

I'm Mad

EPMD

Let's take it to the stage sucker!

It's the E and I'm smoking.
Wild like Tone Loc I'm roasting, bakin' MCs
The E I'm not joking so back up punk, slack up.
Watch your weak posse before they get smacked up.
One by one, two by two, three by, Yo P
What's Up E.D.?

Pass the Uzi to blow up
any whack MC that show up
there goes one blast 'I'm now.

Don't make me wait-wait
Because it might be too late, the punk might escape
And buck while, and in fact, bite my style
And I'm-a catch a bullshit charge, plus trial.

It's my thing to swing, your first mistake to bring
A duck MC that can't hang.
Don't forget, I'm crazy swift.
My name is Erick Sermon

I could act foolish, start blasting. Ha ha ha ha, now who's laughing?
I'm-a let ya slide, but ya owe me, next time you see me

holler like ya know me!

I'm mad

Here's a little story, I've got to tell, I'm mad!

My life story I tell straight from the heart.
When suckers tried to crash my shit straight from start.
A young black kid destined for success, no Old Gold, no cocaine, or Buddha c
ess.
Straight up hard work. No sleep and no shorts.
Brainstorming with the skills that Pop Duke taught.
To keep swinging yeah, and not to quit.
Now I ride the Benz, you ride the dick, with your punk friends,
Straight up pussy from Punk City, my attitude's fucked up and real shitty.
From the back stabbers, yeah my so-called friends,
Who swim in my pool. When it's time, flex the Benz,
Around town, windows down at the South Town, Cool J tape or K-
Solo, "Spellbound"

With fly girlie's dipping, brothers gripping and sipping
Old Gold, Red Bull, hands on my dick and
I'm just lamping with my EK shades, truck-jewels, obviously the man's paid.
But of course not, brother can't get his props
Like for instance, when I cruise up the block
In my 560 lamping on my Metro phone, chrome kit beaming all off your dome.

But like a sucker, yeah, you looked the other way
That's how I knew you're on my dick kid, but it's okay.
It's normal, relax, your whole head's busted.
Caught in the rap skit, ya couldn't be trusted.

Cause my sounds pound from here to Okinowi (kiss) peace and I'm outie!

Stay tuned to this last episode, when I rock the house and the mic explodes.

This is not the buck wild style that I be using, in fact black, it causes mass confusion

It's a fallout, when sucker MCs and crowds call out my name,
oh what a shame I got

I'm not a new jack, my rhymes are not whack, and in fact,
I'm like Clint Eastwood, instead of bullets, rhymes I pack
In my flow gun, so son, ya better run,
Cause when it comes to hostage and prisoners, we take none.
We move wax like kilos

And when my jam hits the streets, the sounds explode.
Watch the right hook, duck the death blow jack,
I wonder where the E and the P's at

Can they do it again?
You bet your ass, black.
See you in '91
Until things get the bozack.
I'm mad