

# EPMD, You're A Customer

[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 bassline 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 left

Cause 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  
Woah, 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 trooper

You a customer