

# Erick Sermon, S.O.D.

[Sy Scott]

Yo, I'm a tic-tac-toe tactical wit it tactician  
Tit for tat, three bombs on me, we all ticking  
Schizophrenic, up in the kitchen  
With a black fifth up against my head, just, click, click, clickin' it  
We check the barrel and start respinnin' it  
We I start, medics, start sowing and restitching them  
My constituents and scorpions poisonous stingers filled with opium  
Stay grippin' em, I've got a venomous heart, filled with vigilance  
That will shatter ten continents and ten palatinates  
Envision the vengefulness, visualize the vindictiveness  
I rhyme with Sid Vicious viciousness  
You be kiddin, soft like kittens  
My grills are pit bulls they will kill when I say sick'em  
Restrain me, restrict me  
I'm arresting resistance, can't be apprehended nigga

[Chorus]

You got a problem with E  
If you got a problem, come a holla at me  
And if you want it, we can get it started  
Plus I got the whole squad siding with me

[Icarus]

Let the catty spray and wet up the matinee  
Smack niggaz with both hands like patty-cake  
Violate and I will retaliate  
I don't battle fake niggaz, I'm heavyweight nigga  
GMG, fam, we gladly hotta  
Behold the sorcerer's stone like Harry Potter  
And I'm like harry potta, we scary riders  
Can't get near the dadda, I swear to God I'll come find where you hidin'  
Have my high, finding beamers and ninas  
Leave the area shot up, you hearing me patna  
I'm a f\*\*king five star general, to drive cars into you  
Ic' dodge interviews, one flip of the mack, take all ten of you  
This message intended to, who's ever offended duke  
Yeah you my nigga, but you could still get it too  
So don't test me, I don't wanna do this shit to you

[Chorus]

[Red Cafe]

Live from the NY state  
And I got one question, guess what's in my waste  
Ya'll got me pisted off slick talk  
To get that Jacob watch, I'll cut your wrist off  
I'm in the limo too long to turn  
And this motherf\*\*kin' dutch taking long to burn  
I'm impatient, this is a song you learn  
Make money, take money, and I'm hear to confirm my occupation  
The new boss of course, the new Porsche  
I pull up just to murder you niggaz and move off  
You too soft, Red Cafe from New York  
I tell a bitch quick, I'm hot can't cool off  
I twist lesbos, and and guzzling out exos  
My firearms stick to my waste like Velcro  
It's R.C. nothing phony about me, with E double the O.G. you know me

[Chorus]

[Erick Sermon]

Yeah I know, you never expect me to anchor  
I bring it to them so called pranksters and them gangsters

I run DMCs, from rappers that's petter piper  
I am the big apple, ain't nobody ripper man  
I'm not M.J. I'm a lover and a fighter  
That's why I'm in D.C. now, looking for the sniper  
I came in the game with hoodies and timberlands  
Hard since Cypress Hill been wanting to kill a man  
I did time, a thirteen year bid  
I'm gutter E, I'm hanging on the side of crib  
I'm a fan, but I hate what you're doing  
Whenever you performing shows it's me booing  
Ya as soft as your bid-die, you punk now, and you gonna be a punk at sixty  
Dog, ya need more team to get me  
I'm a G, and my Unit come through like Fifty

[Chorus] - repeat 2X