

# You Gots To Chill

## EPMD

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

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

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