

You Gots to Chill

EPMD

Relax your mind, let your conscience be free
And get down to the sounds of EPMD
Well you should keep quiet while the MC rap
But if you tired -- then go take a nap
Or stay awake and watch the show I take
Because right now -- I'm bout to shake'n'bake
The E-R-I-C-K is my name, I spell
Thanks to the clientele, yo I rock well
I'm not an MC who talkin all that junk
About who can beat who, soundin like a punk
I just get down and I go for mine
Say 'check one-two', and run down the line
To the average MC I'm known as The Terminator
Funky beat maker, new jack exterminator
Destroy an employ', when your rhymes are not void
Never sweatin your girl (Why P?) Cause she's a skeezoid
When I'm on the scene I always rock the spot
I grab the steel with the crown on top
In the beginnin -- I like to let my rhymes flow
And at twelve I press cruise control
Sit back and relax, let my rhymes tax
Maintain MC's while the Double E macks
Always calm under pressure, no need to act ill
Listen when I tell you boy, you gots to chill *echoes* DJ K La Boss cuts "Jungle boogie!" *I be the personal
computer information on rap
Like the B-I-Z Markie says, I'll make your toes tap
I format the rhymes, step by step
Make em sound def to maintain my rep
Prepared to come off, in case of a diss
Not worried about a thing, cause we can do this
I can turn the party out just by standin still
Make the ladies scream and shout while the brothers act ill
Take total control, of your body and soul
Pack a nine in my pants for when it's time to roll
I'm the P, double-E, M-D-E-E
And one thing I hate, is a bitin MC
When I enter the party suckers always form a line
Then they ease their way up, and try to bite my lines
I did thousands of shows, dissed many faces
And deal with new jacks, on a one-to-one basis
But every now and then a sucker MC gets courageous

And like an epidemic it becomes contagious
But never the least they all R.I.P
For all those unaware it means Rest In Peace
Cause M.D. -- stands for Microphone Doctor
And the capital P (capital P) capital M (capital M)
Capital D-E-E's no doubt the chief rocker
Don't like to get ill, but if I have to I kill
So believe me boy, you gots to chill *echoes** DJ K La Boss cuts "Jungle boogie!" *Catch every word I'm
sayin, no there's no delayin
Don't hesitate to motivate the crowd I'm not playin
Seeing is believin, you catch my drift?
Don't try to a-dapt because I'm just too swift
(How swift?) I'm so swift and that's an actual fact
I'm like Zorro, I mark a E on your back
I don't swing on no ropes or no iron cords
The only weapon is my rappin swordIntimidate MC's with the tone of my vocal drone
When I'm pushin on the microphone
Cause I'm the funky rhyme maker, MC undertaker
The one who likes to max and relax
And when it's time, issue diggum-smack
I keep their hands clappin, fingers snappin, feet tappin
When it's time to roll Uzi patrol was packin
The PMD, the mic's my only friend
And through the course of the party, I kill again and again
So if you're thinkin bout battlin you better come prepared
Come witch a shield and your armor geared
You gots to chill *echoes** DJ K La Boss cuts "Jungle boogie!" *

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