

EPMD, Erick Sermon

(erick sermon)

Owww!

Word em up, word em up yo

Yeah yeah, word em up like dat

Erick sermon's in effect

Def squad, that's the hype

One more time word

Yeah

Yeah, mackadocious shit

Yeah

This is my openin, e comin at ya lazy style

Versatile, crazy wild with my profile

Dominatin the microphone, on my own

Freakin it, with the ill vocal tone

Outspoken, here's a token of my appreciation

I bring drama like jason

Who can see me? you better ask superman

For his super vision, cause I'm on a f**kin mission

Test my skills, and I rearrange your f**kin grill

Will kill if I have to get ill

Get away, carry on, and step

Like the s1's, cause my crew carry big guns

To blow up, anybody in the range

And plus I'm bad as michael jackson, even though he +dangerous+

E double with the funk type shit

This is it, so get with the skit motherf**ker

Who am I e.d. the green eyed bandit

Who am I e.d. the green eyed bandit

Heyyyyyy, erick sermon (word, that's my motherf**kin name boy)

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Heyyyyyy, erick sermon

Check this out!

I still get loose in the rap vocal booth

I know I can, I can like a train caboose

Smoke up the hardcore scene when I be rappin

I make it blacken yo, and make things happen

Why? I'm like the michael jackson of rap

I'm bad, plus I moonwalk over tracks

I am still, so a-mazin

I flex, punk and get funky for the occasion

Superstitious, so I kill black cats and all that

And buck em down with the gat

E double in the house don't you know me

What's up homey loc, step and you get smoked

I have a dream like martin luther king

That one day, yo, I can do away

With the pitiful, and the critical wack mc's

Seperate the ocean, and throw em in between

Grab my nuts, hold em, becaues they're golden

With more wins than hulk hogan

It's the future, of a dope producer

On the rise, the hype is my green eyes

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Aowwww, part three!

Shhhhh, quiet, your rap style's tired

The stores can't sell it, the fans won't buy it

Hell no - even if it was sold at an auction

Boy get rid of it, like an abortion

Word is bond, you made a mistake

And struck out, while I'm home safe at the plate

Def squad, act like you know, backed by russell

And that word to me means dough

Cause look -- I've been rich and I've been poor

Now I'm back in the door hardcore

So whattup duke peace to the crew

Def squad's in the house gettin wrecktafied beaucoup

Motherf**ker!

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Like dat!