

Sermon Erick

"Tell Em"

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Intro:

You about to come through right. (Yeah don't stress it.)
You about to come

through. (I got this check this out man.) You ain't gonna
front on me (I

ain't gonna front on niggas man.) Make sure man I'm
tellin' you right now.

(Check this out. What I'm about to do right now.) You
gonna kick it word

up. Ha

Erick Sermon:

Personal ggats I gots about 11 without weapons I swing
more bats than K7

Plus, I'm soup like Campbell without heaven

Some rappers pack great big guns like Frank Drebbin

In this century I uphold the crown, for bringin' Flavor In
Ya Ear

Plus I'm Gettin' Down, I manuver techniques for species
of all kinds

The third, yours and mine, introduction is in full effect

I come with the mothership and some other shit

Yeah all the way live like a concert

The most respected brother, puttin' in some work

Hook:

Yeah if you got a crew you better tell em.

E kicks rhymes from the cerebellum. Don't slip or you
won't be around next

year

"Well heres a little something that needs to be heard." -
Slick Rick

Rosalyn:

Check the poetry in motion, from this bom bazi smokin'

Bitch that get you open, it's mess if you tangle with my
tresses

Cause I posses gifts that's wickedder than Hexas

That explode on the scene be all means, I be flushing
MC's like queens

And none of y'all can see me, got more boom bom than
Manzini

Your style is strickly primi, and I stomp with the big
dogs

Off the wall with a crew that rough enough to Rush
Limbaugh

We stay, strapped, part of Packed Pistol Posse

I represent through mind soul and body

In any form I'm doin' work over beat breaks

Now even cheap skates is peepin' my tape release date

Word born, I'm comin' in like a swarm

Then I'm gone before you can ring the alarm

Hook

Keith Murray:

A-yo catch this word bubonic plaque, in your head back
chest arms and legs

When I'm coming through grab your cranium for

ultimatum

Punk I faze them subterrarium, my subliminals mix with
criminal chemicals

Got more milk than syllabals then alphabet cereal

Place your bet and your whole entourage will get wet

That's a promise cause the squad don't make threats

I'm a, graceful poet with some distic ballistics, above
and beyond all that

other bullshit

Linguistics will bless a anticeptive, nerve wreckin',
conceptive or

consistant contestant

My deviant delieverance be leavin' MC's in the state of
malmet depressive

(word up)

Damaging your medulla, cerebrum and cerebellum,
you got a crew you better

tell em

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