

Intrigued (feat. Das EFX)

EPMD

Hit the floor tuck and roll E's on fire
I'm your motherfucker but not Jerry Maguire
I'm the dark skinned packin' Mac 10 who get busy
Effective puttin' shit in the proper perspective
Strapped with the gat bustin' caps across the map
Yo the crew's back royalties and ASCAP, yeah
I'm six two fat went with the chrome shoe
Diamond and jewels estates with the swimmin' pools
And the sauna, piggedy-puffin' on some
marijuana
From Tiajuana, miggedy-mess around and youse a goner
I stash the cash don't flash the cash what?
You figgedy-front on this kid I smash that ass
Chiggedy-check the one two-er, bringin' it from the sewer to the land
Cross the burnin' sand, biggedy
Back to Business with my miggidy-man
Got plans to blow, solidifyin all positions in the game
Like coalition, stiggedy-stop look and listen
To the hot shit, I'm the Tale of that Bronx shit
Call me Sonny, with pounds of money
Bringin' raw music, call my style swoosh
Please say, "Mister" when you introduce me
Yeah uh, EPMD and Das EFX, time to flex
Like Funkmaster, Back to Business in your tape deck
Steel, I hold it, put it together blindfolded
Hangin' upside down, bust it, then reload it
Yo, I'm comin' up from Virginia, on the linear
Havin dinner y'all, with this dimepiece named Levinia
Cellular ringin', it's Books how ya livin'
Fat like Thanksgiving, drop some shit like a pigeon
Yo, the boogie banger, biggedy-black Rover to Ranger
Danger, I'm iggedy-off the planet like Kramer
My iggedy-anger, slaughter, iggedy-out of order
Split your monkey ass in half like Moses split the wiggidy-water
You intrigued by the way, we
do our thing
Do what?
Pick up the mic, hot, and make you swing
Say what?
Pick up the mic, hot, and make it swing
Yo, cold wax and tax MC's who tend to act ill
You intrigued by the way, we do our thing
Do what?
Pick up the mic, hot, and make you swing
Say what?
Pick up the mic, hot, and make it swing
Yo, cold wax and tax MC's who tend to act ill
Any hype, out the door, kill it
Anything the Squadron wants, uhh bill it
E P M D out the box we be rockin'

We hold the title, like priests hold the bible
God bless, to any MC who wanna test
Survival of the fittest, fuck it life or death
With will manuevers, rapper slash producer
Puttin; it down with E-Dub, in the sewer
Some riggidy-real thugs, sex hip-hop and drugs
Liggidy-left burnt rugs, drinkin' beers out of gold mugs
Slugs in the barrel, on name brand apparel
Briggidy-bringin' drama like John Travolta in Arrow
But niggidy-no need for that, Smith
squeeze the gat
Ease 'em back, or niggaz gon' biggidy-bleed, in fact
It's wiggidy wild shine like the head, of Golden Child
Corrupt styles, sinister smile, we takin' bails to trial
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