

EPMD, Check 1,2

(Erick Sermon)

EPMD.. Def Jam.. blazin..

Check it, uh-huh, YO

It's E-Dub on the microphone

My style be Elektra, I'm the male Syl Rhyme

Homes, walk around with forty-four chrome

on safety, spike the mic in the endzone

This here ain't the average shit, you used to

Front, and automatic rounds, will shoot you

So knock it off, like Biggie Smalls said Duke you soft

Why you wanna fuck with the boss?

(Parrish Smith)

Where should I start? Breakin MC's or shatterin charts?

It's Diablo, PMD Mic Doc with the purple heart

The go-getter, getter, get wit 'er, hit 'er-split 'er

Front and back, and if she wit it, straight in the shitter

So heidi heidi heidi hydro, pack gats and ammo

+Funky Piano+, van like the fuckin ?tano?

with more cheese than Lambeau, more heat than Rambo

Break down dismantle when I scramble

Chorus: Erick Sermon (Parrish Smith) *repeat 2X*

I just get down, and I go for mines

Say check 1, 2 -- and run down the line

(Inclined to shine) with techs and (forty-four mags and nines)

Don't get too close because you might get shot

(Erick Sermon)

Uhh, yo, ey, and yo

EPMD, fuckin with us is bad news

Me and you got different views

What you might say is dope, I say's not

What I might call wack, you'll call hot

The best thing for you, is to think and hope

or get choked, and hung with +The Velvet Rope+

Cause you too theatrical, mess around

and end up smackin you, jackin you, attackin you

(Parrish Smith)

That's why it's crucial, so stay neutral to collect the cash

double beaucoup, just rippin up mics, is what my crew do

Whatever suits you, pull out the burner, fuck the shoot through

roadblocks and smear campaigns, with the two-two

or tech nine, that'll chew, through your waistline

I'm accurate, don't waste mine, spit on bassline

Run with the unseen potential to be on Dateline

I don't fake mine, you blaze crazy, while I pace mine

(Erick Sermon)

Yeah, now why y'all wanna mess with the vets?

We've been doin this shit, since Dear Yvette, check

I make shit that make you wanna smack your producer

and ice grill him, and make you wanna kill him dead

and walk around leakin, in the bed for the weekend

for playin with the last Mohican

?Madi gon? - that's fuck you in Puerto Rican

Keep quiet when you hear grown men speakin

(Parrish Smith)

Or get smacked, this ain't no game, the shit is serious

Delerious, that's how we leave cats and niggaz curious

The true legend, got caught shit you better call Kevin
Big like Dog 40 and the Dutch from the 7-11
I'm danger like Norris the Texas Ranger
The mic strangler, PMD, the fuckin Head Banger
Mo' skills fo' real for them cats that kill
Pump a nine on the reg behind penitentiary steel

Chorus