

# Funkmaster Flex, Freestyle - Erick Sermon

(feat. Erick Sermon)

Ooooooh! Ah ah! Word is bond  
Erick Sermon and Funkmaster Flex, ummmm  
This style come next, ummmm

Ooh! My style's miraculous  
Known like crack or angel dust up on the corner  
I'm dirty like pneumonia  
Stylistic, Erick makes the world go round  
I'm devious mischievous, and if y'all believe in this  
then cool, alrighty then  
Let's begin with this masquerade without George Benson's rendition  
Huh, don't forget boy I'm still Hittin Switches  
Hittin nubianses with rags or re-iches  
Whatever's clever, I still be the Funklord  
E Double, from EPMD from NYC  
My style starts more fights than hockey  
I Wayne Gretzky, on any MC  
Double or Nothing, raise your bets  
If you got it empty your pockets  
Shit take the gold off your watches  
Huh, I'm confidence  
I will Trailblaze you and your crew to Portland  
First class wearin WalkMans  
Now, who let the bones out the closet  
The fans cut you off like if they were Lorena Bobbitt's boy  
That's trifling, and was it deserved maybe  
That's more evil than Rosemary's baby  
Anybody outcast the E I'm doin him  
Try my best to ruin dem and outright screwin em  
From Boyz II Men, turn men to boys  
From child to kids for whatever dey did  
You dig? You crossed the wrong bridge and it's over  
It's rigged, with all types of deadly explosives  
Watch out, I'm Serious like Jermaine Jackson  
I call Red when it's Time 4 Sum Aksion  
I'm coming through with the ultimate  
Ultra-style-Magnetic, funkdaified shit from me Erick  
Who said the E can't rock? That's bullshit  
Suck my dick and get a big fat lick of my balls  
You wanna brawl? Punk I thought not  
You might get beat down, stomped like Sasquatch  
Your girl, like Keith Sweat, "I wanna..."  
Fuck her, psych I already stuck her  
Huh, I got rhymes to make your whole head swell up  
Here's an icepack homeboy shut the hell up  
Huh, Erick Sermon comes through  
I can't be stopped, I'm like a runaway train  
No Half-Steppin like if I was Kane  
I come through the crowd Rugged-Sluggish, to the Bone  
I grab the microphone niggaz know me, whassup homey  
Who wanna go through me  
I fuck around and blow him and repeats what they done  
I gets dumb, one two one  
Did your shit is done, one two