

Def Squad, Can You Dig It?

(feat. Biz Markie)

[E Dub]

It's Erick Sermon, no need for those to guess yall
I confess, ya'll, when I spit the yiggy yes yall
I gotcha, when that groove hit, no stoppin ya
Tear the club up like Three 6 Mafia
I'm real, react when it's time to peel
Step, if you want it, come get it, come wid it, what the deal?
Yo dog, I roll tight in my stinkin Lincoln
With black frame, grey interior with the wood grain
And two stash boxes, for the funds and guns
I don't own an UZI, but my 9 weights a ton
Kid, we be the mos' deffest, no squad can catch us
We takin the, drastic measures to fulfill the pleasures

[Funk Doc]

When I turn one hundred and eight, with wrinkles in my face
My name will still be in debates about who was great
I make you tie your lace two times when I create
Cause when I begin to get slick, I sweat Quaker State
We three the hard way, tight like little Jamal's face
You offers, I walk through your church without no parlay
Or permits, fuck your white picket fence
I'm from the hood, keepin it tinsel, 17 inch
I'm strictly convinced, yall puss
Flippin crack, save that
I kepp my money stacked, ghetto diplomat style
Order it now, no refunds
I'm like a clib with jums
I move crack fiends with different vowels
Even technicians can't repair the mic I spit on
I'm too underground to dance with that shiny shit on
Callin all cars, naah, call National Guards and trucks
And their weapons better be big as fuck!

[Keith Murray]

Ay yo, the three of us together is incredible
Like a miracle, finally I get to move it up a few decimals
Unquestionable, Unconscionable to the mental
Not that happy dappy shit that you're use to
I got the skunky funky illest funk flow
For the glamorous, scandalous world of radio
And pimpin ain't dead, ya'll niggas just scared
To smack a ho, and make that tramp get up out there
Oh yeah, I heard your new shit is GARBAGE
Bastard, lookin like you just stepped out of a casket
I get stupid, dumb, illiterate when I'm killin it
Real legitamate, bitches gettin intimate
In nineteen hundred and ninety eight
We gonna set a whole lotta different shit straight
You suckas, no good, insecure back barnyard sewer rat eatin motherfuckers!