

EPMD, Lil Crazy

(erick sermon)

Hey young world, one two, one two
Check it out y'all
Uhh, shadz of lingo in the house
E double's in the house with def squad
On the funky fresh track with shadz of lingo

Mic check one two, yo you got my nerves jumpin around
And humpin' around like bobby brown across town
I ain't with that, so don't cramp my style
Step off me, I'm hyped like I had a pound of coffee
Yo how could you ask what I'm doin
When I'm pursuin, gettin funky with my crew and
My input brings vibes unknown like e.t.
Makes me phone home to my family
Cling, hello mom, I'm doin it, freakin more fame
Than batman played by michael keaton
I crossed over, let me name someone that's black
With fame, and pockets that are fat
Heyyy, erick sermon, he's one
Packs a gun, that's bigger than malcolm's
Out the window, I look for a punk to get stupid
So I can shoot his ass like cupid
E 2 bingos, down with the shadz of lingo
Here to bust out the funky single
Ahh shit, there goes my pager
I'll see you later, because yo

Chorus: erick sermon

Every now and then, I get a little crazy (4x)

(shadz of lingo - 1)

One two how can I do it? I guess I'll spit the real
Yo I pack much dick, with the cover made of steel hoe
Yes yes, never fessed or settled for less
One clown stepped, and got a hole in the f**kin chest
From the a.k., somebody scream mayday
Took the sucker out, cause he clowned me on a payday
The funk is flowin to the maximum
From the e double, while I kick the facts to them
Check a chill brother with class, rough enough
To run up and snatch the spine out a niggaz ass
Grip the steel when caps peeled, here to chill on the real
And don't give a motherf**k how you feel
Thinkin you're steppin to this, I kinda doubt it

Ain't with the bullshit, so you can write a f**kin book about it
The big nigga with the bud and I'm on that
E kick the beat and yo you shoulda known that

Chorus

(shadz of lingo - 2)

Yo it's the lingo of the shadz
Droppin that mellow but mad mackadocious
Melodious metaphorical music with mo' shit
That you used to, and stylin that you ain't
What else I got to do but draw the pictures with paints?
{*feedback*} oh no, there's my mic squeakin
A soundman's body turnin up every weekend
Some think I done the killin, you know I can't remember
I can't recall a full week since this past december

And mics catchin fire 'fore I get the chance to touch em
Yo al. b catch the buddha lightin torches, i'ma bust em
But don't rush em, leave the pyromaniac alone he heard the words
To hit em on the red dot and knows I'm thinkin bout murder
Run {run} hide {hide} you can't {can't} escape {scape}
The hit {the hit's} on, I got the {got the} papes {papes}
Dodge {dodge} red {red} lasers {lasers} scannin {scannin}
Brings {brings} fly {fly when} rhymes {rhymes} landin {landin}
Let me go .. no .. yo, I'm straight {straight}
Chill {chill}, yo I need auhhhh, air, wait {wait}
Cross {cross} fade {fade's} a killer {killer} style and {style and}
Where's the {where's the} soundman
Tell me {tell me} was I whylin {whylin}
Cause {cause}

Chorus

(erick sermon)
Hey young world
Check me out, check me, check me out
Hey young world
New york's in the house
Def squad's in the motherf**kin, house
New york's in the motherf**kin, house
Rowdy records in the motherf**kin, house
Def squad's in the motherf**kin, house
E.d.'s in the motherf**kin house (def jam boy)
Shadz of lingo in the motherf**kin house
Peace.. and we out (russell simmons boy)
Word