

It Wasn't Me, It Was the Fame

EPMD

As the wind sets the mood, it's time to let off
A sucker tried to play me, the e I'm not soft
I'm very hardcore, droppin bombs like warsaw
It reminds me, back in 1984
When I went to a party with the master plan
To step up, and put the mic in my hand
Everybody was there, from junior high to high schools
Dyin to get busy, because I knew I had the tools
Then I got the heart and went by the set
I said, yo, I wanna rock the setyeah no sweat
Kickin rhymes in the place, people couldn't take it
The style I flowed, the way I shaked and baked it
Later on I made a record, and got recognition
Everybody's jockin, now nobody's dissin
Yes epmd, now I'm known in school
I see the backstabbers, and the elderly creature features
That used to diss me, when I was tryin to reach the
Tip tip-top and I won't stop
To be the master, in the field of hip-hop
I did that, and got a name for myself
The image of e, and all of my wealth
I see my fake friends, but things ain't the same
Oh what a shame, I diss em
Who to blame? it wasn't me it was the . fame!
it wasn't me it was the . fame! Before I cut records I had dreams of livin large
Earnin crazy cash flow, the whole nine yards
But when I told my college friends they kicked back and laughed
Said, you better grab your books and take your behind to class
They said, you couldn't make a record and expect to get paid
Cause there's too many def rappers in the world today
I said, yo, my name is m.d. and my style is def
They said, your name is parrish son, you're like all the rest
Frontin you gettin a contract, but then you 'fess
But when you heard my record playin, your mouth was wide open
Your head was tilted back that you was almost chokin
But I just lounge, and cool with the fellas
Like my roomie d-wade, top notch, and james ellis
I never hung with girls, only one and she was mellow
First name was terry, last name romanello
My records started sellin then p withdrew
From the college southern con, known as scsu
But when I often go and visit they say, p bust a rhyme

I shake my head and then chuckle, and throw up the peace sign
They wanna feel my gold and sport my rolex
But p reply it's really nothin, and don't like to flex
And when I step up on the scene I always hear them whisper
Yo p's not the same, did you see him diss you?
I go deep into my thoughts, then I questioned my brain
It wasn't me, the money, or the fortune, it was the . fame!
it wasn't me it was the . fame!Oh!
Now you wanna know me, before you wasn't speakin
Now you watch yo! mtv raps every weekend
Just to see me, the e and the p
Coolin out on the scene, with fab 5 freddy
Back then you didn't know, that I was determined
To be a def rapper with the name erick sermon
To be a crowd mover, someone that cause trouble
Then I thought, and came up with e double
I can't forget, how they used to diss
Sayin he can't rap, because he talks with a lisp
But I got paid, now you feel stupid
Amazed by the style the sound and how we looped it
Now I clock g's, trunk jewels, and star trims
Cool around town, and flex my black benz
Definitely hooked up, with the system that cranks
Livin well off, with the? in the bank
Epmd, is erick parrish makin dollars
Always on tour, so you can call us roads/rhodes scholars
You saw me in eighty-seven, where have you been because we miss you
I dismissed you, it wasn't me who dissed you, it was the . fame!it wasn't me it was the .
fame!As I freak a funky style, to a funky fresh rhythm
I use my crazy def talent, that God has given
Me to flow slow, and still live large
To drop a def lp, and catch mc's off guard
Because my friends started buggin, we used to cool at the mall
But on the s.t., the sneak tip, they prayed for my downfall
I used to cruise by in my rock and always hear them mumble
They got lucky on strictly biz but watch the next one crumble
My father always told me to wisen up son
Cause if you hung with nine broke friends, you're bound to be the 10th one
So I cut my friends off, and p went for self
Me and erick sermon, and no one else
Strictly writin def lyrics to my best ability
With the crazy imagination as my only utility
Cause mc's around my way brag how def they are
But now they workin full time, and sharin their mom's cars
Always frontin to the girls, how hard you can rock
But you leave out how you carpin to go punch the clock
Yeah we came hittin hard, so all the talkin had to halt
But don't blame us, blame god, it's his fault
For assistin us on the mission of a point of no return

To do a crab mc, who did not learn
Now when you're hot you're hot, and when you're not you're not
And when it comes to funky music, the two rock the spot
So next time you see me coolin, bite your lip and respect
Between me and you sonny, straight up, I'm like death
I cooled on the run tour, with flavor and chuck
Jazzy jeff and the fresh prince but I guess that was luck
I did shows in crazy countries, like europe and france
Copenhagen, denmark, and amsterdam
I even been to our country, that they call africa
Keep your eyes on your girl, cause p'll be watchin around the
Tick tick'n, yo check out p rippin
A new way to sway, cause brothers keep vickin
Flows and echoes, that sound exact
But you're rhymin in circles, and you ain't sayin jack
So take it in stride, by the way I'm still the same
First name is still parrish, sue's my girl, nuttin changed
You insist I act funny, but who's to blame?
It wasn't yo! mtv raps, the money, or soul train
It was the . fame! it wasn't me it was the . fame! * dj k. la boss cuts up fame! *

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>