

# You Gots To Chill

EPMD

Relax your mind, let your conscience be free  
And get down to the sounds of EPMD  
Well you should keep quiet while the MC rap  
But if you tired, then go take a nap!  
Or stay awake and watch the show I take  
Because right now, I'm bout to shake'n'bake  
The E-R-I-C-K is my name, I spell  
Thanks to the clientele, yo I rock well  
I'm not an MC who talking all that junk  
About who can beat who, sounding like a punk  
I just get down and I go for mine  
Say 'check one-two', and run down the line

To the average MC I'm known as The Terminator  
Funky beat maker, new jack exterminator  
Destroy an employ', when your rhymes are not void  
Never sweating your girl (Why P?) Cause she's a skeezoid  
When I'm on the scene I always rock the spot  
I grab the steel with the crown on top  
In the beginning, I like to let my rhymes flow  
And at twelve I press cruise control  
Sit back and relax, let my rhymes tax  
Maintain MC's while the Double E macks  
Always calm under pressure, no need to act ill  
Listen when I tell you boy, you gots to chill

("Jungle boogie!")

I be the personal computer information on rap  
Like the B-I-Z Markie says, I'll make your toes tap  
I format the rhymes, step by step  
Make em sound def to maintain my rep  
Prepared to come off, in case of a diss  
Not worried about a thing, cause we can do this  
I can turn the party out just by standing still  
Make the ladies scream and shout while the brothers act ill  
Take total control, of your body and soul  
Pack a nine in my pants for when it's time to roll

I'm the P, double-E, M-D-E-E  
And one thing I hate, is a biting MC  
When I enter the party suckers always form a line  
Then they ease their way up, and try to bite my lines  
I did thousands of shows, dissed many faces  
And deal with new jacks, on a one-to-one basis  
But every now and then a sucker MC gets courageous  
And like an epidemic it becomes contagious  
But never the least they all R.I.P  
For all those unaware it means Rest In Peace  
Cause M.D. stands for Microphone Doctor  
And the capital P (capital P) capital M (capital M)  
Capital D-E-E's no doubt the chief rocker  
Don't like to get ill, but if I have to I kill  
So believe me boy, you got's to chill

("Jungle boogie!")

Catch every word I'm saying, no there's no delaying  
Don't hesitate to motivate the crowd I'm not playing  
Seeing is believing, you catch my drift?  
Don't try to a-dapt because I'm just too swift  
(How swift?) I'm so swift and that's an actual fact  
I'm like Zorro, I mark a E on your back  
I don't swing on no ropes or no iron cords  
The only weapon is my rapping sword

Intimidate MC's with the tone of my vocal drone  
When I'm pushing on the microphone  
Cause I'm the funky rhyme maker, MC undertaker  
The one who likes to max and relax  
And when it's time, issue diggum-smack  
I keep their hands clapping, fingers snapping, feet tapping  
When it's time to roll Uzi patrol was packing  
The PMD, the mic's my only friend  
And through the course of the party, I kill again and again  
So if you're thinking bout battling you better come prepared  
Come with ya shield and your armor geared  
You gots to chill