

Sermon Erick

"Erick Sermon"

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Erick Sermon]

Owww!

Word em up word em up yo

Yeah yeah word em up like dat

Erick Sermon's in effect

Def Squad that's the hype

One more time word

Yeah

Yeah mackadocious shit

Yeah

This is my openin E comin at ya lazy style

Versatile crazy wild with my profile

Dominatin the microphone on my own

Freakin it with the ill vocal tone

Outspoken here's a token of my appreciation

I bring drama like Jason

Who can see me? You better ask Superman

for his super vision, cause I'm on a fuckin mission

Test my skills, and I rearrange your fuckin grill

Will kill if I have to get ill

Get away, carry on, and step

like the S1's, cause my crew carry big guns

to blow up, anybody in the range

And plus I'm bad as Michael Jackson, even though he
+Dangerous+

E Double with the funk type shit

This is it, so get with the skit motherfucker

Who am I E.D. the Green Eyed Bandit

Who am I E.D. the Green Eyed Bandit

Heyyyyyy, Erick Sermon (word, that's my motherfuckin
name boy)

Who am I E.D. the Green Eyed Bandit

Who am I E.D. the Green Eyed Bandit

Heyyyyyy, Erick Sermon

Check this out!

I still get loose in the rap vocal booth

I know I can, I can like a train caboose

Smoke up the hardcore scene when I be rappin

I make it blacken yo, and make things happen

Why? I'm like the Michael Jackson of rap

I'm bad, plus I moonwalk over tracks

I am still, so a-mazin

I flex, punk and get funky for the occasion

Superstitious, so I kill black cats and all that

and buck em down with the gat

E Double in the house don't you know me

What's up homey loc, step and you get smoked

I have a dream like Martin Luther King
that one day, yo, I can do away
with the pitiful, and the critical wack MC's
Seperate the ocean, and throw em in between
Grab my nuts, hold em, becaues they're golden
with more wins than Hulk Hogan
It's the future, of a dope producer
on the rise, the hype is my green eyes
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Heyyyyyy, Erick Sermon
Aowww, part three!
Shhhhh, quiet, your rap style's tired
The stores can't sell it, the fans won't buy it
Hell no - even if it was sold at an auction
Boy get rid of it, like an abortion
Word is bond, you made a mistake
and struck out, while I'm home safe at the plate
Def Squad, act like you know, backed by Russell
And that word to me means dough
Cause look -- I've been rich and I've been poor
Now I'm back in the door hardcore

So whattup Duke peace to the crew

Def Squad's in the house gettin wrecktafied beaucoup

Motherfucker!

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