

EPMD, Richter Scale

Check one

[Erick Sermon]

Uh-huh

Yeah, aww yeah, uhh "Richter Scale"
It goes lights, camera, action I'm on
One more time to kill em, my rap flow is fulfilling
I scream with the Beastie Boys -- What time is it?
It's two o'clock, you gettin knocked out the box
then kicked off the block, Def Squad Hit Squad
no we won't stop, fuck it call the cops (uh-huh)
I be the invincible, in the school of hard knocks
I'm the principle, Fatman Joe y'know

[Parrish Smith]

As you suffer the repercussions, comin through the blaze
bust the crime scene, cause some drama, niggaz duckin
When we come through, throwin the jab, in the one-two
Layin MC's out to trap, when we run through (like what?)
Like the marathon, flooded with the diamonds on
Get my rhymin on, PMD fuckin shinin on
Back to Biz, new address with the fat crib
My shit in the Wiz, poli'-in with the big wigs

[Chorus: Erick Sermon]

Off the meter, and everytime we reach the
tip-top and ya don't stop, uhh!
In the field of rap, we pull rank no question
We top the "Richter Scale";
[x2]

[Erick Sermon]

Bust the techniques, E.D. fantastic
Unreal GangStarr shit, Mass Appeal
Rap's top dawg, I'm the one you call on
to get Sic'-Wid-It, E don't forget it
I'm six, two and a half, heavyset, chocolate brown
Hell of a jab, gift to gab
I'm the elite, keep it underground like street level
I rock a Rolex watch, with a diamond bezel

[Parrish Smith]

Rap terror terror, EPMD, a new era
Off the richter scale, blowin hotter than ever
with the Squadron, beg your pardon, got the heads noddin
Lost your mind and said, "Shit!!" when we barged in
the front door door, rugged, keeps our shit raw raw
Make hits for the fans, plus the world tour
Believe that, peep that E and P's back
Wreckin heads daily, so chill and Get the Bozack

[Chorus]

[Erick Sermon]

Yo Royal Flush-in, all my cats be bustin
Servin you Customers and those fake hustlers
Whassup? Step to me, I smack you silly
I'm the Kid, but no comparison to Billy
I ain't scared of you motherfuckers -- can't you tell?
Girls lose to me when they groove to Maxwell, uhh
I got one life to live so I'm livin
Got girls to be hittin more cars to be drivin

[Parrish Smith]

We stripped too many beats to make too many niggaz to break
No moves are fake, no warnin shots fired blastin on crews like corrupt Jakes
The Black Viper, scream on MC's and rhyme cyphers
More Dangerous Mind than, Michelle Pfeiffer
So skedaddle-daddle, you get rattled don't wanna battle-battle
Put one to your rhyme saddle, stompin through, like wild cattle
We flow beef so dead that, let that shit cease
I'm quick with the hands, plus accurate with the two-piece

[Chorus]