

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 lineTo 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 rollI'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 witcha shield and your armor geared
You gots to chill *echoes** DJ K La Boss cuts "Jungle boogie!" *

Lyrics provided by
<https://damlyrics.com/>