

Richter Scale

EPMD

Check one, uh-huh
Yeah, aww yeah, uhh Richter ScaleIt goes lights, camera, action I'm on
One more time to kill 'em, my rap flow is fulfilling
I scream with the Beastie Boys, "What time is it?"
It's two o'clock, you gettin' knocked out the boxThen kicked off the block, Def Squad Hit Squad
No we won't stop, fuck it, call the cops
I be the invincible, in the school of hard knocks, I'm the principle
Fatman Joe you knowAs you suffer the repercussions, comin' through the blaze
Bust the crime scene, 'cause some drama
Niggaz duckin' when we come through, throwin' the jab, in the one-two
Layin' MC's out to trap, when we run through, like what?Like the marathon, flooded with the diamonds on
Get my rhymin' on, EPMD fuckin' shinin' on
Back to Biz, new address with the fat crib
My shit in the Wiz, poli'-in with the big wigsOff the meter, and everytime we reach the
Tip-top and ya don't stop, uhh!
In the field of rap, we pull rank no question
We top the Richter ScaleOff the meter, and everytime we reach the
Tip-top and ya don't stop, uhh!
In the field of rap, we pull rank no question
We top the Richter ScaleBust the techniques, E.D. fantastic
Unreal GangStarr shit, Mass Appeal
Rap's top dawg, I'm the one you call on
To get Sic'-Wid-It, E don't forget itI'm six, two and a half, heavyset, chocolate brown
Hell of a jab, gift of gab
I'm the elite, keep it underground like street level
I rock a Rolex watch with a diamond bezelRap terror terror, EPMD, a new era
Off the Richter Scale, blowin' hotter than ever
With the Squadron, beg your pardon, got the heads noddin'
Lost your mind and said, "Shit!" when we barged inThe front door, rugged, keeps our shit raw
Make hits for the fans, plus the world tour
Believe that, peep that E and P's back
Wreckin' heads daily, so chill and get the bozackOff the meter, and everytime we reach the
Tip-top and ya don't stop, uhh!
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Tip-top and ya don't stop, uhh!
In the field of rap, we pull rank no question
We top the Richter ScaleYo Royal Flush-in, all my cats be bustin'
Servin' you customers and those fake hustlers

Whassup? Step to me, I smack you silly
I'm the Kid, but no comparison to Billy I ain't scared of you motherfuckers, can't you tell?
Girls lose to me when they groove to Maxwell
I got one life to live so I'm livin'
Got girls to be hittin', more cars to be drivin' We stripped too many beats to make too many niggaz to break
No moves are fake, no warnin' shots fired blastin' on crews
Like corrupt Jakes
The Black Viper, scream on MC's and rhyme cyphers
More Dangerous Mind than, Michelle Pfeiffer So skedaddle-daddle, you get rattled don't wanna battle-battle
Put one to your rhyme saddle, stompin' through, like wild cattle
We flow beef so dead that, let that shit cease
I'm quick with the hands, plus accurate with the two-piece Off the meter, and everytime we reach the
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Tip-top and ya don't stop, uhh!
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We top the Richter Scale

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