

# Erick Sermon, Open Fire

Whoop Whoop(8x)

[Redman]

Funky dilemmas, destroy mc's by process of elimination  
Ghetto linger breaks your inner, mind body  
Got me sold like Hurachis, funk tracks up the ass  
make peace wit knock-knees, the funk dwella in your cella  
no one's betta, pull more Playboy bitches than Hugh Hefner  
I phase you wit my nasal style I'm able  
To rock two turntables for oh say like sweet sable  
Now who's on the deal I'll make you feel the real  
I kill at will wit nine shots in your window sill  
Or mill, to feel a gust of wind, I must've been worn  
Wit ten of my dusted friends I, I get up in you like Keith Murray  
Make your whole crew shit stew beef curry in a hurry  
Make competition leave early smokin the lala  
Blazay Blah come through your block and open fire  
(Redman's in the area  
Keith Murray's in the area  
Erick Sermon's in the area)

[Erick Sermon]

You best believe  
Is this mic on word up  
I swarm like helicopters, after robbers, at fiends gettin dollars  
The lyrical Street Fighter call me Sagat  
Blazin hot like the bullet from somebody gettin shot  
Where ther's a drum there's a beat  
And where there's guns there's the streets  
This option allows me to make my opponents wit degrees  
From here to overseas, clowns in my mix and don't know the flava  
Its the same reason why I threw away my Skypager  
Magnificent, givin rappers death certificates  
Wit fly intricate flows by the lows  
Y'all come out the hype description of this  
One time Billboard winner, six time Gold record list  
No one invited me so I crashed and brung the vibe  
And broke it out like a rash, who?  
So who do I be? The E, the D-O-U-B the L, to the E  
Get your blunt leafs and fire it up  
Get your ZigZags and fire it up Whhhooooo!  
MC's you betta stand clear, Def Squad is a world premier

[Keith Murray]

AAAhhhhhh!

Word is bond I collect your con getcha gone like a moron  
I break your little itty bitty styles down to ions  
My rap style has many many mixtures of murderous poetry  
And deadly lectures and fixtures, matter fact my rap  
Sounds be on sickly timin, meaning your brain can't be defined  
In the words I be using when I be rhyming  
Now you can change your whole word back and forth  
And bring the roughest rapper and I bet you blood he'd cough  
My rap style is like my lifestyle, rougher than turbulence  
Ever since I commenced to subject you to my bullshit  
I compress your chest and perform open-heart surgery  
And God forbid I outrageous people see the L.O.D.  
I love beatin you in the head with this  
Make you wanna run off and go get a psycho-therapist-analyst  
Way nicer than the force intended  
The nicest rapper that ever came out since you could remember  
Def Squad