

Rap Is Still Outta Control

EPMD

Rap is outta control
Hey, hey rap, rap, wait what, wait
Rap is outta control

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
Erick and Parrish, Busta Bus, check it
This is one of my favorites
Aight? So check it, check it

Yeah, outta control
F'real, rap is outta control, like that
PMD, still makin' dollars
Rap's outta control, yo, yo

I be pulsatin' dominatin', up above
Run-D.M.C. style, stop and show love
E-Dub, I can't fall off, it's no way, I'm down low
I stay in the cut with O.J.

And the fact is, some things got to change
With eight or more rappers that sound the same
With the same game, like they all in the same gang
And claim the same fame

Suicide victims, quick to jump off and scream
I have to die, I'm livin' a lie
Fake MC's no heart, get torn apart
Messin' with us? In ninety-nine, get smart

I be the last one you wanna play with
Rap committees call me, just to okay shit
Focus on me, I grab the mic and drop gems
On a ill rhyme, more flashier than rims

Steppin' in Tan Timb's, a pocket full of ends with a
Couple of friends and a couple of hens
Never boring, keep shit rocking 'til morning
With the bird, until the hawks start hawking

Bounce with me, me and my man keep things hittin'
Hop in the Benz 2000, Benz with the CD skippin'
EPMD, who's fuckin' with it?
Outta control like 2Pac in Juice, character Bishop

Who's inferior? My Squad be Def
And we ain't hearin' ya, lounge in the black interior

Because rap is outta control
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Yo, they took our music and our beat and tried to make it street
Then got in the magazine and tried to sound all sweet
When it came to EPMD no one said a word
So I called up Erick Sermon and said, "This shit's absurd"

Now we flip the bird, back-breakin' MC's down like herbs
Redlinin', bendin' my chrome rims up on curbs
So can you make a bill and chill and survive in the rap field?
Flip deals, and cock back burners when the caps peel?

I don't think so, then come next the car repo
No mo' contract, just strictly handyman in Home Depot
So don't front for me or the E, 'cause you know our steez
EPMD, blazin' shit, Def 2G's

'Cause we make tape and break MC's who wannabeez
And gonna-beez, burn 'em down to third degrees
You heard of me, ain't no one checkin' or servin' me
I'll turn your 411 into the 911 emergency, surgeon see

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Hey, hey rap, rap wait, what wait
Hey, rap is outta control
Wait, wait, rap, rap is outta control

And yes yes y'all, ay, yes y'all, kick it E

I stand tall, I won't fall, I recall
Your rhymes stall when you bust caps
Make sure they kryptonite caps
I'm made of steel, I swat bullets like gnats

I'm like, Superman fly high way up in the sky
And if you try to shoot me down clown I won't die
I cremate

I hate, let's exterminate
Wait for a second E, time to debate
As we take our fisherman hat off, there's no time to max
On the crab MC, who's all on the bozack

Who knows that, 2000 Benz to shows that
Yo, sold out crowd, where's the hoes at?
And the Old Gold black, icy cold fat
Wack MC's yo, where's your clothes at?