Erick Sermon, Home (Intro)

The Surgeon General of Chilltown, New York Has determined, that the sounds you're about to hear can be devestating, to your ear..

(Erick Sermon) Yeah, uh-huh, huh, Long Island Queens.. Brooklyn, Bronx, Manhattan Staten.. Y.O., uhh

Yo, E-Dub, I come from the gutter The Ving Rhames of rap, it's guns or butter I make things happen, rappin The game don't wanna act right, we kidnap it (Get on the floor!) Rob it like Napster There's gonna be slow-singin and flower bringin so call the pastor The Roger Moore of the rap game He's 007, I'm E-Double the veteran, the name (Erick!) The way I do it is Mean Joe Green Eyed Bandit, nigga check the pamphlet On my CD, you won't hear the same It's two special guests, and the rest is my name You won't hear the bling, or the champagne - nuttin You won't hear a nigga on the microphone frontin And no love songs, I'm not serenadin I'm just narratin the streets on my beats I'm a New York nigga, and Strawberry's home That's a New York nigga, and it gets no bigger Go figure; ch-ch-check out, check out, check out "My Melody" Bittin niggaz' style that's a Jayo Felony I'm a rap pioneer what you tellin me? This ain't hot in the street, so what you sellin me? That's a bootleg rap, shake dance Duke You a fluke, got proof and that's that

(Chorus: Erick Sermon)
Brooklyn, Bronx, Queens, Manhattan (uh-huh)
Chilltown, my nigga what's happenin?
"Chilltown, New York" (chill.. chill..)
It was all good just a week ago
Suffolk, Nausau, Yonkers, Staten
Chilltown, my nigga what's happenin?
"Chilltown, New York" (chill.. chill..)

(Erick Sermon)

Yeah, why didn't you make your own music? You thought Down South records'd do it - nope! You're you, and that's them Look in the mirror, that's you, and that's them - find yourself If 'Pac came back he'd be a mad muh'f**ker Now all y'all proceeds should be goin to his mother {?} get your money, your career was cute But y'all hoes will soon be exposed, open the doors The Don King of the rap ring, I bring the mic Promote the hype, be in Vegas that night, let's fight! Ding, there's nuttin more to it I'm takin back the city and that key you got to it - yep I'm the first one to bounce Down South A-T-L in ninety-two, I took that route - uh-huh Real recognize real Def Squad regime, the rap supreme, that's my team, yeah

(Chorus)