

## Sermon Erick "Swing It Over Here"

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featuring Keith Murray Redman

"Kick it over here baby pop!"

Chorus: Murray Sermon others

[KM] Swing it over here!

[all] Yo swing it over here!

[KM] Swing it over here!

[all] C'mon swing it over here!

[KM] Y'all swing it over here!

[all] Yo swing it over here!

[KM] Come swing it over here!

[Red] Yo swing it over there!

Verse One: Keith Murray

My rap style is swift like boom bips

so come get a whip, and a bump, it's rough

Crews couldn't hold it in handcuffs

The ordeal is that I'm raw ill on the mic

Switchin my styles up like a transvestite (word)

I think of competition as ?? and

Keith Murray is the vocabulary champ

?Come in against deep notable to breach lines?

I'll make you make the same mistake twice three or

four times

and nobody got a style like this

You could say, I got my thinking cap on backwards

I'll demolish the retarded smartest rap artists

regardless, tryin to scream the hardest

I fuck your head up like amphetamines with L.O.D.

Then bend you out of shape like a master Yogi

I put my head through your chest, just to see

who's next in line, just to get wrecked

I makes contact, bust the interlude

I take my skills to another level like qualudes

And you couldn't hear me out; cause the type of shit

I converse about'll drag your brain in the  
slaughterhouse

Chorus: change to [all] throughout

Verse Two: Erick Sermon

Cling cling, somebody tell me something

Why I got more props than Don King without bouncing  
boxing rings?

\*ding ding\* I be the flyest guy you ever sawr on the  
microphone

Rip the shit to pieces, so leave me alone

Check me out, the way I freak the mode

The active half flippin shit so split 'fore I explode -  
BOOM!

So umm, pay attention, before I put you and your crew  
on suspension

for being closed minded to my invention

Yo, I rock on reel when I record oh my lord

The world full of jackers so I keep my shit stored

When I rock the microphone I rock it right

and keep it hardcore and more blacker than Wesley Snipes

To my crew there's no match

You want more funk then here's another batch, yo I

Chorus: [all] throughout

"The Redman that's what they call me" --> EPMD's  
'Headbanger' (repeat 3X)

[ED] Oh no, here comes the Funkadelic Redman

Verse Three: Redman

Aoowwwwhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh my goodness! Could  
this be

the funk that I was stretching out my lungs

Funkadelic sums up \*nasal inhale\* I clear the mucus

Stick tissue up my nose to stop the snot from makin  
spots

To be or not I still give niggaz polka dots for plots

Now Richard Dawson had a survey sayin that I was  
awesome

Throw on your Walkmans while I pour the funk sauce in  
your coffins

WAKE UP! While the blunt's laced up just to pick the  
pace up

My style's freaky, nasty like ?Seka? pussy papers

when I raped her, you don't know check the four-uno-  
uno you know

That funk mixture that gets your body, holy like  
scriptures

Now right about now I'm settin off a bomb to blow the  
Empire

to ashes -- cause my shit's more raw than niggaz  
stashas

Massive funk, swingin bangin bent up while I fucked ya

I'm rough enough ta, fuck up another white man's  
trucker

Redman's evil like the board of ouiji, niggaz could  
smoke

a whole pound of weed and couldn't see me off the TV

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