

# EPMD, You Gots To Chill '97

[Verse One: Erick Sermon]

As I step to the mic with the b-boy stance, to the braveheart m.c.'s  
I wouldn't take a chance, keep quiet while the m.c. rap  
And if you disrespect me, it's the big payday  
The E double E is my name, I spell, things to decline I tell  
My squad rocks well, I'm in your hood, comin through like mud  
Chromed out, beamed out, in a all black truck  
You a player, what team you wit, I got major chips, I push the flyest whips  
Got the flyest chics, my outfits be freshly dipped  
No matter what the steez, I'm equipped

[Verse Two: PMD]

Well my name is M-D, I'm known as the motivator, funky beat maker  
New jack terminator, enjoy to destroy, because your rhyme's a toy  
Never sweatin no click, Why P?, cause I'm a b-boy  
When we on the scene, we always rock the spot, the green-eyed bandit  
Scratching Mic Doc, in the beginning, we had to let the world know  
Now, EPMD is clockin all the dough, sit back and relax  
Of course the biz phat, T.V. wit the phone in the back  
Always calm under pressure, no need to act ill  
Listen when I tell you boy, you gots to chill

[Verse Three: Erick Sermon]

I be the fly rhyme maker, female heart-breaker, the dude  
Want to play me and my crew, that's rude, I'm dope  
When I get down to the beat, I'm raw, I keep it hardcore for the streets  
My track's a miracle drug for thugs in this club  
[P] Yo E, I remember when they used to be scrubs, what up?  
I'm the big bear, some of y'all are baby cubs, talkin large money when  
I see your bank stubs, I take control of your body and soul  
Pack heat in my pants when it's time to roll

[Verse Four: PMD]

Well it's P-double E-M-D-E-E, here to bless the track or flip the flow wit E  
When we touch the microphone, no doubt, we always shine  
Jewels and rhymes, settin traps and land mines, did thousand shows  
Faced many places, EPMD is back, and yo, throw the tape in  
Cause when we come around, we always come wit the flavor  
Underground hardcore funk, than what we gave you  
Or give you, ayyio what's next on the menu, business to take 2's  
Stadium and venues, wit E, and I'm the microphone doctor  
And the capital E, capital P, capital M, D, it's no doubt, the world shocker  
Hit Squad, Def Squad, yeah we both get ill, so believe me when I tell  
You boy, you gots to chill

[Verse Five: Erick Sermon]

Yo, I'm in the house now, dudes wit ice grills, raise they eyebrow  
Amazed like wow, E and P return like D, last dragon to show m.c. just  
What's happening, I get biz and that's an natural fact, I'm like Zoro  
I mark and E on your back, worse than that, I crown those wannabe gangstas  
Say somethin to them, and run right through them

[Verse Six: PMD]

I'm makin crazy G's, politicin on my mobile phone, D double  
About the microphone, cause we're the funky rhyme maker  
Puffing ?gon shit? faders, the one who rocks the fisherman hat  
I grab the mic and make the crowd react, we keep the money stackin  
Fingers snappin, toes tappin, and when it's time to roll, uzi patrol

Still packin, EPMD, the mic's are only friend, took a break for a while  
And now we back again, so if you think about gamblin, you better come  
prepared  
EPMD is takin all the shares, you gots to chill