

## Sermon Erick

### "Move On"

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featuring Redman Passion

Intro:

(laughing) Yeah coming to you like yeah you know  
another one of those

flavorishis mackadoshis sour cream and onion type  
flavor.

Redman:

I rule the world like Kurtis Blow with my afro blown

I'm torn out the frame drunk style stagger like Ned the  
Wino

For black albino I'm like suicide on vinyle

The type of antidope shit you have to keep away from  
my nose

And I'm the, bombest rhymer, check my steez

My vocals are like vaginas, wet an MC's when they open

My identities, blows facilities to ememies please test  
these abilities

I'm rugged, I pack a 24 studded, karrot automatic, 45  
nigga slugger

So ring thee alarm, when your TV is on, I react freakin'  
to songs

When bitches see me perform, bitches say I strickly  
brake vertibraes

Bones back, chinky eyed like Japs I blow states off the  
map

Just by eye contact

Hook:

Don't get it twisted and if you do, you best to move on  
move on

"Rock, rock on" - Redman (x4)

Erick Sermon:

Yeah, I shut down things for the moment, what?

Paying my dues for them fake ass crews (yeah)

Who be claimin' to be the shit y'all stop

Gimmicks, hard core lyrics for an image

I'm stompin' 'em the beast wompin' 'em

Brain damage is caused, girls drop they drawers to the  
ground

I be's the Effect like Wrecks, rhyme skills be shooting  
off like two black

techs

Somebody stop me I'm smoking like Mask

Shut your mouth, he's a bad, uh, like Shaft

The E-Double bring the dopest material, way out  
cosmic type

Alcoholic whisky type funk for your sissys (word up)

Huh, I take it to the streets, if you can't run up on my  
turf then get some

cleats

I let one nigga slide in 93, but this year, he's fuckin'  
history

Hook (X4)

Passion:

Strick nine rules the mind on the verge of destruction

Blood starts to boil like a lyrical combustion, eruption

Insane no pressure no pain, niggas falling off it's strain  
to maintain

They be killing me, trying to preach to me, teach to me

I got a PHD in funkology

You got your bachelors and your masters in the field of  
dramatics

The lyrical are bringing the static from the attic, so  
cock your automatics

I've had it up to here, you niggas are in danger

You better stand clear, no hugs no love and kiss  
mainstream America

They just ain't ready for this, cause I'm nice as shit

Niggas be having fits, the Squad of Def be smacking  
hits after hits

And what's goin' on in your mind I can feel it

Tremors in the body has caused for the healin'

Hook (x4)

Outro:

You know what I'm sayin'? Things is hot in the tunnel  
out in here you know

what I'm sayin'? Ah, N-Y-C streets is love, it's hot in the  
summer, um,

spring, winter and fall things are just lovely, sweet &  
sour sauce. Doin'

this y'all feel this. I feel you

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