

# Erick Sermon, We Don't Care

Def Squad, J. Bleezy!  
Ha, com-bust-ya-ble, huh.. (AOWWWWW!)

(Verse One)

It's Erick, I'm back again, full fledged  
American flag in here so y'all pledge  
A few of y'all sold some albums, yeah congrats  
The game in trouble, I must rescue rap  
Yo, I'm a hero! Sometimes  
I feel the same way like the folks involved with Ground Zero  
And somebody owe me boy, I'm dead serious  
This year my Squad better blow to oblivious  
Yo, did you lose weight? Yeah, I got stamina  
Profile me like this and hold the camera  
I'm alone, so what y'all want do?  
Take over your faciliy like I'm +John Q+  
I rock mics, I Chris Rock, I Kid Rock  
I rock the house, like I'm RUN!!  
Rap conniseur, I rock Sean John velour  
B-boy stance and that's hardcore  
E-Dub, real name, no gimmicks  
Your style is over, finito, finished!  
You a parasite, type lyrical germ  
You a sucker MC in layman terms, and

(Chorus 2X: Def Squad)

We don't care nuttin bout you!  
Yeah, we don't care, we come up in the spot sayin oh yeah  
Oh yeah, throw your hands in the air  
Oh yeah, cause

(Verse Two)

Yeah, I got a track record, I spit fouls  
E don't stop, keep it grinding (GRIND-ING!) puts it down fo' sho'  
My figgedy flow is sick siggedy yo  
Watch me biggedy blow, and y'all niggedy know  
It's Def Squeezy, thirteen years in rap  
And now it's easy, I do things to please me  
YO - I come through so crazy  
I'm a "Stun'na," like M. Fresh and Baby  
Got more toys than Kay\*Bee, me and my yung'uns  
"Slow Down," before you receive a summons  
and get hit for speeding; I break a switch off a tree  
You catch a beating for y'all misleading (yeah!)  
Shame on you, when you step to, huh  
The Green Eyed Bandit, smile you on candid  
Rob J. Timberlake, I got Janet  
I'm "In Control" now - OHH WOW!  
Yeah cause that's how it is, and that's how I'm livin  
I bring turmoil like Mike and Robin Givens  
And watch me go off a-go off  
A yes yes y'all, and show off and show off, and yes

(Chorus)

(Verse Three)

Sermon, the word I preach to ya  
Control the airwaves so it can reach to ya  
The underground of rap ring, I'm David Tua  
The one round knockout, your eyeballs pop out  
High school dropout, I'm not gon' cop out  
I did the rhymin thing and now a truck I hop out  
"Fiesta," I'm down with R. Kelly shit  
I'm "Supa Dupa Fly," Missy Elliott

I stay focused, keep the same cycle  
Do me, proceed to rock the world like Michael  
Without Chris Tucker, with no Marlon Brando  
Just give enough for J-Lo to handle  
So scream at me, holla, smoke signals  
Morse code, try a 2-way, or telephone  
And I give it to ya, all day in street  
Two turntables a mic and breakbeat, cause

(Chorus)

(Redman)

You got about five seconds to get to the dance floor!  
{\*barking\*} You got about, two more seconds to get to the dance floor..