EPMD, Business As Usual

(let's take it to the stage, sucka)

Erick sermon:
It's the e, and I'm smokin'. wild like tone loc, I'm roastin, bakin' mcs,
The e I'm not jokin' so back up, punk, slack up.
Watch your weak posse, before they get smacked up.
One by one, two by two, three by three, yo p...
(parrish: what's up, e.d.?)
Pass the uzi, to blow up, any wack mc that show up,
There goes one, blast 'im now.
(e, hold up.)
don't make me wait-wait because it might be too late, the punk might escape,
And buck whyle, and in fact, bite my style, and i'm-a catch a bullshit charge,
Plus trial.
It's my thing to swing, your first mistake to bring a duck mc that can't hang.
Don't forget, I'm crazy swift.□my name is erick sermon
(yeah, and I'm parrish smith)
I could act foolish, start blastin'. ha ha ha ha, now who's laughin'?
I'm-a let ya slide, but ya owe me, next time you see me...
(...holler like ya know me!)
I'm mad...

Refrain:
(here's a little story, I've gots to tell) {scratching} (I'm mad!) 4x

Parrish:
My life story I tell straight from the heart.
When suckers tried to crash my shit straight from start.
A young black kid destined for success, no old gold, no cocaine, or buddha cess.
Straight up hard work. no sleep and no shorts.
Brainstormin' with the skills that pop duke taught.
To keep swingin', yeah, and not to quit.
Now I ride the benz, you ride the dick, with your punk friends,
Straight up pussy from punk city, my attitude's f**ked up and real shitty.
From the backstabbers, yeah my so-called friends,

Who swim in my pool. when it's time, flex the benz,
Around town, windows down at the south town, cool j tape or k-solo "spellbound"
With fly girlies dippin, brothers grippin' and sippin'
Old gold, red bull, hands on my dick and
I'm just lampin' with my ek shades, truck-jewels, obviously the man's paid.
But of course not, brother can't get his props
Like for instance, when I cruise up the block
In my 560 lampin' on my metro phone, chrome kit beamin' all off your dome.
But like a sucka, yeah, you looked the other way
That's how I knew you're on my dick kid, but it's okay.
It's normal, relax, your whole head's busted.
Caught in the rap skit, ya couldn't be trusted.
'cause my sounds pound from here to okinowi...{kiss} peace and I'm ouuuutie!

Refrain

Erick:
Stay tuned to this last episode, when I rock the house and the mic explodes.
This is not the buckwild style that I be usin', in fact black,
It causes {mass confusion}
It's a fallout, when sucker mcs and crowds call out my name,
Oh what a shame I got {fame!}
Parrish:
I'm not a new jack, my rhymes are not wack, and in fact,
I'm like clint eastwood, 'stead of bullets, rhymes I pack
In my flow gun, so son, ya better run,
'cause when it comes to hostage and prisoners, we take none.

We move wax like kilos ...{scratch}
And when my jam hits the streets, the sounds explode.
Watch the right hook, duck the death blow jack,
I wonder where the e and the p's at...
(can they do it again?) you bet your ass, black.
(see you in '91) until things get the bozack... (i'm mad...)

Refrain