

EPMD, Chill

Chill...

Yeaaaa hahahaha

[Erick Sermon]

Equip wit the rap microchip

Program aptitude one mo return oh

My face in the magazines showing my eyes green

(Chill...) Chill fresh new dip when I'm seen

Yo dig it's the new fig for the E Double

I pack a Mac 10 just in case of trouble

Hot like the handle on a pot I'm steaming

Fame and more glory than Morgan Freeman

I'm the original my style's deformed

So it can sound crazy ill when I perform

Yea, check 1, 2, mic supreme

EPMD, the rap American Dream Team

The E-Double's definitely no joke

You can't see me, even wit the microphone

I'm massive dope, funky, who's deffer

Yo, when I express myself like Salt 'N Pepa

Erick Sermon and Parrish Smith

The sickest, the wickest, crazy mad psycho, the slickest

Hardcore rhymin, yea, that's the ticket

Buckwhylin, ruff enuff for Long Island

Chill.... Yeaaaaaa, Hahahaha....

Ruff enuff to rock New York to Long Island

[PMD]

Back up, boy, move easy wit the hand motion

Don't even blink, kid, or I'ma start smoking

The glock hammer's cocked wit the speed jock

12 shots, the bust target is the brown fox

So call me smooth talk rhyme, jaywalk wit the slang talk

B-boy fanatic, straight from New York

The foundation, landmark of the rap scene

EPMD in effect, I'm clocking mad green

Like Kermit the Frog, sloppy like Boss Hog

Girls runnin wild, ?paid tho' like a klondar?

For mics are ready to flow in slow mo'

Know the rap game just like Bo knows hoes

(Yeaaaa, hahahaha)Hard, you get scarred, messing wit the Hit Squad

Slide easy or catch a bullshucks charge

No time to ill, stay mental or puff a pill

Get the macadamians, and, oh, yea, kid, chill

Chill.... Yeaaaa, hahahaha....

Ruff enuff to rock New York to Long Island....