

# EPMD, House Party

It's like this y'all  
IT'S LIKE THAT Y'ALL  
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[Parrish Smith]

This is the year for the barbaric and the cats with skills  
Underground with the hoodie, fuck keepin it real  
While you was pissin in your bed, we was makin a mill'  
Got up, with Erick Sermon, dropped "You Gots 2 Chill"  
Then niggaz bugged, turned hardcore b-boy, slash thug  
Givin fake love, with fake hugs, to fake thugs  
with fake mugs, runnin they mouth with the place bugged  
And caught a slug, and no one see nothin but mask and gloves

[Erick Sermon]

Aiyyo likewise I come in strong with no disguise, ruthless  
It's me, transformed I'm Eazy-E  
Past the point of rockin the joint  
I'm blowin the spot, wreckin the scene with my team  
NFL: Niggaz For Life, so feel that  
I see a few clowns, so where's the steel at  
Me and my boys are ready, aim that and hold it steady  
For those who dream, believe I'm Freddie

Now yo, if you got more dollars in your pocket  
Put a peace sign in the air if you from the South Bronx  
and let me hear you say

Hell yeah  
HELL YEAH  
Say hell yeah  
HELL YEAH

[Parrish Smith]

Aiyyo, I grab the mic and strike, explode and ignite  
Off the head, reminscin about some shit last night  
No dough, in the pocket but that shit's alright  
And these faggots, always stress me so I keep my shit tight  
Who am I? The cat to put that ass on standby  
Fuck your sister, then chill with you, then tell her man hi  
Then start stalkin, three point shot like Hershey Hawkins  
Takin it back to the Seventy-Sixers like Johnny Dawkins

[Erick Sermon]

Yo I come through camouflaged with the Squadron entourage  
Lookin like ghetto superstars  
EPMD's the name, there's no mistaken  
I rob you for all you got, and keep takin  
The blah-blah buck off like a wild Jamaican  
Earthquakin and dominatin the situation  
Yes on the scene, the duo, thorough  
Lettin off, causin ruckus in five boroughs

Yo this shout out goes to Brownsville, youknowwhatl'msayin?  
On ? Avenue, Newport Garden Squadron  
EPMD, youknowwhatl'msayin?  
To the Brentwood Posse, somebody just say

Make money money, make money money money  
MAKE MONEY MONEY, MAKE MONEY MONEY MONEY  
Everybody say make money money, make money money money

MAKE MONEY MONEY, MAKE MONEY MONEY MONEY

[Parrish Smith]

Yo, who grabs the mic and spit flows while you swing low  
I'm high off the indo, but straight up, you gets no wins though  
I like to ill, pop corks and watch the Mo' spill  
Hundred dollar bills dippin po-nine while my niggaz chill

[Erick Sermon]

Yo yoyoyoyoyoyoyo P chill chill chill  
Niggaz is in here fightin B  
Yo lounge out man, god damn, niggaz is always fuckin up shit  
Just put some shit on they can dance to then