

# Erick Onasis, Focus

Hey!

(vocoder box)

Never understood, how we did it  
How we made this music groove your very soul

(Erick Onasis)

Yo I lamp out in the rented E-7 V-12 screamer  
The new Benz, seen her?  
290 thou', wow  
Somethin your rap budget does not allow  
Why you laughin, I don't see nuttin funny  
Pull back two Mac-10's now it's a big Mac-20  
That is the basics  
Quik and I we run the Matrix  
Hold your mouth don't say shit  
Walk through any borough  
that stretch from here past the tri-borough  
Better respect us dog we thorough  
Don't get confused  
We smashin crews, it's my rules  
Step incorrect and get abused  
I bring the ruck to any cats bringin drama  
Make 'em feel it, like Tupac's "Dear Mama"  
It can be pitch black and I'll spot ya  
BOOM! Kick in your door like Big Poppa

(vocoder box)

Never  
Xzibit  
DJ motherfuckin Quik  
Erick Sermon

(DJ Quik)

Ay, tell me what you get when your nigga Xzibit  
and Quik get down with the E Double?  
You get we trouble  
E, make the beat bubble  
Make the bass all on you shake they break out  
to the ground and dig em out of E rubble  
Partyin, happy that you shook the whole crib  
And if you got a pound E Dub I got dibs  
Cause this is how we do it here  
It's ironic that you done stepped into a room  
of purple hydroponic, fat booty bitches sparklin  
Tryin to take you to a star  
Tryin to get you to recognize they know who you are  
Can't you see the red carpet, they lay it out  
And if you got a fantasy Erick they play it out  
We big figure rap niggas; from the gate  
We been waited on and hated on since eighty-eight  
Now cross my dogs or cross my path and I'ma wet ya  
Way down from the Compton town, and I betcha that

(vocoder box)

(Xzibit)

Ha, yeah, ladies and gentleman  
Yeah, the bar is now open  
C'mon, yeah, it's on me  
C'mon, yeah  
Presented to you, AvireX to the Z  
Yeah, listen

I'm the spin doctor, Phantom of the Opera  
If this was '89 I would break you off proper  
Cockblocker, dump a few G's in my lolo  
Not dough hoe, my nigga Big Kam and Solo  
Dolo, most niggas react like a homo  
And when they wit a crowd now they wanna get loud  
Wanna act wild and act like your criminal file  
is stretchin a mile, but really got the heart of a child  
?? steal our tickets  
Extra points like a field goal kicker  
Like a fucked up D.A. wit a charge that ain't stickin  
I'm walkin away, a free man  
Cuz y'all niggas softer than sand  
Cuz we fuckin a fan and locin out wit your pan  
I fucked your mother, so now I'm the motherfuckin man!  
Break fool on the track like it's supposed to be  
And break bread with the real niggas close to me  
EPMD

(vocoder box)

C'mon, yeah, DJ Quik in the motherfuckin house  
Yeah, this dick in your mouth  
Ha, c'mon, yeah!  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, c'mon  
Yeah, you think it ain't?  
The West coast broadcastin live in 1999  
All the way bouncin through millenium  
Ha, c'mon, yeah  
Yo, millenium shit, yeah, c'mon, yo millenium shit  
Yeah, c'mon yo, millenium shit  
Yeah, yo, DJ motherfuckin Quik  
Yeah, yeah, ha, yo, yo  
Yeah, Green Eyed Bandit  
Yeah, bitch niggas can't stand it  
C'mon, yeah, keep 'em bouncin  
Yeah, R.I.P. Roger Troutman  
Yeah, yeah, c'mon, ha, yeah  
Yo.. yeah, what, yeah, yeah  
Hah, yeah  
Yeah it's the real niggas  
Yeah, bounce wit me, c'mon  
Yeah.. hahahaha nigga!

(vocoder box)

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