

Intrigued (Feat. Das EFX)

EPMD

[Erick Sermon]

Hit the floor, tuck and roll E's on fire

I'm your motherfucker, but not Jerry McGuire

I'm the dark skinned, packing mac-10, who get busy

Effective, putting shit in the proper perspective[Parrish Smith]

Strapped with the gat, busting caps across the map

Yo the crew's back, royalties and ascap

I'm six two, fat went with the chrome shoe

Diamond and jewels, estates with the swimmin pools[Books]

And the sauna, piggedy-puffin on some marijuana

From Tijuana, miggedy-mess around and youse a goner

I stash the cash don't flash the cash what?

You figgedy-front on this kid I smash that ass[Drayz]

Chiggedy-check the one two-er, bringing it from the sewer to the land

Cross the burning sand, biggedy-back to business with my miggidy-man

Got plans to blow, solidifying all positions in the game

Like coalition, stiggedy-stop look and listen[Erick Sermon]

To the hot shit, I'm the tale of that bronx shit

Call me sonny, with pounds of money

Bringing raw music, call my style swoosh

Please say mister, when you introduce me[Parrish Smith]

Yeah, epmd and das efx, time to flex

Like funkmaster, back to business in your tape deck

Steel I hold it, put it together blindfolded

Hanging upside down, bust it, then reload it[Books]

Yo, I'm coming up from Virginia, on the linear

Having dinner y'all, with this dime piece named Levinia

Cellu-lar ringing, it's books how ya living

Fat like thanksgiving, drop some shit like a pigeon[Drayz]

Yo, the boogie banger, biggedy-black rover to ranger

Danger, I'm iggidy-off the planet like kramer

My iggidy-anger, slaughter, iggidy-out of order

Split your monkey ass in half like moses split the wiggidy-water[Chorus: x2]

You intrigued by the way, we do our thing

Do what?

Pick up the mic, hot, and make you swing

Say what?

Pick up the mic, hot, and make it swing

"yo, cold wax and tax mc's who tend to act ill"[Erick Sermon]

Any hype, out the door, kill it
Anything the squadron wants, bill it
Epmd out the box we be rocking
We hold the title, like priests hold the bible[Parrish Smith]
God bless, to any MC who wanna test
Survival of the fittest, fuck it life or death
With ill maneuvers, rapper slash producer
Putting it down with e-dub, in the sewer[Books]
Some riggidy-real thugs, sex hip-hop and drugs
Liggidy-left burnt rugs, drinking beers out of gold mugs
Slugs in the barrel, on name brand apparel
Briggidy-bringing drama like John Travolta in arrow[Drayz]
But niggidy-no need for that, smith squeeze the gat
Ease em back, or niggas gon' biggidy-bleed, in fact
It's wiggidy wild shine like the head, of golden child
Corrupt styles, sinister smile, we taking bails to trial[Chorus]

Songwriters

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