrow

Amazed like wow, E and P return like D, last dragon to
show m.c. just

What's happening, I get biz and that's an natural fact,
I'm like Zoro

I mark and E on your back, worse than that, I crown
those wannabe

Gangstas

Say somethin to them, and run right through them

I'm makin crazy G's, politicin on my mobile phone, D
double

About the microphone, cause we're the funky rhyme
maker

Puffing Garcia Vega's, the one who rocks the
fisherman hat

I grab the mic and make the crowd react, we keep the
money stackin

Fingers snappin, toes tappin, and when it's time to roll,
uzi patrol

Still packin, EPMD, the mic's are only friend, took a
break for a

While

And now we back again, so if you think about gamblin,
you better come

Prepared

EPMD is takin all the shares, you gots to chill

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