

# House Party

EPMD

It's like this y'all it's like that y'all  
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This is the year for the barbaric and the cats with skills  
Underground with the hoodie, fuck keeping it real  
While you was pissing in your bed, we was making a mill'  
Got up, with Erick Sermon, dropped "you gots 2 chill"  
Then niggas bugged, turned hardcore b-boy, slash thug  
Giving fake love, with fake hugs, to fake thugs  
With fake mugs, running they mouth with the place bugged  
And caught a slug, and no one see nothing but mask and gloves

Hey yo likewise I come in strong with no disguise, ruthless  
It's me, transformed I'm eazy-e  
Past the point of rocking the joint  
I'm blowing the spot, wrecking the scene with my team  
niggas for life, so feel that  
I see a few clowns, so where's the steel at  
Me and my boys are ready, aim that and hold it steady  
For those who dream, believe I'm freddie

Now yo, if you got more dollars in your pocket  
Put a peace sign in the air if you from the south bronx  
And let me hear you say

Hell yeah hell yeah  
Say hell yeah hell yeah

Hey yo, I grab the mic and strike, explode and ignite  
Off the head, reminiscing about some shit last night  
No dough, in the pocket but that shit's alright  
And these fagots, always stress me so I keep my shit tight  
Who am i? the cat to put that ass on standby  
Fuck your sister, then chill with you, then tell her man hi  
Then start stalking, three point shot like Hershey Hawkins  
Taking it back to the seventy-sixers like Johnny Dawkins

Yo I come through camouflaged with the squadron entourage  
Lookin like ghetto superstars  
Epmd's the name, there's no mistaken  
I rob you for all you got, and keep takin  
The blah-blah buck off like a wild jamaican  
Earthquakin and dominatin the situation  
Yes on the scene, the duo, thorough  
Lettin off, causin ruckus in five boroughs

Yo this shout out goes to brownsville, you know what i'm sayin?  
On ? avenue, newport garden squadron  
Epmd, you know what i'm saying?  
To the brentwood posse, somebody just say

Make money money, make money money money  
Make money money, make money money money  
Everybody say make money money, make money money money  
Make money money, make money money money

Yo, who grabs the mic and spit flows while you swing low  
I'm high off the indo, but straight up, you gets no wins though  
I like to ill, pop corks and watch the mo' spill  
Hundred dollar bills dipping po-nine while my niggas chill

Yo yo, yo, yo, yo, yo, yo, yo, yo, p chill chill chill  
Niggas is in here fighting b  
Yo lounge out man, God damn, niggas is always fucking up shit  
Just put some shit on they can dance to then