

Equipped with the rap microchip
Program, aptitude, one mo' return, aww {shit}
My face in the magazines, showin my eyes green
("CHILL..") Chill, freshly dipped when I'm seen
Yo, dig, it's the new fig for the E-Double
I pack a Mac-10 just in case of trouble
Hot like a handle on a pot, I'm steamin
Fame and more glory than Morgan Freeman
I'm the original, my style's deformed
So it can sound crazy ill when I perform
Yeah, check one two mic supreme
EPMD, the rap American Dream Team
The E-Double's definitely no joke
You can't see me, even with a microscope
I'm massive dope, funky, who's deffer
Yo, when I express myself like Salt 'N Pepa
Erick Sermon and Parrish Smith
The sickest, the wicest, crazy mad psycho, the slickest
Hardcore rhymin, yeah, that's the ticket
Buckwhylin, rough enough for Long Island

"CHILL.. CHILL.. Chill.. chill.."

"CHILL.. CHILL.. Chill.. chill.."

"Yeaaaah! Ha ha ha"

"Rough enough to break New York from Long Island" -> Rakim

Back up, boy, move easy with the hand motion
Don't even blink kid, or I'ma start smokin
The glock hammer's cocked with the speed shot
Twelve shots, the bust target is the brown fox
So call me smooth talk, rhyme jaywalk wit the slang talk
B-boy fanatic, straight from New York
The foundation, landmark of the rap scene
EPMD in effect, I'm clockin mad green
Like Kermit the Frog, sloppy like Boss Hog
Girl was runnin wild, ate her like a corndog
Four mics are ready to flow in slow mo'
Know the rap game just like Bo knows hoes
("Yeaaaah! Ha ha ha")
Hard, you get scarred, messin wit the Hit Squad
Slide easy or catch a bullshucks charge
No time to ill, stay mental or puff a pill
Get the macadamians, and oh yeah kid, chill
"CHILL.. CHILL.. Chill.. chill.."