

Da Joint

EPMD

Huh, guilty, huh, check it, huh

I make a million bucks every six months and y'all
Hating my game, saying my name, they call
Me the E, wrong things, knowing I'm fly without wings
While some of y'all have to pull strings

In this era, I maintain the freak upon the beats
Master basslines of Raphael Saadiq
Lyrical mastermind, a genius, so don't snooze
No mission's impossible, ask Tom Cruise

I keep a joint lit, when I have to spit
I rough paragraph, laugh, when I'm busting your ass
Who want it? Come and see me, like 112
And I'll rock that bell with Fox and L

E-Dub, Mr Excitement, right
The poltergeist of rap, so come to the light
Yes, the recipient of this award goes to Moi
The best qualified superstar

My squad stays on point like
Den en, den, den, de den, it's da joint
Yeah, my squad stay on point like
Den en, den, den, de den, it's da joint

New York, I'm in your area, over here
DC, I'm in your area, over here
New Jerse, I'm in your area, over here
EPMD, it's a world premier

It's da joint, stay on point, plus I'm feelin' it
Nigga's killin' shit, tryin' to duplicate the manuscript
That's impossible, pray like the gospel
Overcoming set backs and jumping over obstacles

Like Evil Kenevil, on point like a needle
EPMD's like the Beatles, back with another sequel
To hip hop, check one, two and you don't stop
Rap with mainstream R&B and pop

Now, the world's shocked, the E-doubles back with Mic-Doc
Like it or not, we 'bout to turn it up another notch
My speeds, put it down for my seeds
Raw breeds, acres with the deeds, it's da joint

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Yeah, my squad stay on point like
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VA, I'm in your area, over here
DA, I'm in your area, over here
Chi Town, I'm in your area, over here
EPMD, it's a world premier

My styles digable, so I'm phat like that
I got a Benz too and it's black like that
I got millions of chips and they stack like that
A five year spread and now we back like that

How dare they, nigga's sittin' in their room with Brandy
Way pissed off, thikin' how they can't stand me
He rhyme Shawn for his Penn, talking
Not lookin', shooken, a dead man walking

You know me, from rippin' shows with my homie
The one and only, Ginuwine like Pony
You want a ride? You call me up when you're lonely
I'm Parish Smith and shit, Great like Tony

I'm hittin', hittin', where from? From Brentwood to San Quentin
I'm keep rhyming, still representing, for who?
For my nigga's up north and in the courts
And to the emcees taking no shorts, in this blood sport

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Detroit, I'm in your area, over here
Cali, I'm in your area, over here
Philly, I'm in your area, over here
EPMD, it's a world premier, huh

Over here, over here