

Erick Sermon, Move On

Intro:

(laughing) Yeah, coming to you like, yeah, you know another one of those, flavorishis, mackadoshis, sour cream and onion type flavor.

Redman:

I rule the world like Kurtis Blow with my afro blown
I'm torn out the frame, drunk style stagger like Ned the Wino
For black albino, I'm like suicide on vinyle
The type of antidope shit you have to keep away from my nose
And I'm the, bombest rhymers, check my steez
My vocals are like vaginas, wet an MC's when they open
My identities, blows facilities to ememies please test these abilities
I'm rugged, I pack a 24 studded, karrot automatic, 45 nigga slugger
So ring thee alarm, when your TV is on, I react freakin' to songs
When bitches see me perform, bitches say I strickly brake vertibraes
Bones back, chinky eyed like Japs I blow states off the map
Just by eye contact

Hook:

Don't get it twisted and if you do, you best to move on move on
"Rock, rock on" - Redman (x4)

Erick Sermon:

Yeah, I shut down things for the moment, what?
Paying my dues for them fake ass crews (yeah)
Who be claimin' to be the shit y'all stop
Gimmicks, hard core lyrics for an image
I'm stompin' 'em the beast wompin' 'em
Brain damage is caused, girls drop they drawers to the ground
I be's the Effect like Wrecks, rhyme skills be shooting off like two black techs
Somebody stop me I'm smoking like Mask
Shut your mouth, he's a bad, uh, like Shaft
The E-Double bring the dopest material, way out cosmic type
Alcoholic whisky type funk for your sissys (word up)
Huh, I take it to the streets, if you can't run up on my turf then get some cleats
I let one nigga slide in 93, but this year, he's fuckin' history

Hook (X4)

Passion:

Strick nine rules the mind on the verge of destruction
Blood starts to boil like a lyrical combustion, eruption
Insane no pressure no pain, niggas falling off it's strain to maintain
They be killing me, trying to preach to me, teach to me
I got a PHD in funkology
You got your bachelors and your masters in the field of dramatics
The lyrical are bringing the static from the attic, so cock your automatics
I've had it up to here, you niggas are in danger
You better stand clear, no hugs no love and kiss mainstream America
They just ain't ready for this, cause I'm nice as shit
Niggas be having fits, the Squad of Def be smacking hits after hits
And what's goin' on in your mind I can feel it
Tremors in the body has caused for the healin'

Hook (x4)

Outro:

You know what I'm sayin'? Things is hot in the tunnel out in here you know what I'm sayin'? Ah, N-Y-C streets is love, it's hot in the summer, um, spring, winter and fall things are just lovely, sweet & sour sauce. Doin' this y'all feel this. I feel you.