

House Party

EPMD

It's like this y'all it's like that y'all
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This is the year for the barbaric and the cats with skills
Underground with the hoodie, fuck keeping it real
While you was pissing in your bed, we was making a mill'
Got up, with Erick Sermon, dropped "you gots 2 chill"
Then niggas bugged, turned hardcore b-boy, slash thug
Giving fake love, with fake hugs, to fake thugs
With fake mugs, running they mouth with the place bugged
And caught a slug, and no one see nothing but mask and gloves

Hey yo likewise I come in strong with no disguise, ruthless
It's me, transformed I'm eazy-e
Past the point of rocking the joint
I'm blowing the spot, wrecking the scene with my team
niggas for life, so feel that
I see a few clowns, so where's the steel at
Me and my boys are ready, aim that and hold it steady
For those who dream, believe I'm freddie

Now yo, if you got more dollars in your pocket
Put a peace sign in the air if you from the south bronx
And let me hear you say

Hell yeah hell yeah
Say hell yeah hell yeah

Hey yo, I grab the mic and strike, explode and ignite
Off the head, reminiscing about some shit last night
No dough, in the pocket but that shit's alright
And these fagots, always stress me so I keep my shit tight
Who am i? the cat to put that ass on standby
Fuck your sister, then chill with you, then tell her man hi
Then start stalking, three point shot like Hershey Hawkins
Taking it back to the seventy-sixers like Johnny Dawkins

Yo I come through camouflaged with the squadron entourage
Lookin like ghetto superstars
Epmd's the name, there's no mistaken
I rob you for all you got, and keep takin
The blah-blah buck off like a wild jamaican
Earthquakin and dominatin the situation
Yes on the scene, the duo, thorough
Lettin off, causin ruckus in five boroughs

Yo this shout out goes to brownsville, you know what i'm sayin?
On ? avenue, newport garden squadron
Epmd, you know what i'm saying?
To the brentwood posse, somebody just say

Make money money, make money money money
Make money money, make money money money
Everybody say make money money, make money money money
Make money money, make money money money

Yo, who grabs the mic and spit flows while you swing low
I'm high off the indo, but straight up, you gets no wins though
I like to ill, pop corks and watch the mo' spill
Hundred dollar bills dipping po-nine while my niggas chill

Yo yo, yo, yo, yo, yo, yo, yo, yo, p chill chill chill
Niggas is in here fighting b
Yo lounge out man, God damn, niggas is always fucking up shit
Just put some shit on they can dance to then