

It Wasn't Me, It Was The Fame

EPMD

As the wind sets the mood, it's time to let off
A sucker tried to play me, the e I'm not soft
I'm very hardcore, droppin bombs like warsaw
It reminds me, back in 1984
When I went to a party with the master plan
To step up, and put the mic in my hand
Everybody was there, from junior high to high schools
Dyin to get busy, because I knew I had the tools
Then I got the heart and went by the set
I said, "yo, I wanna rock the set" "yeah no sweat"
Kickin rhymes in the place, people couldn't take it
The style I flowed, the way I shaked and baked it
Later on I made a record, and got recognition
Everybody's jockin, now nobody's dissin
Written and produced by the new rap duo
Yes epmd, now I'm known in school
I see the backstabbers, and the elderly creature features
That used to diss me, when I was tryin to reach the
Tip tip-top and I won't stop
To be the master, in the field of hip-hop
I did that, and got a name for myself
The image of e, and all of my wealth
I see my fake friends, but things ain't the same
Oh what a shame, I diss em
Who to blame? it wasn't me it was the .. "fame!"
it wasn't me it was the .. "fame!"
Before I cut records I had dreams of livin large
Earnin crazy cash flow, the whole nine yards
But when I told my college friends they kicked back and laughed
Said, "you better grab your books and take your behind to class"
They said, "you couldn't make a record and expect to get paid
Cause there's too many def rappers in the world today"
I said, "yo, my name is m.d. and my style is def"
They said, "your name is parrish son, you're like all the rest
Frontin you gettin a contract, but then you 'fess"
But when you heard my record playin, your mouth was wide open
Your head was tilted back that you was almost chokin
But I just lounge, and cool with the fellas
Like my roomie d-wade, top notch, and james ellis
I never hung with girls, only one and she was mellow
First name was terry, last name romanello
My records started sellin then p withdrew
From the college southern con, known as scsu
But when I often go and visit they say, "p bust a rhyme"
I shake my head and then chuckle, and throw up the peace sign
They wanna feel my gold and sport my rolex
But p reply it's really nothin, and don't like to flex
And when I step up on the scene I always hear them whisper
"yo p's not the same, did you see him diss you? "
I go deep into my thoughts, then I questioned my brain
It wasn't me, the money, or the fortune, it was the .. "fame!"
it wasn't me it was the .. "fame!"
Oh!
Now you wanna know me, before you wasn't speakin
Now you watch yo! mtv raps every weekend
Just to see me, the e and the p
Coolin out on the scene, with fab 5 freddy

Back then you didn't know, that I was determined
 To be a def rapper with the name erick sermon
 To be a crowd mover, someone that cause trouble
 Then I thought, and came up with e double
 I can't forget, how they used to diss
 Sayin he can't rap, because he talks with a lisp
 But I got paid, now you feel stupid
 Amazed by the style the sound and how we looped it
 Now I clock g's, trunk jewels, and star trims
 Cool around town, and flex my black benz
 Definitely hooked up, with the system that cranks
 Livin well off, with the ? in the bank
 Epmd, is erick parrish makin dollars
 Always on tour, so you can call us roads/rhodes scholars
 You saw me in eighty-seven, where have you been because we miss you
 I dismissed you, it wasn't me who dissed you, it was the .. "fame!"
 it wasn't me it was the .. "fame!"
 As I freak a funky style, to a funky fresh rhythm
 I use my crazy def talent, that God has given
 Me to flow slow, and still live large
 To drop a def lp, and catch mc's off guard
 Because my friends started buggin, we used to cool at the mall
 But on the s.t., the sneak tip, they prayed for my downfall
 I used to cruise by in my rock and always hear them mumble
 "they got lucky on strictly biz but watch the next one crumble"
 My father always told me to wisen up son
 Cause if you hung with nine broke friends, you're bound to be the 10th one
 So I cut my friends off, and p went for self
 Me and erick sermon, and no one else
 Strictly writin def lyrics to my best ability
 With the crazy imagination as my only utility
 Cause mc's around my way brag how def they are
 But now they workin full time, and sharin their mom's cars
 Always frontin to the girls, how hard you can rock
 But you leave out how you carpin to go punch the clock
 Yeah we came hittin hard, so all the talkin had to halt
 But don't blame us, blame god, it's his fault
 For assistin us on the mission of a point of no return
 To do a crab mc, who did not learn
 Now when you're hot you're hot, and when you're not you're not
 And when it comes to funky music, the two rock the spot
 So next time you see me coolin, bite your lip and respect
 Between me and you sonny, straight up, I'm like death
 I cooled on the run tour, with flavor and chuck
 Jazzy jeff and the fresh prince but I guess that was luck
 I did shows in crazy countries, like europe and france
 Copenhagen, denmark, and amsterdam
 I even been to our country, that they call africa
 Keep your eyes on your girl, cause p'll be watchin around the
 Tick tick'n, yo check out p rippin
 A new way to sway, cause brothers keep vickin
 Flows and echoes, that sound exact
 But you're rhymin in circles, and you ain't sayin jack
 So take it in stride, by the way I'm still the same
 First name is still parrish, sue's my girl, nuttin changed
 You insist I act funny, but who's to blame?
 It wasn't yo! mtv raps, the money, or soul train
 It was the .. "fame!"
 it wasn't me it was the .. "fame!"
 * dj k. la boss cuts up "fame!" *
 [erick and parrish talk to outro]