

# Total Kaos

## EPMD

Yo, whassup moneygrip, it's the E on the trip  
Not to Georgia, but Gladys Knight and the Pips  
It's a one way ticket, to the highest plateau  
For a smooth rapper, and for those that flow  
So blow like the wind my friend and take flight  
And "Fly, Like An Eagle" yeah right  
You can't rock a party and make hands clapper  
Cause you an N.R.er (that means a Non-Rapper)  
So give it up sucker duck emcee you're not ready  
To flex yet, or better yet rock steady  
With the E Double, number one on the planet  
Take it for granted, I'm in control like Janet  
I'm in command, plus full of fun  
But don't play me, cause if you do you gettin done  
And that my son comes to one conclusion  
Total chaos, no mas confusionTotal chaos, no mas confusion  
Total chaos, no mas confusionKnock knock (aiyyo, who is it?)  
The one who storms on rappers just like a snow blizzard  
Yes the microphone doctor's back makin housecalls  
To crab emcees, who claim to have the balls  
To flex with the man, with the rep for snappin necks  
I'm not the one son, so don't pose or make threats  
The PMD, yeah Paid and Makin Dollars  
Stranglin emcees with the microphone cord and make em holler  
I'm like, Quick Draw McGraw when I blast past  
An emcees ass, then trash crash to smash his ass  
And play his ego, while I sip a forty-oh  
And count my cashflow, because I'm on the go  
And aiyyo I don't joke, and that you can bet  
I flex a rhyme on a rapper, play his posse and step  
Like I said in "Strictly Biz" I'm known to cause an illusion  
To create total chaos, no mass confusionTotal chaos, no mas confusion  
Total chaos, no mas confusionNo magic tricks, Houdini, or I Dream of Jeannie  
Or disappearing acts from here to Tahiti  
It's a one two three count, and I'm knockin out  
Without a doubt (Why E?) I got clout!  
Homeboy you should know, I'm de commando of rap  
Carry emcees no trees, across my bare back  
I use measures, and yes all are drastic

For me the E Double, cause I'm fantastic  
So, I let you know, money I don't play  
Step back and you won't get smacked, hear what I say?  
Lay low Afro, or take a nightcap  
And if you tired (yo, then go take a nap)  
Or close your eyes and chank em like a Jap  
Then lounge, as I rock across the map  
Yo watch me go, flame dust in seconds  
Me and PMD and the sound from our records  
Check out the beat and the style I'm usin  
It's total chaos, no mas confusion  
Total chaos, no mas confusion  
Last rhyme was for E, this one's for the Gipper  
Give me room, 'cause I'm about to rip a  
Emcee's head off as I release my steam  
The method of decapitation, is the guillotine  
So check out the tempo, and let your body go  
Cause a brother like MD's about to go Rambo  
A Microphone Doctor, an emcee physician  
An all around scholar, a rapper technician  
So put up or shut up, cause MD is like fed up  
You, your wack crew, your whole damn set up  
Suckers still slippin, you better get a grip and  
Change your wack style while the clock still tickin  
Cause pursuin and doin a brother, is second nature  
Can you feel it E Double? (Yeah, somethin like)  
To the Microphone Doctor, all rappers are obsolete  
You lack style and composure, plus your rhymes are weak  
I gave you all due respect, when I said mic check  
You're still slippin Duke, it's time to snap that neck  
Like I said in "Strictly Biz" I'm known to cause an illusion  
To create total chaos, no mas confusion

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