

Total Kaos

EPMD

[erick sermon]

Yo, whassup moneygrip, it's the e on the trip
Not to georgia, but gladys knight and the pips
It's a one way ticket, to the highest plateau
For a smooth rapper, and for those that flow
So blow like the wind my friend and take flight
And fly, like an eagle -- yeah right
You can't rock a party and make hands clapper
Cause you an n.r.er (that means a non-rapper)
So give it up sucker duck emcee you're not ready
To flex yet, or better yet rock steady
With the e double, number one on the planet
Take it for granted, I'm _in control_ like janet
I'm in command, plus full of fun
But don't play me, cause if you do you gettin done
And that my son comes to one conclusion
Total chaos. no mass confusion

[parrish smith]

Knock knock (aiyyo, who is it?)
The one who storms on rappers just like a snow blizzard
Yes the micraphone doctor's back makin housecalls
To crab emcees, who claim to have the balls
To flex with the man, with the rep for snappin necks
I'm not the one son, so don't pose or make threats
The pmd, yeah paid and makin dollars
Stranglin emcees with the micraphone cord and make em holler
I'm like, quick draw mcgraw when I blast past
An emcees ass, then trash crash to smash his ass
And play his ego, while I sip a forty-oh
And count my cashflow, because I'm on the go
And aiyyo I don't joke, and that you can bet
I flex a rhyme on a rapper, play his posse and step
Like I said in _strictly biz_ I'm known to cause an illusion
To create total chaos. no mass confusion

[erick sermon]

No magic tricks, houdini, or I dream of jeannie
Or dissapearing acts from here to tahiti
It's a one two three count, and I'm knockin out
Without a doubt (why e?) I got clout!
Homeboy you should know, I'm de commando of rap
Carry emcees no trees, across my bare back
I use measures, and yes all are drastic

For me the e double, cause I'm fantastic
So, I let you know, money I don't play
Step back and you won't get smacked, hear what I say?
Lay low afro, or take a nightcap
And if you tired (yo, then go take a nap)
Or close your eyes and chank em like a jap
Then lounge, as I rock across the map
Yo watch me go,? in seconds
Me and pmd and the sound from our records
Check out the beat and the style I'm usin
It's total chaos. no mass confusion[parrish smith]
Last rhyme was for e, this one's for the gipper
Give me room. cause I'm about to rip a
Emcee's head off as I release my steam
The method of decapitation, is the guillotine
So check out the tempo, and let your body go
Cause a brother like md's about to go rambo
A micraphone doctor, an emcee physician
An all around scholar, a rapper technician
So put up or shut up, cause md is like fed up
You, your wack crew, your whole damn set up
Suckers still slippin, you better get a grip and
Change your wack style while the clock still tickin
Cause pursuin and doin a brother, is second nature
Can you feel it e double? (yeah, somethin like?)
To the micraphone doctor, all rappers are obsolete
You lack style and composure, plus your rhymes are weak
I gave you all due respect, when I said mic check
You're still slippin duke, it's time to snap that neck
Like I said in _strictly biz_ I'm known to cause an illusion
To create total chaos. no mass confusion

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>