

EPMD, Crossover

[Erick Sermon]

Erick Sermon's in the house

Let's get up, let's get down
Roll wit the hardcore funk, the hardcore sound
Let's get wit this, mackadocious funk material
So simple, when I rock wit the instrumental
Who am I (E-D the Green Eyed Bandit)
Control my career so I can never get stranded
But the rest are gettin Brand Nubian
Changed up they style, from jeans to suits and
Thinkin about a pop record, somethin made for the station
For a whole new relation-
ship of a new type of scene
To go platinum and clock mad green
AKA, a sellout, the rap definition
Get off that boy, change your mission
Come back around the block
Pump Color Me Badd to the ah, tick tock
Let them know your logo, not a black thing
My background sing, my background sing for the crossover

The Crossover

[PMD]

The rap era's outta control, brother's sellin their soul
To go gold, going, going, gone, another rapper sold
(To who) To pop and R&B, not the MD
I'm strictly hip-hop, I'll stick to Kid Capri
Funk mode, yea, kid, that's how the Squad rolls
I know your head is bobbin cuz the neck knows
(Not like other rappers) frontin on they fans, the ill
Trying to chill, saying "damn, it be great to sell a mill"
Thats when the mind switch to the pop tip
(Kid, you're gonna be large)
Yea right, that's what the company kicks
Forget the black crowds, you're wack now
In a zoot suit, frontin black lookin mad foul
I speak for the hardcore (ruff, rugged and raw)
I'm outta here, catch me chillin on my next tour
From the US to the white cliffs of Dover
Strictly underground funk, keep the crossover

The crossover

[Erick Sermon]

(So what cha sayin) You wanna go pop goes the weasel
You know you should be rocking the fans wit something diezel
But you insist to piss me off black
So I flex the biceps so I can push em back
So real hardcore hip-hop continue wreck it
And all sucker MC's duck down and get the message
So ban the crossover, yo, who's wit me
(Hit Squad) yea, P, hit me

[PMD]

Another megablast, funky dope style from cross yonder
(So help me Rhonda, help, help me Rhonda)
(Yo, from what) the crossover, yea crossing you over
Outta here, gone, peace, nice to know ya (see ya)
What a way to go out, no clout is what the fans will shout
Cuz you got gassed and took the wrong route
Came on the scene, chillin, freakin a funky dope line
But when they finish wit you (beep) flatline

Some say there's no business like show business
But if this the truth, please explain why is this
Rappers been around long, makin mad noise you see
Still I haven't seen one rapper livin comfortably
No time to pick and wish on a four leaf clover
I stick to underground, keep the crossover

The crossover