

# EPMD, Rap Is Still Outta Control

[Busta Rhymes]

Rap is outta control!

Hey, hey rap, rap.. (for sure dude) wait what, wait

Aiy, rap is outta control

Hold on!

[B.R.] Yeah yeah yeah yeah, yi-yeah yeah yeah yi-yeah yeah

[P.S.] Erick and Parrish, Busta Bus, check it

[B.R.] This is one of my favorites

[P.S.] Aight? So check it, check it

[B.R.] Yeah

[P.S.] Outta control

[E.S.] F'real, rap is outta control, like that (For sure dude!)

[P.S.] PMD, still Makin Dollars

[E.S.] Uh-huh, rap's outta control (For sure dude!)

[both] Yo, yo..

[Erick Sermon]

I be pulsatin dominatin, up above

Run-D.M.C. style, stop and show love

E-Dub, I can't fall off, it's no way, I'm down low

I stay in the cut with O.J.

The fact is, some things got to change

with eight or more rappers that sound the same

With the, same game, like they all in the same gang

and claim the same fame

Suicide victims, quick to jump off and scream I

have to die, I'm livin a lie

Fake MC's no heart, get torn apart

Messin with us? In ninety-nine, get smart

I be the last one you wanna play with

Rap committees call me, just to okay shit

Focus on me, I grab the mic and drop gems

on a ill rhyme, more flashier than rims

Step in in tan Timb's, a pocket full of ends with a

couple of friends and a couple of hens

Never boring, keep shit rocking til morning

with the bird, until the hawks start hawking

Bounce with me, me and my man keep things hittin

Hop in the Benz 2000 Benz with the CD skippin

EPMD, who's fuckin with it

Outta control like 2Pac in \_Juice\_, character Bishop

Who's inferior? My Squad be Def

and we ain't hearin ya, lounge in the black interior

Because..

[Busta Rhymes]

HAH! Yes.. ha, rap is outta control!

Ha, hey hey rap is outta control! (for sure dude)

Yo, aiy, rap is outta control! (for sure dude)

Aiyyo, ey, rap is outta control!

[Parrish Smith]

Yo, they took our music and our beat and tried to make it street

Then got in the magazine and tried to sound all sweet

When it came to EPMD no one said a word

So I called up Erick Sermon and said, "This shit's absurd!"

Now we flip the bird, back-breakin MC's down like herbs

Redlinin, bendin my chrome rims up on curbs

So can you make a bill and chill and survive in the rap field?

Flip deals, and cock back burners when the caps peel?

I don't think so, then come next the car repo

No mo' contract, just strictly handyman in Home Depot

So don't front for me or the E, cause you know our steez

EPMD, blazin shit, Def 2G's  
Cause we make tape and break MC's who wannabeez  
and gonna-beez, burn em down to third degrees  
You heard of me, ain't no one checkin or servin me  
I'll turn your 411 into the 911 emergency  
Surgeon see

[Busta Rhymes]  
Hah.. hah, rap is outta control!  
Hey, hey rap, rap .. wait, what wait (for sure dude)  
Hey, rap is outta control! Hold on  
Wait wait, rap rap is outta control!

And yes yes y'all (yes y'all) ay, yes y'all (yes y'all)  
Aiyyo kick it E!

[Erick Sermon]  
I stand tall I won't fall, I recall  
ha hah, your rhymes stall when you bust caps  
Make sure they krytonite caps  
I'm made of steel, I swat bullets like gnats  
I'm like, (\*singing\*) Superman... fly high...  
.. way up in the sky ..  
And if you try to shoot me down clown I won't die  
I cremate

[Parrish Smith]  
I hate, let's exterminate  
Wait for a second E, time to debate  
As we take our Fisherman hat off, there's no time to max  
on the crab MC, who's all on the bozack  
who knows that, 2000 Benz to shows that  
yo, sold out crowd, where's the hoes at?  
And the Old Gold black, icy cold fat  
Wack MC's yo, where's your clothes at?  
End the drama, that's word to your momma..