

Erick Sermon

"Fan Mail"

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(AZ) Baby bring that ashtray in here

Aight

(AZ) And bring my mail it's on top of the counter

Here baby

(AZ) Check, what's this

I don't know some mail came thru today

(AZ) Fishscale, Professional, what's this about men
lemme see what this about

Anyway, the food will be ready in 20 minutes

Peace Allah, hope tha scribe reach ya hands in good
health

As for self, no sense of worrying my cards been dealt

Sunk in a cell, fishscale, fifth year of my bid

Finally got a chance recent to connect with my kids

It's kinda hard thru carelessness I scared they moms

And temporary I was barred voluntary the bond

Nevertheless, it's issues I need to address

Pertaining the certain statements that made me

confess

Faced with life, it bites when reality hit

And wit crime come a lot of technicality shit

Thru many co-defendants conspiracies linking

Like the court system designed to keep the mind from
thinking

Fog ya vision, guess it's just the odds of living

But like me, most great men became god in prison

Since Illmatic, first heard ya bars of life

I was up in Cansaki, *****s started to fight

You touched souls to a lost population of men

And no doubt, if ever out they'll never lock me again

Faced wit 10 on state time, wit life on the back

It's fucked up when your own folks ain't writing you
back

Learn to relax, spoke wit certain cats that helped adapt
You know the streets to the pen it's kinda hard to
transact
All the cars and the pretty women, condos,
The clothes and the city living
I seen division, breakdown of the population
It's either submit, death or incarceration I felt the
combination
Torn between reality rap and the fakes
Some do it for the salary cap few relate
And been thru what I been thru at least in fraction
So when they spit you could feel the passion I see you
maxin'
That Nas and that Jigga riff started some shit
It departed the prison system we should argue a bit
It's a glimpse of what's to come
The past follow, hold the voice just hunger me holdin'
my last bottle
I live like that of a star without the title, I had to write
you
It's beyond trying to enlight you
It's a token of appreciation for being that poet with no
abbreviations
Much respect from us all wish you much success
Get yours take money nigga fuck the rest I'm signing
off
And leave in the way that I greet and say peace
Keep in mind always rep the streets, you that nigga.

Word,..... Gotta write homey back

(AZ) Ayo, boo I got any more of that mail out there

Got a few more

(AZ) You gotta read this one, the shit right here is
deep, man

Alright, gimme a minute

(AZ) Okay, What's this one right here
oh shortie from Nashville, alright lemme see this

AZ, this is Camille since Sugarhill been a fan
And since then to me you still a man
A real card player rarely reveals his hand
And sincerely, I could say the hood feel ya jam
I sit and listen to your last edition
Washing dishes in the kitchen
Or twisting the baby dreads on little Christian
It's so sickening his father we both miss him

He was killed in a '99 car collision
I guess the best ones God get them the tar sniff 'em
It's just the way it is in this bizarre system
You remind me of his one concerning words when you
speak
You and him both got that funny type of slur in y'all
speech
At night it's like his face just emerge in my sleep
I smoke herb so that grief can stop disturbing my
peace
My life's deep, it coincide with the way that you rap
I hate it when them commentators say that you back
You never left you was always years ahead of the rest
My baby-father even felt your style he say you was best
How you dress how you move when you in the public
Without a lot of luggage gotta love it that's how you
thug it...

Know that, that's right, it's bigboy, okay, okay

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