

## Check 1, 2

EPMD

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Def Jam

Blazing

Check it, uh-huh, YO  
It's E-Dub on the microphone  
My style be Elektra, I'm the male Syl Rhyme  
Homes, walk around with forty-four chrome  
On safety, spike the mic in the endzone  
This here ain't the average shit, you used to  
Front, and automatic rounds, will shoot you  
So knock it off, like Biggie Smalls said Duke you soft  
Why you want to fuck with the boss?

Where should I start? Breakin MC's or shattering charts?  
It's Diablo, PMD Mic Doc with the purple heart  
The go-getter, getter, get wit 'er, hit 'er-split 'er  
Front and back, and if she wit it, straight in the shitter  
So Heidi Heidi Heidi hydro, pack gats and ammo  
Funky Piano, van like the fucking ?tano?  
With more cheese than Lambeau, more heat than Rambo  
Break down dismantle when I scramble

I just get down, and I go for mines  
Say check 1, 2, and run down the line  
(Inclined to shine) with techs and (forty-four mags and nines)  
Don't get too close because you might get shot

Uhh, yo, and yo  
EPMD, fucking with us is bad news  
Me and you got different views  
What you might say is dope, I say's not  
What I might call wack, you'll call hot  
The best thing for you, is to think and hope  
Or get choked, and hung with The Velvet Rope  
Cause you too theatrical, mess around  
And end up smacking you, jacking you, attacking you

That's why it's crucial, so stay neutral to collect the cash  
Double beaucoup, just ripping up mics, is what my crew do  
Whatever suits you, pull out the burner, fuck the shoot through  
Roadblocks and smear campaigns, with the two-two  
Or tech nine, that'll chew, through your waistline  
I'm accurate, don't waste mine, spit on baseline  
Run with the unseen potential to be on Dateline  
I don't fake mine, you blaze crazy, while I pace mine

Yeah, now why y'all want to mess with the vets?  
We've been doing this shit, since Dear Yvette, check  
I make shit that make you want to smack your producer  
And ice grill him, and make you want to kill him dead  
And walk around leaking, in the bed for the weekend  
For playing with the last Mahican  
Madi gon, that's fuck you in Puerto Rican  
Keep quiet when you hear grown men speaking

Or get smacked, this ain't no game, the shit is serious

Delirious, that's how we leave cats and niggaz curious  
The true legend, got caught shit you better call Kevin  
Big like Dog 40 and the Dutch from the 7-11  
I'm danger like Norris the Texas Ranger  
The mic strangler, PMD, the fucking Head Banger  
Mo' skills fo' real for them cats that kill  
Pump a nine on the reg behind penitentiary steel

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