

You're A Customer

EPMD

[Erick Sermon]

Knick knack patty whack give a dog a bone
Yo, don't give him nothing but a microphone
Don't stop, I'm not finished yet
You said I'm not the E, you wanna make a bet?
Remember this: Lounge, you in the danger zone
I figured you would, now leave me alone
You pick and you wish on a four-leaf clover
To be the E double E over and over
You're intrigued by the way I do my thing
(Do what?) Pick up the mic high and make it swing[PMD]
I have the capability to rap and chill
Cold wax and tax MC's who tend to act ill
It's like a Diggum Smack
Smack me and I'll smack you back
I get goosebumps when the baseline thumps
A sucker MC arrives, now it's time for lunch
When I'm cooling on the scene, I notice one thing
I'm not Bounce, so sucker MC's cling
I consider myself better than average
Yo, I rock the mic like a wild beast savage[Erick Sermon]
I'm in the bottling state, I can't concentrate
I make a move like chess, and then I yell "checkmate"
You know why I get zanier and zanier?
Because of EPMD mania
When I walk through the crowd I can see heads turning
I hear voices saying "That's Erick Sermon"
Not only from the women, but from the men
You know what? It feels good, my friend[PMD]
I'm the P double E, the Thrilla of Manilla
Better known as the MC cold killer
PMD cold keeps the place jumping
And if not then we feel like we owe you something
Like lotto, you have to be in it to win it
But if the beat is fresh then Diamond J will spin it
If J spin it, then it has to be fresh
To make you dance until there's no one leftCause you a customer[Erick Sermon]
Praying like a prey when the fox in action
I smell blood, no time for maxing

Camouflage in the green, my back is arc
Plus you in trouble cause it's after dark
My eyes close like Steve Austin, I got you in the square
I won't let you run, nah, that ain't fair
So I clear my visions until I can spot him
Snatch him by the neck and say "Hmmm I got him"[PMD]
Whenever MC's, you're in over your head
My rhymes are hungry plus they haven't been fed
The process of elimination is quite simple
Let you grow like a blackhead and pop you like a pimple
Slice you like lettuce, toss you like a salad
Revoke your MC license if your rhymes ain't valid
As we go on, sucker MC's sound wacker
Like a parrot says "Polly want a cracker"[Erick Sermon]
It was a record test, nothing we can't handle
At the house they had the mics on the mantle
Looked at the DJ and said "May I?"
Lit it up like the Fourth of July
Because I float like a butterfly, sting like a bee
Whoa, I'm the E of EPMD
I have a strong point of view on the way things run
Just shut up and listen and learn my son[PMD]
Absorb that ass like Bounty, the quicker picker upper
To tell you up front, you're nothing but a sucker
The style we're using, no doubt copastetic
You try to bite and yet sound pathetic
Design my rhymes like a taylor, floatin' like a sailor
As the P gets stronger, MC's get staler
Not bragging or protagging, surely not fagging
MC's surrender, raise the flags and
Give up the titles because the signs are vital
I keep a voice tuned at a slow and swift idle You a customer[Erick Sermon]
I need a man meal sandwich, yes I need Manwich
I feel good, now it's time to do damage
I feel like balanced, you know what I mean?
Wanna rhyme one time, to release the steam
When I grab the mic I get dramatic like an actor
You know why I get over? I'm the master
I do a show, pack it in til it's clamming up
Look for the microphone then jam it up[PMD]
You said you see me jamming in New York Tech
You got one right fella, you deserve a check
How did you know, you must have been jocking
How do you know the places I be rocking?
Don't follow me fella, every move that I make

I'm hostile now so I'll give you a break
Well search upon me but don't go past the limit
Here's a card and on the back is my fan club digits[Erick Sermon]
There's two things to check out in the words that I'm saying
Plus listen to the good time playing
Bro is bad, the strings he's plucking
Fire rhyme after rhyme, watch MC's duck and[PMD]
MC's, the final countdown
You look tired, can you go the round?
If you can, I'll slap your hand and give you credit
And if not, I'll turn around and say "Forget it"[Erick Sermon]
People say that I'm a party pooper
To tell the truth I'm a born trooperYou a customer

Songwriters

ERICK S. SERMON, PARRISH JOSEFF SMITHPublished by

Lyrics Â© SONGS MUSIC PUBLISHING Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnyrics.com/>