

## **Erick Sermon**

### **"Can U Hear Me Now"**

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#### **"Can U Hear Me Now"**

Yo, this what hip-hop is comin to?  
You can say whatever on the mic and when?  
Let me see if you can hear me now when I'm doin this

Uh-huh, uh-huh, yeah, E. Sermon and ("Kurtis Blow!")  
Can you hear me now? Good  
Can you hear me now? Good  
("Turn it up!") Don't take this serious  
("One, two, three four hit it!")

#### *[Erick Sermon]*

Yo check one two, mic's on  
I'm well known like the Osbournes  
Me - I love Kelly  
See us both in the bed man, touchin bellies  
This here "Pimp Juice," I got from Nelly  
I got "Punk'd," show it on the telly, damn  
My eyes green like Yoda, get cream like soda  
Two thousand ("FOUR") means a brand new motor  
Phoenix, capitol of Arizona  
But that means nuttin, I'm just sayin somethin  
Spare the moment them niggaz is suspect  
I took a line from Keith Murray off his first cassette  
I never took my dog to the vet  
And I download songs off the net  
But you would rather hear some rapper brag  
Meanwhile, bombs bein dropped over Baghdad

#### *[Chorus: x2]*

Can you hear me now? Good  
Can you hear me now? Good  
("Turn it up!") Can you hear me now? Good - Can you  
hear me now? Good  
Can you hear me now? Good

#### *[Erick Sermon]*

Check it, yo it's Erick I'm down by law  
("TWO") plus ("TWO") equals ("FOUR")  
I got no time to razzle and dazzle  
I'm in the crib with dad playin Scrabble

I'm usin words like rat, cat  
Cheating cause I wrote down Brat  
And Brat's a rapper and you can't use names  
Oh yeah, the Lakers lost last night's game  
I caught me a flick I saw X-Men 2  
"Where My Dawgs At?" I'm a X fan too  
I'm black like Kunta, my girl got the badoonka  
Let me introduce ya ("Hi I'm Big Sexy")  
And this ain't got shit to do with nuttin  
I'm on the microphone frontin  
But this here wins, so I'ma say whatever to get spins  
I got a Benz with rims, uh

*[Chorus]*

*[Erick Sermon]*

Uh, so mean, never seen the green, knahmean?  
This jump off need two trampolines  
Rock hard jeans sag low, new Timberlands  
I works it like Missy and Timbaland  
Cuban link chain hang E emblem  
Chick 'round me multiplyin like Gremlins  
Word to my momma, I bring drama  
Like Osama, I'ma problem, period comma  
I come through with the Bizkit, Limp'n  
The Underground Kingz in the building, pimpin  
Oh no, they must be feelin me  
Pinch me now, this don't feel real to me  
Oh yeah, it's my son's communion  
Next month is my fan's reunion  
Write this down in your pad  
I'm thirty-("FOUR") and a half, and yeah I'm a Sagg'

*[Chorus]*

*[Chorus: w/ ad libs to fade]*

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