

**Erick Onasis****"Lil Crazy"**

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[erick sermon]

Hey young world, one two, one two  
Check it out y'all  
Uhh, shadz of lingo in the house  
E double's in the house with def squad  
On the funky fresh track with shadz of lingo

Mic check one two, yo you got my nerves jumpin  
around  
And \_humpin' around\_ like bobby brown across town  
I ain't with that, so don't cramp my style  
Step off me, I'm hyped like I had a pound of coffee  
Yo how could you ask what I'm doin  
When I'm pursuin, gettin funky with my crew and  
My input brings vibes unknown like e.t.  
Makes me phone home to my family  
Cling, hello mom, I'm doin it, freakin more fame  
Than batman played by michael keaton  
I crossed over, let me name someone that's black  
With fame, and pockets that are fat  
Heyyy, erick sermon, he's one  
Packs a gun, that's bigger than malcolm's  
Out the window, I look for a punk to get stupid  
So I can shoot his ass like cupid  
E 2 bingos, down with the shadz of lingo  
Here to bust out the funky single  
Ahh shit, there goes my pager  
I'll see you later, because yo

Chorus: erick sermon

Every now and then, I get a little crazy (4x)

[shadz of lingo - 1]

One two how can I do it? I guess I'll spit the real  
Yo I pack much dick, with the cover made of steel hoe  
Yes yes, never fessed or settled for less  
One clown stepped, and got a hole in the fuckin chest  
From the a.k., somebody scream mayday  
Took the sucker out, cause he clowned me on a payday  
The funk is flowin to the maximum

From the e double, while I kick the facts to them  
Check a chill brother with class, rough enough  
To run up and snatch the spine out a niggaz ass  
Grip the steel when caps peeled, here to chill on the  
real  
And don't give a motherfuck how you feel  
Thinkin you're steppin to this, I kinda doubt it  
Ain't with the bullshit, so you can write a fuckin book  
about it  
The big nigga with the bud and I'm on that  
E kick the beat and yo you shoulda known that

Chorus

[shadz of lingo - 2]

Yo it's the lingo of the shadz  
Droppin that mellow but mad mackadocious  
Melodious metaphorical music with mo' shit  
That you used to, and stylin that you ain't  
What else I got to do but draw the pictures with paints?  
{\*feedback\*} oh no, there's my mic squeakin  
A soundman's body turnin up every weekend  
Some think I done the killin, you know I can't remember  
I can't recall a full week since this past december  
And mics catchin fire 'fore I get the chance to touch em  
Yo al. b catch the buddha lightin torches, i'ma bust em  
But don't rush em, leave the pyromaniac alone he  
heard the words  
To hit em on the red dot and knows I'm thinkin bout  
murder  
Run {run} hide {hide} you can't {can't} escape  
{scape}  
The hit {the hit's} on, I got the {got the} papes  
{papes}  
Dodge {dodge} red {red} lasers {lasers} scannin  
{scannin}  
Brings {brings} fly {fly when} rhymes {rhymes}  
landin {landin}  
Let me go .. no .. yo, I'm straight {straight}  
Chill {chill}, yo I need auhhhh, air, wait {wait}  
Cross {cross} fade {fade's} a killer {killer} style and  
{style and}  
Where's the {where's the} soundman  
Tell me {tell me} was I whylin {whylin}  
Cause {cause}

Chorus

[erick sermon]

Hey young world  
Check me out, check me, check me out

Hey young world  
New york's in the house  
Def squad's in the motherfuckin, house  
New york's in the motherfuckin, house  
Rowdy records in the motherfuckin, house  
Def squad's in the motherfuckin, house  
E.d.'s in the motherfuckin house (def jam boy)  
Shadz of lingo in the motherfuckin house  
Peace.. and we out (russell simmons boy)  
Word

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