

Kelly Price F/ Gerald Levert, K-Ci Haley

"You Gots to Chill '97"

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Verse One: Erick Sermon

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

Verse Two: PMD

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

Verse Three: Erick Sermon

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
[P] 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

Verse Four: PMD

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

Verse Five: Erick Sermon

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

Verse Six: PMD

I'm makin crazy G's, politician on my mobile phone, D
double
About the microphone, cause we're the funky rhyme
maker
Puffing ?gon shit? faders, 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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