

# EPMD, It Wasn't Me, It Was The Fame

[Erick Sermon]

As the wind sets the mood, it's time to let off  
A sucker tried to play me, the E I'm not soft  
I'm very hardcore, droppin bombs like Warsaw  
It reminds me, back in 1984  
when I went to a party with the master plan  
to step up, and put the mic in my hand  
Everybody was there, from junior high to high schools  
Dyin to get busy, because I knew I had the tools  
Then I got the heart and went by the set  
I said, "Yo, I wanna rock the set"; "Yeah no sweat";  
Kickin rhymes in the place, people couldn't take it  
The style I flowed, the way I shaked and baked it  
Later on I made a record, and got recognition  
Everybody's jockin, now nobody's dissin  
Written and produced by the new rap duo  
Yes EPMD, now I'm known in school  
I see the backstabbers, and the elderly creature features  
that used to diss me, when I was tryin to reach the  
tip tip-top and I won't stop  
To be the master, in the field of hip-hop  
I did that, and got a name for myself  
The image of E, and all of my wealth  
I see my fake friends, but things ain't the same  
Oh what a shame, I diss em  
Who to blame? It wasn't me it was the .. "Fame!";

[P] It wasn't me it was the .. "Fame!";

[Parrish Smith]

Before I cut records I had dreams of livin large  
Earnin crazy cash flow, the whole nine yards  
But when I told my college friends they kicked back and laughed  
Said, "You better grab your books and take your behind to class";  
They said, "You couldn't make a record and expect to get paid  
cause there's too many def rappers in the world today";  
I said, "Yo, my name is M.D. and my style is def";  
They said, "Your name is Parrish son, you're like all the rest  
Frontin you gettin a contract, but then you 'fess";  
But when you heard my record playin, your mouth was wide open  
Your head was tilted back that you was almost chokin  
But I just lounge, and cool with the fellas  
Like my roomie D-Wade, Top Notch, and James Ellis  
I never hung with girls, only one and she was mellow  
First name was Terry, last name Romanello  
My records started sellin then P withdrew  
from the college Southern Con, known as SCSU  
But when I often go and visit they say, "P bust a rhyme";  
I shake my head and then chuckle, and throw up the peace sign  
They wanna feel my gold and sport my Rolex  
but P reply it's really nothin, and don't like to flex  
And when I step up on the scene I always hear them whisper  
"Yo P's not the same, did you see him diss you?";  
I go deep into my thoughts, then I questioned my brain  
It wasn't me, the money, or the fortune, it was the .. "Fame!";

[P] It wasn't me it was the .. "Fame!";

[Erick Sermon]

Oh!  
Now you wanna know me, before you wasn't speakin  
Now you watch Yo! MTV Raps every weekend  
Just to see me, the E and the P  
Coolin out on the scene, with Fab 5 Freddy

Back then you didn't know, that I was determined  
to be a def rapper with the name Erick Sermon  
To be a crowd mover, someone that cause trouble  
Then I thought, and came up with E Double  
I can't forget, how they used to diss  
Sayin he can't rap, because he talks with a lisp  
But I got paid, now you feel stupid  
Amazed by the style the sound and how we looped it  
Now I clock G's, trunk jewels, and star trims  
Cool around town, and flex my black Benz  
Definitely hooked up, with the system that cranks  
Livin well off, with the ? in the bank  
EPMD, is Erick Parrish Makin Dollars  
Always on tour, so you can call us roads/Rhodes scholars  
You saw me in eighty-seven, where have you been because we miss you  
I dismissed you, it wasn't me who dissed you, it was the .. &quot;Fame!&quot;

[E] It wasn't me it was the .. &quot;Fame!&quot;

[Parrish Smith]

As I freak a funky style, to a funky fresh rhythm  
I use my crazy def talent, that God has given  
me to flow slow, and still live large  
To drop a def LP, and catch MC's off guard  
Because my friends started buggin, we used to cool at the mall  
But on the S.T., the Sneak Tip, they prayed for my downfall  
I used to cruise by in my rock and always hear them mumble  
&quot;They got lucky on Strictly Biz but watch the next one crumble&quot;  
My father always told me to wisen up son  
Cause if you hung with nine broke friends, you're bound to be the 10th one  
So I cut my friends off, and P went for self  
Me and Erick Sermon, and no one else  
Strictly writin def lyrics to my best ability  
With the crazy imagination as my only utility  
Cause MC's around my way brag how def they are  
But now they workin full time, and sharin their mom's cars  
Always frontin to the girls, how hard you can rock  
But you leave out how you carpin to go punch the clock  
Yeah we came hittin hard, so all the talkin had to halt  
But don't blame us, blame God, it's his fault  
For assistin us on the mission of a point of no return  
to do a crab MC, who did not learn  
Now when you're hot you're hot, and when you're not you're not  
And when it comes to funky music, the two rock the spot  
So next time you see me coolin, bite your lip and respect  
Between me and you sonny, straight up, I'm like death  
I cooled on the Run tour, with Flavor and Chuck  
Jazzy Jeff and the Fresh Prince but I guess that was luck  
I did shows in crazy countries, like Europe and France  
Copenhagen, Denmark, and Amsterdam  
I even been to our country, that they call Africa  
Keep your eyes on your girl, cause P'll be watchin around the  
tick tick'n, yo check out P rippin  
A new way to sway, cause brothers keep vickin  
Flows and echoes, that sound exact  
But you're rhymin in circles, and you ain't sayin jack  
So take it in stride, by the way I'm still the same  
First name is still Parrish, Sue's my girl, nuttin changed  
You insist I act funny, but who's to blame?  
It wasn't Yo! MTV Raps, the money, or Soul Train  
It was the .. &quot;Fame!&quot;

[P] It wasn't me it was the .. &quot;Fame!&quot;

[DJ K. La Boss cuts up &quot;Fame!&quot;]

[Erick and Parrish talk to outro]