

# Check 1, 2

## EPMD

EPMD, Def Jam blazin'  
Check it, uhh, huh, yoIt's E-Dub on the microphone  
My style be Elektra, I'm the male Syl Rhome  
Homes, walk around with forty-four chrome  
On safety, spike the mic in the end zoneThis here ain't the average shit, you used to front  
And automatic rounds will shoot you  
So knock it off, like Biggie Smalls said  
"Duke, you soft, why you wanna fuck with the boss?"Where should I start? Breakin MCs or shatterin' charts?  
It's Diablo, PMD, Mic Doc with the purple heart  
The go-getter, getter, get wit 'er, hit 'er, split 'er  
Front and back and if she wit it, straight in the shitterSo Heidi, Heidi, Heidi, hydro, pack gats and ammo  
[Unverified]  
With more cheese than Lambeau, more heat than Rambo  
Break down, dismantle, when I scrambleI just get down and I go for mines  
Say check 1, 2 and run down the line  
Inclined to shine with techs and forty-four mags and nines  
Don't get too close because you might get shotI just get down and I go for mines  
Say check 1, 2 and run down the line  
Inclined to shine with techs and forty-four mags and nines  
Don't get too close because you might get shotUhh, yo, hey and yo!  
EPMD fuckin' with us is bad news  
Me and you got different views  
What you might say is dope, I say's not  
What I might call wack, you'll call hotThe best thing for you is to think and hope  
Or get choked and hung with the velvet rope  
'Cause you too theatrical, mess around  
And end up smackin' you, jackin' you, attackin' youThat's why it's crucial, so stay neutral to collect the cash  
Double beaucoup, just rippin' up mics is what my crew do  
Whatever suits you, pull out the burner, fuck the shoot through  
Roadblocks and smear campaigns with the two-twoOr tech nine that'll chew through your waistline  
I'm accurate, don't waste mine, spit on bassline  
Run with the unseen potential to be on Dateline  
I don't fake mine, you blaze crazy while I pace mineYeah, now why y'all wanna mess with the vets?  
We've been doin' this shit since [unverified]  
I make shit that make you wanna smack your producer  
And ice grill him and make you wanna kill him deadAnd walk around leakin' in the bed for the weekend  
For playin' with the last Mohican  
[Unverified], that's fuck you in Puerto Rican  
Keep quiet when you hear grown men speakin'Or get smacked, this ain't no game, the shit is serious

Delerious, that's how we leave cats and niggaz curious  
The true legend got caught, shit, you better call Kevin  
Big like Dog 40 and the Dutch from the 7-11 I'm danger like Norris, the Texas ranger  
The mic strangler, PMD, the fuckin' head banger  
Mo' skills fo' real for them cats that kill  
Pump a nine on the reg behind penitentiary steel I just get down and I go for mines  
Say check 1, 2 and run down the line  
Inclined to shine with techs and forty-four mags and nines  
Don't get too close because you might get shot

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