

Equipped with the rap microchip  
Program, aptitude, one mo' return, aww {shit}  
My face in the magazines, showin my eyes green  
("CHILL..") Chill, freshly dipped when I'm seen  
Yo, dig, it's the new fig for the E-Double  
I pack a Mac-10 just in case of trouble  
Hot like a handle on a pot, I'm steamin  
Fame and more glory than Morgan Freeman  
I'm the original, my style's deformed  
So it can sound crazy ill when I perform  
Yeah, check one two mic supreme  
EPMD, the rap American Dream Team  
The E-Double's definitely no joke  
You can't see me, even with a microscope  
I'm massive dope, funky, who's deffer  
Yo, when I express myself like Salt 'N Pepa  
Erick Sermon and Parrish Smith  
The sickest, the wicest, crazy mad psycho, the slickest  
Hardcore rhymin, yeah, that's the ticket  
Buckwhylin, rough enough for Long Island

"CHILL.. CHILL.. Chill.. chill.."

"CHILL.. CHILL.. Chill.. chill.."

"Yeaaaah! Ha ha ha"

"Rough enough to break New York from Long Island" -> Rakim

Back up, boy, move easy with the hand motion  
Don't even blink kid, or I'ma start smokin  
The glock hammer's cocked with the speed shot  
Twelve shots, the bust target is the brown fox  
So call me smooth talk, rhyme jaywalk wit the slang talk  
B-boy fanatic, straight from New York  
The foundation, landmark of the rap scene  
EPMD in effect, I'm clockin mad green  
Like Kermit the Frog, sloppy like Boss Hog  
Girl was runnin wild, ate her like a corndog  
Four mics are ready to flow in slow mo'  
Know the rap game just like Bo knows hoes  
("Yeaaaah! Ha ha ha")  
Hard, you get scarred, messin wit the Hit Squad  
Slide easy or catch a bullshucks charge  
No time to ill, stay mental or puff a pill  
Get the macadamians, and oh yeah kid, chill  
"CHILL.. CHILL.. Chill.. chill.."