

## **Erick Sermon**

# **"Boy Meets World"**

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I want to know of you, I want to know of you  
Xross Breeds in the house representin' Queens  
I'm gonna send this out to, um, those fake  
So-called keepin' it real, ha ha, check it out

I gets the urge to let loose on shit  
Bringin' the vibe like Phife Dog and Q-tip  
Midnight black darkness, it's the area  
Or place that's distinctive enough to trace

The bass, my tune throughout the room  
And if you want it, it's here to consume  
Now let's warm things up for instance a witness  
As I break it down up in this sentence

He, who shall not follow the funk shall fall, on they face  
Not able to dip di in the place, my style is vintage  
Doper than any wine on the market  
Mics I spark it, flying tracks is my target  
(Def squad)

I handles my situation without lyrics form Jason's  
I still get's ill, beeotch even from the jealousy I recieve  
You can't hold me back, I won't retreat  
I'm determined to be the nicest creation since devices  
Or Italian ices, no matter what the problem is  
I still, ah 1-2, in your face like I'm Biz

Boy meets world, I want to know of you  
I want to know of you  
I wanna know if you feel me though  
I wanna know if you feel me though

I wanna know if you feel me though  
I wanna know if you feel me though  
I wanna know if you feel me though

I wanna know if you feel me though  
I wanna know if you feel me though  
I wanna know if you feel me though

I believe in the power of the conscience mind

And if you think something then it becomes something  
like  
If I had to battle a whole crew, if I couldn't beat them  
Then my conscience would defeat them, yeah

I wouldn't put my career in jeopardy  
But I will let something off  
If these people keep stressing me  
This is madness, I wish I was around  
When that midnight train to Georgia picked up Gladys

Listen close, life is just what you make of it  
If you wanna be happy like Mary J.  
Then hey, then get rid of negativity in your  
circumference  
Or outside your realm in mass abundance

Knowing that the industry is fulling up  
With drama got some hype  
(Fakness from people of all types)  
Even the so-called keepin' it real type  
Stars are frauds, get the sword

And the question is asked  
Who is the fake nigga? Who is the fake brother  
That is always fuckin' up your shit  
You wanna know how a niggas fake?

Check it out, sit back and you focus  
Your shit from a general perspective  
And if your shit ain't lookin' tight

There's a fake nigga in your circumference  
And that's word is born for the 9-5 area  
'Cause Def Squad forever, reigning much terror

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