

## EPMD 2

Nas

Respectfully

Bucket on low like Erick and Parrish  
Closed casket flow, all you niggas get deaded  
They don't give you one single rose while you can smell it  
So I pick from my own garden (Garden)  
Wanna go out in my garden like Godfather  
Grandkids and a Rottweiler got over the block trauma (Yeah, trauma)  
So what you sayin', nigga? You got to chill (Uh-huh)  
Thinkin' you the truth, really you not for real (EPMD!)  
Back to back with it, the hardest shit of the year (Nasir Jones, remix)

EPMD, we back in business  
Ain't nobody fuckin' with us, come to your senses (Uh)  
P is the second comin' of God, somethin' to witness  
Piece of shit, fly on your head like Mike Pence's, we in the trenches  
I'm mad, better yet, I'm on a rampage  
My people can't even get minimum wage  
Fuck a stimulus (Uh), give me some interest (Uh)  
Give me a loan (Oh), give me a home  
Give me that land you owe me so I can roam  
So when you trespass, blaow, one in your dome  
Best wishes, ghost 'em like he Tommy  
Ain't worried 'bout nothing 'cause Hit Squad behind me

EPMD, we back in business  
I visualize what it is, not what it isn't  
We at the mafia table next to the kitchen  
Eatin' Michelin Stars, countin' a million

Dun! I let it go for the family, meetin's at Cote in Miami  
Them wine bottles on maggie, extra large  
Sign up for my masterclass, Escobar  
Feet up at Mets Stadium at my restaurant  
Tied in from AZ to Dave East  
You know my thoughts get crazy  
My teachers, they couldn't grade me  
I know some Haitians in Dade County, got choppers in Haiti  
She booked a flight to Colombia, made her body amazin'  
Just to post it on Tumblr, this that "fuck up the summer" shit  
I don't care what you comin' with, me and Hit-  
Boy runnin' shit (Runnin' shit)  
Big gold, rope chains, but they flooded now (Yeah, flooded now)  
Pull up with the Ghost like a haunted house (Haunted house)  
She gettin' scary, blood on my hands like Carrie  
Might walk through a cemetery to see where hip-hop is buried  
I said it was dead, but it faked its death like Machiavelli  
You see letters in red splatter, look like sauce and spaghetti  
(Yeah, ready?)

EPMD, we're back in business (What?)  
Livin' in cramped conditions, will give you ammunition  
I stock those shelves, I got those shells like Taco Bell and I'm not gon' fail  
I got no L's (Noels) like Christmas, you don't wanna make the claws (Claus)  
come out (Nah)  
Y'all should call yourselves Santa (Why?) 'cause none of y'all are real (Nah)

)  
Not a 'single one' (Like what?), like a dollar bill (Yeah)  
Just like your bitch in appellate court, she's on a pill (Appeal)  
We got her a 'bond' and she'll  
Never 'bail' on me (Bail on me), not even outta jail (Haha, jail)  
EPMD, but me, I gots no chill (Ch-chill)  
Just a lotta skrill  
Lady, my paper's so crazy, I just tossed a mil' out the window of my mobile  
On the fuckin' freeway on the way here (Yeah)  
Like Rudolph and his homies when they pullin' the sleigh, yeah  
That's a lot of bucks flyin' when I'm makin' it rain, dear  
Green on me but no weed, shorty, just these, darling  
A pocket full of pills, some are Tylenol 3s, prolly two or three Molly  
So some are E (Summary), which reminds me of "Rap Summary," mami  
My theme song, me and "P" always used to play that shit on repeat all day  
So please call me "Big Daddy" (Daddy)  
Plus I got the Kane (Cane) and "Lean On Me" (Yeah)  
MCs, I'm eatin' you B-I-T-C-H's like tortilla chips  
Me, I'm free of debt, yeah, green is on Chia Pet (Woo)  
This is the effects of my old neighborhood misery index  
Poverty at its peak, OCD and PTSD, I guess  
R.I.P. out to DMX, Stezo E and Nipsey  
Ecstasy and Prince Markie Dee, MF DOOM, I hit 50 via text  
Told him that I love him 'cause I don't even know when I'ma see him next (Na  
h)  
Tomorrow could be your death (Bring that beat back)  
Yeah, and this shit ain't for the faint  
'Cause the brain's illa trained killer, danger, deranged  
And I drank all the DayQuil (Yeah) I blank on the paper  
Then wait 'til the page fill up (What?)  
Hate spiller, shameful the strength of a pain pill or tranq'  
I just pray for the day when I'm able to say that I'm placed with the greats  
And my name's with the Kane's and the Wayne's, and the Jay's and the Dre's  
And the Ye's, and the Drake's and the J Dilla's, Jada's, Cool J's  
And the Ra's and amazin' as Nas is, and praise to the Gods of this  
Shout to the golden age of Hip-Hop and the name of this song is  
  
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