

Right Now

EPMD

Right here, right now?

(Parrish Smith)

Yeah, uh-huh

Uh-huh

Ah y'all know what, that is, yo, uh-huh (e-dub)

Uh-huh, uh-huh, ya know what that is, word up

(wax and tax em) the squadron, pmd, Erick Sermon

(millennium ducats) yo, yo

Def jam

Excuse me! I'm trying to earn a mere buck or two

Yo my name's e-dub, so who the fuck are you?

I'm locking it down now, and that's that

I'm the bigga nigga, supreme vigor figure with cap

Hold your gat, I can't control the sound

If the beat grabs you up, then hold yourself down

Captivates, give it raw to the kick and snare

Like, yeah yeah

I love it when my jewels dangles

Could see stars, like the bangles

When you approach me, address me as Mr. like Bojangles

Death decepticon, bad intentions when we repping on

Microphones, step in the set and start flexing on

Your big man, don't lose focus and watch the quicksand

Kill the drama, my nigga lean on cats, like a kickstand

Fuck it, Erick and Parrish millennium ducats

Fully flossed out, two G's, fisherman bucket

Who? epmd got checks to cash

What what? drop bombs for the clubs to blast

When? right now, so my crew could flash

Where? right here, get the money and stash

Hey yo what's that song, that got the average dude

Playing the fool, hitting the bong with cheech and chong

What? me and mic doc rock the spot like we're up

With more technique, than Bruce Lee with num-chuks (wha-tah)

Pure player, my rap flow's athletic

Workout seven albums, rap calisthenics

Epmd now, here to get ya

With a blow, you could of sworn Roy Jones hit ya

Cats can't hold me, Erick and Parrish, we hold the trophy

Scorn your team all day so I suggest you change your goalie

Cause I'm hype again, with e double, on the mic again

Crack a 40, spark a l, then pop a ? perkadan?

Straight off tiggy, riding shotgun with my niggy

No diggy, e and p tight like lenny and squiggy

Sundullah, no one cooler than the rap ruler

And to the cats out there fronting, yo, you can't fool us

Hey yo, stop, drop, and roll, we on fire

And we won't stop rocking til we retire

Who said we out of biz? that there was a liar

I'm Sammy Sosa, and P's mark McGuire

Home run hitters, with black tar beneath the eye

If you wanna hate me, do it now, try
I'm lethal, take it back to epmd third album
And do it for my people

I jump out the plane and hanglide
Hit the ice and slip-slide
Niggas don't get it, epmd status, correct me if I'm
Mistaken, currently record breaking and still baking
Like Kevin to footloose only difference we keep the system quaking
Dusk to dawn, word is bond
You fuck with epmd, Erick and Parrish, the shit is on
Cause we roll with a street team that donate posters
Quick to roast ya
Run up with the gat cocked back, clap, and smoke ya