

## **Erick Sermon** **"Chillin'"**

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I don't care, Sermon, ayo, Talib Kweli  
Come on, Whip, Def Squad, uh, yeah  
Brooklyn, Long Island, uh-huh, Red Hook, what?  
Hah, Chilltown, let's go, once again, back is the  
incredible

Yup, the rhyme animal, a different sample though  
I change the flow so it go with the music  
Yes, I'm doin' this for y'all amusement  
This here's serious, look your reaction

Kid, you ain't never seen Dubs in action, no  
A veteran, I flow like I'm young, what?  
Yup, he sold more records but son sucked  
Call me washed up, yeah, talk about me

I sound like me, you sound like Jay-Z  
Duke, speak breezy, I come and touch you  
Kid, I ain't never scared, homey, I bone crush you  
Watch E do his thing

If this don't work, come back like boomerang  
Testin', microphones are o-o-on, I'm g-g-gone  
I don't care  
(New York, stand up)

Yeah, I'm on the block, man, chillin'  
I'm parked by the Rucker park, I'm just chillin'  
Underground love my spot, I'm just chillin'  
I'm in the big truck so  
(I don't care)

Hah, yeah, I'm at the crib, man, chillin'  
With Whip and my nigga Talib, we just chillin'  
It's like that, you know how it is, we just chillin'  
And I get the paper so  
(I don't care)

MC and ma, people call me Whip  
I'm just chillin' all alone, no one to be with, man  
I took long but I'm finally here  
The most anticipated chick of the year, cheaugh

I came to flip and reverse game  
Every dude that I touch get whipped like my first name  
And although I'm prissy, don't get it confused  
I don't need to mess with you, I've got plenty of dudes

Got the caramel skin, on the parallel twin  
Heads keep turnin' like a carousel spins  
I know for a fact, these women are sick  
'Cause these hoes can't mess with this Dominican chick

Got the flag on my arm, it proves I am the bomb  
All I do is speak Spanish and it works like a charm  
I been ready, 'cause I payed my dues  
Yo, this goes out to my Brooklyn crew

I don't care  
Yo

You might catch me on the train, okay, I'm just, chillin'  
I ain't too big for the game, I'm just chillin'  
I got the whole Red Hook with me chillin'  
Roll through if you want 'cause  
(I don't care)

Yo, Def Squad got the girl and now I'm just chillin'  
I'm on the block, real tough, just chillin'  
Y'all non-rappin' chicks can keep chillin'  
Talk if you want 'cause  
(I don't care)

Ayo, E is chillin', Kwe is chillin'  
Whip in the house, Brooklyn in the buildin'  
Blood on the dance floor, sweat on the ceilin'  
When you get that feelin' that gun concealin' is a hobby

Nobody stealin' shows like Kweli  
Workin' on a new project while you chillin' in the lobby  
Keep it thorough, ain't real, guns don't kill  
People kill people but the Sun don't chill

But still, I stand cooler than a Minnesota winter  
Nigga, hotter than the blocks where guns bust over  
dinner  
Plus, all the sinners got dreams they runnin' after  
Workin' a 9 to 5 now, is like you hustlin' backwards

That's why all these young girls in love with the rappers  
Basketball players and up-and-comin' actors  
Swimmin' with the sharks and flirtin' with disaster  
When the things you own start ownin' you, they your

master

Yeah  
I don't care

I got the yak in the back of the club, I'm just chillin'  
With Whip and my nigga E Dub, we just chillin'  
Nobody give a fuck about you, we chillin'  
But I smack the shit out you, like  
(I don't care)

So if you really wanna know how it is, I'm just chillin'  
Like audio, tune milk and kids, we chillin'  
Material things that we shit, I'm just chillin'  
You brag about what you got but  
(I don't care)

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