You Gots 2 Chill '97

EPMD

As I step to the mic with the b boy stance to the braveheart m.c.'s
I wouldn't take a chance keep quiet while the m.c. rap
And if you disrespect me it's the big payback
The E double E is my name I spell things to decline I tell
My squad rocks well I'm in your hood comin through like mud
Chromed out beamed out in a all black truck
You a player what team you wit I got major chips, I push the flyest
Whips
Got the flyest chics, my outfits be freshly dipped
No matter what the steez, I'm equippedWell my name is M-D, I'm known as the motivator, funky beat maker
New jack terminator, enjoy to destroy, because your rhyme's a toy
Never sweatin no click , Why P?, cause I'm a b-boy
When we on the scene, we always rock the spot, the green-eyed bandit
Scratching Mic Doc, in the beginning, we had to let the world know
Now, EPMD is clockin all the dough, sit back and relax
Of course the biz phat, T.V. wit the phone in the back
Always calm under pressure, no need to act ill
Listen when I tell you boy, you gots to chillI be the fly rhyme maker, female heart-breaker, the dude
Want to play me and my crew, that's rude, I'm dope
When I get down to the beat, I'm raw, I keep it hardcore for the
Streets
My track's a miracle drug for thugs in this clubYo E, I remember when they used to be scrubs, what up?
I'm the big bear, some of y'all are baby cubs, talkin large money when
I see your bank stubs, I take control of your body and soul
Pack heat in my pants when it's time to rollWell it's P-double E-M-D-E-E, here to bless the track or flip the flow
Wit E
When we touch the microphone, no doubt, we always shine
Jewels and rhymes, settin traps and land mines, did thousand shows
Faced many places, EPMD is back, and yo, throw the tape in
Cause when we come around, we always come wit the flavor
Underground hardcore funk, than what we gave you
Or give you, ayyio what's next on the menu, business to take 2's
Stadium and venues, wit E, and I'm the microphone doctor
And the capital E, capital P, capital M, D, it's no doubt, the world
Shocker
Hit Squad, Def Squad, yeah we both get ill, so believe me when I tell
You boy, you gots to chillYo, I'm in the house now, dudes wit ice grills, raise they eyebrow
Amazed like wow, E and P return like D, last dragon to show m.c. just
What's happening, I get biz and that's an natural fact, I'm like Zoro

I mark and E on your back, worse than that, I crown those wannabe
Gangstas
Say somethin to them, and run right through themI'm makin crazy G's, politicin on my mobile phone, D double
About the microphone, cause we're the funky rhyme maker
Puffing Garcia Vega's, the one who rocks the fisherman hat
I grab the mic and make the crowd react, we keep the money stackin
Fingers snappin, toes tappin, and when it's time to roll, uzi patrol
Still packin, EPMD, the mic's are only friend, took a break for a
While
And now we back again, so if you think about gamblin, you better come
Prepared
EPMD is takin all the shares, you gots to chill

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