

# EPMD, Right Now

Right here, right now?

[Erick Sermon] (Parrish Smith)

Yeah, uh-huh

Uh-huh

Ah y'all know what, that is, yo, uh-huh (E-Dub)

Uh-huh, uh-huh, y'know what that is, word up

(Wax and tax em) The Squadron, PMD, Erick Sermon

(Millenium Ducats) Yo, yo.. uh-huh

Def Jam

[Erick Sermon]

Excuse me! I'm tryin to earn a mere buck or two

Yo my name's E-Dub, so who the fuck are you?

I'm lockin it down now, and that's that

I'm the bigga nigga, supreme vigor figure with cap

Hold your gat, I can't control the sound

If the beat grabs you up, then hold yourself down

Captivates, give it raw to the kick and snare

like UHH-HUH.. YEAH YEAH..

[Parrish Smith]

I love it when my jewels dangles

could see stars, like the Bangles

When you approach me, adress me as Mr. like Bojangles

Death Decepticon, bad intentions when we reppin on

microphones, step in the set and start flexin on

your big man, don't lose focus and watch the quicksand

Kill the drama, my nigga lean on cats, like a kickstand

Fuck it, Erick and Parrish Millenium Ducats

Fully flossed out, two G's, Fisherman bucket

[Chorus: EPMD x2]

Who? EPMD got checks to cash

What what? Drop bombs for the clubs to blast

When? Right now, so my crew could flash

Where? Right here, get the money and stash

[Erick Sermon]

Aiyyo what's that song, that got the average dude

playin the fool, hittin the bong with Cheech and Chong

What? Me and Mic Doc rock the spot like we're up

with more technique, than Bruce Lee with num-chuks (wha-TAH)

Pure player, my rap flow's athletic

Workout seven albums - rap calisthetics

EPMD now.. here to getcha

with a blow, you coulda sworn Roy Jones hit ya

[Parrish Smith]

Cats can't hold me, Erick and Parrish, we hold the trophy

Scorn your team all day so I suggest you change your goalie

cause I'm hype again, with E Double, on the mic again

Crack a 40, spark a L, then pop a ?Perkadan?

Straight off tiggy, ridin shotgun with my niggy

No diggy, E and P tight like Lenny and Squiggy

Sundullah, no one cooler than the rap ruler

And to the cats out there frontin, yo, you can't fool us

[Chorus]

[Erick Sermon]

Aiyyo, stop, drop, and roll, we on fire

And we won't stop rockin til we retire

Who said we \_Out of Biz\_? That there was a liar  
I'm Sammy Sosa, and P's Mark McGwire  
Home run hitters, with black tar beneath the eye  
If you wanna hate me, do it now, try  
I'm lethal, take it back to EPMD third album  
and do it \_For My People\_

[Parrish Smith]

I jump out the plane and hanglide  
Hit the ice and slip-slide  
Niggaz don't get it, EPMD status, correct me if I'm  
mistaken, currently record breakin and still bakin  
like Kevin to Footloose only difference we keep the sytsem quakin  
Dusk to dawn, word is bond  
You fuck with EPMD, Erick and Parrish, the shit is on  
Cause we roll with a street team that donate posters  
Quick to roast ya  
Run up with the gat cocked back, clap, and smoke ya

[Chorus]