

## **Sermon Erick**

### **"All in the Mind"**

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featuring Soup

[Erick Sermon]

Oh.. yeahhuhh!

Def Squad

Chorus: Erick Sermon

It's all in the mind.. (Pump pump lickin shots!) \*7X\*

(Pump pump lickin shots)

[Erick Sermon]

Aiyyo it's the master rap maniac comin fat like dat

That's my habitat with the funk track

From the Boondocks when I rocks my styles out the docks

Who who? I hear someone knockin at my door

It must be Soup a black human bein

I think it's about time for y'all to see him

[Soup]

Sometimes I get blindsided with the flow, I never know

They yell HOE, assumin the motions of a cool flow

Notions of a cool, it's the S, Ohhhhhh

Never come test, nooooooooo, cause even the best'll have to

go out with the rest, Nestea and a bag of sess for me

Ackninckulous, I kill the weeds in my chest

[Erick Sermon]

Back on the rebound, it's the magnificents funkduhlah

Old schooler, more sole/soul than Dr. Scholl-ah

Freakin wicked so it sticks in your dome

On the chrome microphone so I take it home

Don't neglect, just respect, the mic check

Don't forget, I still snap necks and come correct

I leave the microphone burnin (burnin)

Green Eyed Bandit, my ? full name is Erick Sermon

[Soup]

Erick Sermon, sermon with the preaching

I'm fuckin up people's heads without speaking, without speaking

Clearly, loudly, niggaz crowd around the speaker

to hear me freak the, note like Tamika

But sweeter, sixty phoneta, sneaker if you

peep the, jams and you reap the fields

with the roots and uh, my name is Soup, and uh

I flow like orange juice or Tropicana, and uh

Chorus

[Erick Sermon]

Breaker breaker, shh, I hear some static

Stop and get my automatic, the rusty one from the attic

And shoot, or be killed, and if I ill I might cause

a bloodspill so I have to chill and get

totally disgusting on the microphone

Whyyyyyyyyyy, because it's onnnnn (it's on, IT'S ON)

It's on (IT'S ON, IT'S ON, IT'S ON, IT'S ON!!)

[Soup]

The industry is a trick, and everyone is on the dick

A cheap trick, just like ? like ?

I peep it, everyone, wants me to sound like

a ?, I'm dyin, before I get up from behind

It's crushin up the rush of the rhyme in my mind

Drink and trust - blind, think and trust - my, nine

Because, nine lives nine triggers

Fine rhymes equal the nine figures

Yeah the cold cash, I hold a bold stash

Yeah pockets next to my nineteen year old ass

Yeah, God bless the child with his own

God bless the roots and outsiders who zone

Motherfuckers caps, get bucked in the dome

Lick a shot, in his mad packed crazy chrome

Chorus (+ Soup shouting over)

[Soup]

Like that, but it's all words

Words can kill more pens, than guns, and friends

and foes, God knows, I chose the pros

that rose, still froze-n, chose-n, YOU

S-O-U and the P, E, R-I-C-K

Erick Sermon, kickin a rhyme this way

Yeah! It's all in, your mind

It's all in, my mind

It's all in, my mind

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