## Erick Sermon "Ain't No Future. . . . 2001"

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"To the beat y'all" -> Flavor Flav {\*repeats throughout intro\*}

[Intro: Erick Sermon] Yeah, peace to MC Breed Def Squad, 2002, uh

[Verse One]

Aiyyo this sound hard, somethin funky people gon' dance to

Give the record a second, and a chance to Hittin people like a scene of amazement Floored by Erick Sermon arrangement

Frontin I can never do (uh-huh)

So now I'm lookin dead at you, so what you gonna do?

You checkin out the sounds of a scholar

You say, "Hi E - tell 'em HOLLA, HOLLA!"

I'm the E Double, and I proclaim my name

Straight up big game, peep all gangs

I'm like a rhino, stomp through the roughest pack

They figure I'm a trigga happy nigga so they step back

E, the microphonest

Who last the longest and who the strongest?

It's not a game, it's plain to see (ha)

Check out the sounds of E, and the Squad of D

"To the beat y'all" -> Flavor Flav {\*repeats 5X\*}

Y'knahmsayin? Ain't no future in yo' frontin

[Verse Two]

I never got caught with a kilo

If you ever do, it would never be with me yo

I ain't the one to be servin up a ki' yo

I sell work, but it's more like sellin beats yo

Yo - I never have to worry about me gettin jumped

If I ever do, R-E-D, pop the trunk

Me and my crew, got somethin for all y'all (uhh)

When I'm on the mic, don't play at all

I clock mad G's a week, boomin at my peak

Everytime the E's asked to program a beat

I put it down like this for everybody

Then throw a Def Squad cool out party
Takin over, barkin like a doggie named Rover
(Woof!) I'm pickin suckers like a four-leaf clover
They bitin lyrics on the mic cause they cobras
Are they sayin E.D.'s? Cause ain't no future in yo'
frontin

"To the beat y'all" -> Flavor Flav {\*repeats 5X\*}

Ain't no future in yo' frontin

## [Verse Three]

Yo, I'm the E, D-O-U-B-L-to the E and Down with my homey Keith, and the R-E-D and Niggaz talk shit cause we still be disagreein I don't give a FUCK cause I'm from N.Y.C. In the city, where pretty ones low If you ever shoot through my city NOW YOU KNOW We get biz, and we got pride

If you don't feel this, then nigga break wide
Cats be lookin, for the M-O-N-E-Y
Livin illegal, is the way, so they die
Cause I ain't got time, to see if things work out
Things get hard I'm robbin no doubt
That be the way, E.D. can not be different
Never change the ways of the world of the government
If I was the President, I'd stay fat
Leave it up to me, I'd paint the White House black
Ain't no future in yo' frontin

"To the beat y'all" -> Flavor Flav {\*repeats 5X\*}

Ain't no future in yo' frontin

## [Verse Four]

Yo, I got dough in my pocket, not from rollin

If I was a fiend then my gold would be stolen

Put my name E, on everything I own

My Excursion truck, outlined in chrome

Shined up good, ride through your neighborhood

StarTec phone, fat rims, and the Kenwood

Music kicked around and, can I have a drop?

Just because I'm ridin people think I'm sellin rocks

Ain't no future in yo' frontin

"To the beat y'all" -> Flavor Flav {\*repeats 5X\*}

Ain't no future in yo' frontin!

[Verse Five]

Yo, I'm cool to the rules of the world Livin life raw, cause I never liked the law Wear top ten on my ass my own jeans Sell the game, tit for tat to the fiends Make much dough but never break a sweat Time to move out? My niggaz sayin BET You got my back and I got yours What time is it? Tear down the doors

"To the beat y'all" -> Flavor Flav {\*repeats 3X\*} Ain't no future in yo' frontin
"To the beat y'all" -> Flavor Flav {\*repeats 2X\*} Ain't no future in yo' frontin
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"To the beat y'all" -> Flavor Flav {\*repeats 2X\*}

[Erick Sermon]
Uhh, yo, combustible, uhh
Uhh, yeah, huh, Def Squad
Huh, PPP yeah uhh
Funky Noble y'all, huh uh, Phillie addict uh
Keith Murray word up uh-huh
Uh-huh, yeah, Daytona y'all
Uhh, uhh, Khari uh-uh
Sy Scott, uh, what? How we do what?
Uh, all day baby
Def Squad, uh, uh peace to MC Breed
Uh-huh, yo, uh-huh, yeah yeah
Check it out y'all, uh

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