

So Wat Cha Sayin'

EPMD

The employees of the year, yeah we're back to work
I took time off, while other rappers got jerked
Due to the fact they wack and their track
Have to go back and stack cause they lack
The ingredients EPMD and scratch for that
DJ Scratch cuts and scratches
Yo, I'm the hip-hopper, plus the show shocker
Down with MD, yes the microphone doctor
One wrecks, the other destroys
And if you think that you're ready to mess (kill the noise)
We don't play when it's time to slay
I get a cut from my homey, yo, then I lay
Back and mack and all the rhymes I pack
And wait for a sucker to jump and then attack
Well, I'm known to be the master in the MC field
No respect in eighty-seven, eighty-eight you kneel
Cause I produce and get loose, when it's time to perform
Wax a sucker like Mop & Glow (that's word born)
Smacked a second time, but on a different assignment
And do a sucker new jack who needs a rappin' alignment
Cause I'm the cream of the crop when it's time to do a show
Girlies on my jock for my dope intro
As I glance at E-Double, king microphone wrecker
Turn on my cordless, sayin' mic checka
To the ladies ... and all party goers
Some call me freak, and others slow flower
Brothers on my jock, for the way I hold a piece of steel
So what you sayin'?
So what you sayin'?
Puttin' heads to bed, straight out the box
MCs are jumpin' out shoes and socks
I'm not playin', understand what I'm sayin'
Catch a sucker in my way, and I'm slayin'
Takin' no shorts, showin' vital sign
You can tell by my lines that I'm gettin' mines
In '89, because I'm fine as wine
Sit back and recline, watch the sun shine
Take a stroll, listen to rock and roll
Catch a flick at the movies, dance a bowl
What I choose I refuse to slack while I'm back
I take a chance jack, so I must attack
With knick knack paddywack so I won't lack

Oh my style is def, and as deadly as crack
While I'm slayin' music's playin', a sucker is the lame
Battle in the trenches where the funky beat playin'
Cause with a partner like E Double don't come a dime a dozen
A kin not blood related, but you can call us cousins
Cause as we climb the charts, better known as statistics
Brothers on my jock while I'm kickin' ballistics
Droppin' hits like 'I'm Housin,' 'You Gots To Chill,' and more
The proof is in the pudding (yo check the Billboard)
People round town talkin' this and that
Of how we sound like the R, and our music was wack
Dropped the album Strictly Business and you thought we was bold
Thirty days later, the LP went gold
So what you sayin'? Now party people it's time for the exquisite
No knock knock who that over there or who is it
It's the E-R-I-C-K, yes the Boy Wonder
No fouts no bleeps no bleeps or no blunders
So hot, so you can say I'm blazin
Or Luther Vandross says, yo I am
"Sooooooo amazing, and I've been waiting"
For a sucker to attack yo me the E-Double
Cuz me and PMD is like the funky fresh couple
I fight fire with fire, that's why most retired
And when we needed a piss boy, you was hired
Cause you was Memorex, for that style that we was bringin'
In an all-out battle, P comes out swingin'
Cause I'm just the type of brother that's out to get mines
And if the odds against me, I still drop lines
And get mines on time that's why most resign
Sit in my La-Z-Boy chair, relax my head and recline
Sip a Pepsi or Coke, with a twist of lime
Or crack a forty-oh, and then I go for mine
So what you sayin'?
So what you sayin'?

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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