

# Strictly Business

EPMD

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Try to answer to the master or the MC rap God is no joke  
On the lyric, its hard to be modest  
I knew I was the man with the master plan  
To make you wiggle and jiggle, like gelatin  
Just think while I sink, into the brain structure  
(don't sleep on the e) you see, something might rupture  
I don't take time for me to blow your mind  
Take a second to wreck it because you're dumb and blind  
So just lounge, cause you're a MC clown  
Go join the circus, EPMD in town Total chaos, no mass confusion  
Rhymes so hypnotizing known to cause an illusion  
Like a magician, who pulls a rabbit out a hat, son  
I pull them all like a .44 magnum  
MC freeze stop look and listen, and try to imagine  
Its traveling the speed of light, but everything's motion  
Is frightening, plus the thought you alone  
You now enter dimension, called the twilight zone  
You're terrified, plus you cant bear the thought  
You and I one-on-one, in the land of the lost  
You start to shiver, but then you scream, my friend  
Yo wake up muttley, because you're dreaming again  
But next time I'm on the scene, do not try to diss us  
Keep your mouth shut sucker duck, because I'm strictly business This is the rap season, where the e starts  
pleasing  
Girls around the world no need to be skeezing  
When I roll I stroll, cool always pack a tool  
Just in case, a brother acts a fool  
Ive got the energy, to put the girls in the frenzy  
Put it in shock when I rock, give it up I'm not stingy  
Make sure I don't bore when I'm on the dance floor  
(get busy, boy) like you never saw before  
Rhyme flow, good to go, after the show, Ill pull your hoe, boy

(Yo, you sniff blow? ), hell no!  
I got my whole life ahead of me, no time to be sniffing  
And my parents find out, then they start rifting  
So I stay, a-okay, cause I'm the e, the r-I-c-kMC's look me in my face, then their eyes get weak  
Pulse rate descends, heart rate increases  
Its like beam me up, scotty, I control your body  
I'm as deadly as aids when its time to rock a party  
And all due respect, when I say mic check  
Let a sucker slide once, then I break his neck  
So when I say jump, you reply, how high?  
Because I'm taking no prisoners, so don't play hero and die  
Cause you're a soldier, and I'm a green beret  
I do not think twice about the MC's I slay  
So if you want to battle, I highly recommend this  
Bring your dog, mom, and dad, because I'm strictly businessYo yo, you're still picking on that four-leaf clover?  
Bring in the sandman, sucker, because its over  
My name is Erick Sermon and I'm back again  
I see the heads still turning and my so-called friends  
They smile in my face, behind my back they talk trash  
Mad and stuff, because they don't have cash  
Like the e-double, or the PMD  
He drives a corvette, I drive a samurai Suzuki  
I'm a locksmith, with the key to fame  
Never high on myself, always stay the same  
Play a lot because I'm hot, like a horse I trot  
Around the track and back, fatigued? no, I'm notWell I'm the mellow, the fellow, the one who likes to say hello  
To a fly girl that is good to go  
With the slow tempo, and the off-beat rhyme flow  
Cause when I am in action, there is no time for maxing  
Or relaxing, just subtracting and reacting  
On a sucker MC who mouth keeps on yapping and flapping  
I lose my cool, then Ill start slapping and smacking  
You wanna roll? then Albee start jacking and capping  
No time to lounge, I'm packing and strapping  
At my point of attack I soar at you like an eagle  
I'm the sheriff, and biting is illegal  
So next time I'm in town, I highly recommend this  
You gots to chill, because I'm strictly business

Lyrics provided by

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