

# Strictly Business

## EPMD

Try to answer to the master on the mc rap artists  
No joke on the lyric -it's hard to be modest  
I knew I was the man with the master plan  
To make you wiggle and jiggle like gelatin  
Just think while I sing and to the brain structure  
Don't sleep on the e -- 'ya see, something might rupture  
I don't take time for me to blow your mind  
It takes a second to wreck it because you're dumb and blind  
So just lounge . . . 'cause you're a mc clown  
Or join the circus . . . epmd's in town  
Total chaos -- no mass confusion  
Rhymes so hypnotizing known to cause an illusion  
Like a magician who draws a rabbit out a hat, son  
I'm drawin' more, like a 44-magnum  
Mc's please stop, look, and listen and try to imagine  
It's travellin' the speed of lighjt, but everything' motion it's frightening  
Plus the thought of you alone  
You now enter the dimension called the twilight zone  
You're terrified . . . plus you can't bear the thought  
You and I one-on-one in the land of the lost  
You start to shiver . . . then you scream, my friend  
You wake up, muttley, because you're dreamin' again  
Next time I'm on the scene . . . do not try to diss us  
Keep your mouth suckered up, because I'm strictly business  
This is the rap season . . . when the e starts pleasin'  
Girls around the world no need to be skeezin'  
When I roll I stroll, cool always pack a 2  
Just in case . . . a brother acts a fool  
I've got the energy to put the girlz in a frenzy  
Put a shock when I rock even though I'm not stingy  
Make sure I don't bore when I'm on the dance floor . . .  
Get busy, boy . . . like you never saw before  
Rhyme flow . . . good to go . . .  
After the show . . . I'll pull your hoe, boy  
Do you sniff blow? -- hell no  
Got my whole life ahead of me, no time to be sniffin'  
And if my parents find out, then they start riffin'  
So I stay, a-ok  
'cause I'm the e . . . the r-i-c-kMc's look me in the face and their eyes get weak  
Pulse rate descends . . . heart rate increases  
It's like beam me up, scotty, I control your body  
I'm as deadly as aids when it's time to rock a party

With all due respect, when I say mike check  
I let a sucker slide once . . . then I break his neck  
So when I say jump, you'll reply how high?  
Because I'm takin' no prisoners, so don't play hero and die  
You're just a soldier . . . and I'm a green beret  
I do not think twice about the mcs I slay  
So if you want to battle, I highly recommend this:  
Bring your dog, mom, and dad . . . because I'm strictly business  
Yo, yo, you're still pickin' on  
that four-leaf clover?  
Bring in the sandman, sucker . . . because it's over  
My name is eric sermon and I'm back again  
I see the head's still turnin' of my so-called friends  
They smile in my face -- behind my back they talk trash,  
Mad and stuff - because they don't have cash  
Like the e-double . . . or the pee-md  
He drives a corvette, I drive a semi-iroc suzuki  
I'm the locksmith . . . with the key to fame  
Never high on myself, always stay the same  
Play a lot because I'm hot and like a horse I trot  
Around the track and back, fatigued? no, I'm not  
I'm the mellow, the fellow, the one that likes to  
say hello  
To a fly girl that is good to go  
With the slow tempo and the off-beat rhyme flow  
'cause when I am in action, there is no time for maxin' or relaxin'  
Just reactin' and subtractin'  
On a sucker mc who's mouth keeps on yappin' and flappin'  
I lose my cool, then I'll be start slappin' and smackin'  
You on a roll, then I'll be start jackin' and cappin'  
No time to lounge, I'm packin' and strappin'  
At my point attack I soar at you like an eagle,  
I'm the sheriff, and bitin' is illegal  
So next time in town, I highly recommend this,  
You gots to chill, because I'm strictly business  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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