

# They Tell Me

EPMD

Yeah  
Something has to be said  
Uh  
Somebody tell me something  
Whats up?

That it's on right now and we about to let off  
And that the industry is sleepin and HipHop is soft  
EPMD is the boss like Rick Ross  
We don't knock or ring or else we kick down the door with force  
Bust you down, leave a sign on you that say you lost  
Game over, no more quaters, plus the machine is broke  
Money don't really remember nothing, all he has seen is smoke  
No witness, no statement, no case  
Incorporate you eat cheese, then you get a raise  
Rubbed out return to the earth  
Six feet deep in the dirt  
With the snakes and maggots cause you got murked

Yeah, and they keep telling me that  
You're only as good as your last record  
And if I was to do something now they wouldn't second  
Hardcore respect it and that is enough  
You got more props then call your bluff  
Same thing happend to Marry and Mariah  
They both came back with fire, fuck retiring  
I got belts around my waist  
You keep holding your pants up  
Homeboy male up!  
That's your opinion, cause you're not feeling it  
How you know they're hot the fans not hearing it  
The record pins steering it in one direction  
You, there is some music in the real niggas section

That EPMD is a corporation it's not its the group  
And that they always stack paper so put up your loot  
Ghetto celebs that's why niggaz salute  
Orange juice and grey goose  
We dramatic backwards now that P is loose  
Me and E is back for the kill, no troops  
That's why we spit the real in the vocal booth

Yeah so called gangster and you ain't even hard  
So called boxer and you ain't even sport  
When them ribber hit you got punked in the yard  
You said you got shot and you ain't even scarred  
But they belive this and you keep betraying them  
You are a bitch and I'm not the only one saying it

Now he from the BX but he really soft  
And he from BK but his guns don't go off  
He from cop killer Queens but he still getting robbed  
And he from money making but he ain't on his job  
Now he from LA but he's scared to bang  
And he from Texas but he will do the damn thing  
He'd stay in VA but he is scared of the streets  
And he's from Chi-a but he's sweet as a peach

I can tell you 'bout the dope fiends and all of that  
But I let them tell it 'cause they sell their moms crack  
And that ain't gangsta that is wanksta  
Went to jail and the homo shanked ya  
Don't get caught between my city and the moon  
You'll be screaming at night, you loose your life at me to doom  
I really hung with BIG, squared off with Pac  
Shook hands in the House of Blues before the shit popped  
First fought niggaz in the industry and kept it cool  
You ain't see me running my mouth in no interviews  
And you fools on them DVD's waving tools  
No that ain't something that a gangsta do