

You Gots To Chill

EPMD

Relax your mind, let your conscience be free
And get down to the sounds of EPMD
Well you should keep quiet while the MC rap
But if you tired, then go take a nap!
Or stay awake and watch the show I take
Because right now, I'm bout to shake'n'bake
The E-R-I-C-K is my name, I spell
Thanks to the clientele, yo I rock well
I'm not an MC who talking all that junk
About who can beat who, sounding like a punk
I just get down and I go for mine
Say 'check one-two', and run down the line

To the average MC I'm known as The Terminator
Funky beat maker, new jack exterminator
Destroy an employ', when your rhymes are not void
Never sweating your girl (Why P?) Cause she's a skeezoid
When I'm on the scene I always rock the spot
I grab the steel with the crown on top
In the beginning, I like to let my rhymes flow
And at twelve I press cruise control
Sit back and relax, let my rhymes tax
Maintain MC's while the Double E macks
Always calm under pressure, no need to act ill
Listen when I tell you boy, you gots to chill

("Jungle boogie!")

I be the personal computer information on rap
Like the B-I-Z Markie says, I'll make your toes tap
I format the rhymes, step by step
Make em sound def to maintain my rep
Prepared to come off, in case of a diss
Not worried about a thing, cause we can do this
I can turn the party out just by standing still
Make the ladies scream and shout while the brothers act ill
Take total control, of your body and soul
Pack a nine in my pants for when it's time to roll

I'm the P, double-E, M-D-E-E
And one thing I hate, is a biting MC
When I enter the party suckers always form a line
Then they ease their way up, and try to bite my lines
I did thousands of shows, dissed many faces
And deal with new jacks, on a one-to-one basis
But every now and then a sucker MC gets courageous
And like an epidemic it becomes contagious
But never the least they all R.I.P
For all those unaware it means Rest In Peace
Cause M.D. stands for Microphone Doctor
And the capital P (capital P) capital M (capital M)
Capital D-E-E's no doubt the chief rocker
Don't like to get ill, but if I have to I kill
So believe me boy, you got's to chill

("Jungle boogie!")

Catch every word I'm saying, no there's no delaying
Don't hesitate to motivate the crowd I'm not playing
Seeing is believing, you catch my drift?
Don't try to a-dapt because I'm just too swift
(How swift?) I'm so swift and that's an actual fact
I'm like Zorro, I mark a E on your back
I don't swing on no ropes or no iron cords
The only weapon is my rapping sword

Intimidate MC's with the tone of my vocal drone
When I'm pushing on the microphone
Cause I'm the funky rhyme maker, MC undertaker
The one who likes to max and relax
And when it's time, issue diggum-smack
I keep their hands clapping, fingers snapping, feet tapping
When it's time to roll Uzi patrol was packing
The PMD, the mic's my only friend
And through the course of the party, I kill again and again
So if you're thinking bout battling you better come prepared
Come with ya shield and your armor geared
You gots to chill