

# So Wat Cha Sayin'

## EPMD

The employees of the year, yeah we're back to work  
I took time off, while other rappers got jerked  
Due to the fact they wack and their track  
Have to go back and stack cause they lack  
The ingredients EPMD and scratch for that  
DJ Scratch cuts and scratches  
Yo, I'm the hip-hopper, plus the show shocker  
Down with MD, yes the microphone doctor  
One wrecks, the other destroys  
And if you think that you're ready to mess (kill the noise)  
We don't play when it's time to slay  
I get a cut from my homey, yo, then I lay  
Back and mack and all the rhymes I pack  
And wait for a sucker to jump and then attack  
Well, I'm known to be the master in the MC field  
No respect in eighty-seven, eighty-eight you kneel  
Cause I produce and get loose, when it's time to perform  
Wax a sucker like Mop & Glow (that's word born)  
Smacked a second time, but on a different assignment  
And do a sucker new jack who needs a rappin' alignment  
Cause I'm the cream of the crop when it's time to do a show  
Girlyies on my jock for my dope intro  
As I glance at E-Double, king microphone wrecker  
Turn on my cordless, sayin' mic checka  
To the ladies ... and all party goers  
Some call me freak, and others slow flower  
Brothers on my jock, for the way I hold a piece of steel  
So what you sayin'?  
So what you sayin'?  
Puttin' heads to bed, straight out the box  
MCs are jumpin' out shoes and socks  
I'm not playin', understand what I'm sayin'  
Catch a sucker in my way, and I'm slayin'  
Takin' no shorts, showin' vital sign  
You can tell by my lines that I'm gettin' mines  
In '89, because I'm fine as wine  
Sit back and recline, watch the sun shine  
Take a stroll, listen to rock and roll  
Catch a flick at the movies, dance a bowl

What I choose I refuse to slack while I'm back  
I take a chance jack, so I must attack  
With knick knack paddywack so I won't lack  
Oh my style is def, and as deadly as crack While I'm slayin' music's playin', a sucker is the lame  
Battle in the trenches where the funky beat playin'  
Cause with a partner like E Double don't come a dime a dozen  
A kin not blood related, but you can call us cousins  
Cause as we climb the charts, better known as statistics  
Brothers on my jock while I'm kickin' ballistics  
Droppin' hits like 'I'm Housin,' 'You Gots To Chill,' and more  
The proof is in the pudding (yo check the Billboard)  
People round town talkin' this and that  
Of how we sound like the R, and our music was wack  
Dropped the album Strictly Business and you thought we was bold  
Thirty days later, the LP went gold  
So what you sayin'? Now party people it's time for the exquisite  
No knock knock who that over there or who is it  
It's the E-R-I-C-K, yes the Boy Wonder  
No fouls no bleeps no bloopers or no blunders  
So hot, so you can say I'm blazin'  
Or Luther Vandross says, yo I am  
"Sooooooo amazing, and I've been waiting"  
For a sucker to attack yo me the E-Double  
Cuz me and PMD is like the funky fresh couple I fight fire with fire, that's why most retired  
And when we needed a piss boy, you was hired  
Cause you was Memorex, for that style that we was bringin'  
In an all-out battle, P comes out swingin'  
Cause I'm just the type of brother that's out to get mines  
And if the odds against me, I still drop lines  
And get mines on time that's why most resign  
Sit in my La-Z-Boy chair, relax my head and recline  
Sip a Pepsi or Coke, with a twist of lime  
Or crack a forty-oh, and then I go for mine  
So what you sayin'?  
So what you sayin'?

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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