

EPMD, The Fan

[Erick Sermon]

Yeah yeah, uh-huh, word up
Yo, yo-yo.. YO

Aiyyo this here's procedure, rock MC's durin my leisure
time I spend to do em in
The sound pumps hard, and runs right through ya
When it hits, it reacts like a airbag to ya
Some flip to it, small kids might skip to it
and jail cats get rep to it
You get, by on record but you wack on stage
So I'm, blowin you up, throwin hand grenades

[Parrish Smith]

That's why we roll with the big boys
with big toys, bringin crazy noise and ruckus
shuttin down crews and motherfuckers
in low beta, not to be fucked with like the swamp gator
potato, on the barrel of the snub nosed when I blaze ya
As I, dust bust, crush and rush
Catch you flossin nigga, turn your ice physi' into slush
So yo, what's the deally for really
We rock nine untilly, grindin like Billy
So niggaz chill and spark the Phillie

[Chorus: Parrish Smith x2]

Yo, I know you was a fan of mine
I know you was a fan of mine
I know you was a fan of mine
Here's my card and on the back of it's my fan club digits

[Erick Sermon]

Uh, aiyyo takin our spot, that's outrageous
P and I stomp those who get courageous
And microphones get rocked on stages
Any book or mag, we on a few pages
Not commercial, not frontin, and no movie
I swear, cause we take it there
Billboard's top ten, that's tradition
Comin through blastin with mad ammunition

[Parrish Smith]

Five-alarmer, microphone bomber, woman charmer
Night in armor, penthouse view, with the sauna
God damnit, pass me the rock, and watch me slam it
Jam it cram it, until you stupid niggaz understand it
It's been a long time, MC crabbin bitch niggaz runnin
Wack MC's we straight stunnin
when we roll up, unexpected, undetected
Resurrected, EPMD second wind, fuel-injected

[Chorus]

[Erick Sermon]

Word yeah, tell em P, yo
I never seen y'all before, when I came through
with my dogs headbangin with the - Hit Squad crew
Hardcore, we got biz from the get go
Any beef with us, we ain't lettin shit go
E-Dub, no one replacin me
If there's a spot, then find a vacancy
Boy, I own my style, while y'all got leases
I get the whole pie, while y'all get pieces

[Parrish Smith]

That's why we own, bitin our shit, we don't condone
News flash, Erick and Parrish, we got it sewn
And like I'm Damon we Dash for the cash, mash for the fash'
Bashin the rash, double up P, straight on smidash
So stop playin, serious like _So What Cha Sayin'?_
In Apollo sold out with Redman, fuckin headbangin
to the street corners, the back alleys, to the Cali valleys
EPMD in effect, chillin as the scans tally