

## **Erick Sermon "Home (Intro)"**

Visit "[Home \(Intro\)](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

The Surgeon General of Chilltown, New York  
Has determined that the sounds you're about to hear  
Can be devastating to your ear

Yeah, uh huh, huh, Long Island  
Queens, Brooklyn, Bronx, Manhattan  
Staten, Y.O., uhh

Yo, E-Dub, I come from the gutter  
The Ving Rhames of rap, it's guns or butter  
I make things happen, rappin'  
The game don't wanna act right, we kidnap it

Get on the floor, rob it like Napster  
There's gonna be slow singin' and flower bringin' so  
call the pastor  
The Roger Moore of the rap game  
He's 007, I'm E-Double the veteran, the name

Erick, the way I do it is Mean Joe  
Green Eyed Bandit, nigga check the pamphlet  
On my CD, you won't hear the same  
It's two special guests and the rest is my name

You won't hear the bling, or the champagne nuttin'  
You won't hear a nigga on the microphone frontin'  
And no love songs, I'm not serenadin'  
I'm just narratin' the streets on my beats

I'm a New York nigga and Strawberry's home  
That's a New York nigga and it gets no bigger  
Go figure, ch-ch-check out, check out, check out my  
melody  
Bittin' niggaz' style that's a Jayo Felony

I'm a rap pioneer what you tellin' me?  
This ain't hot in the street, so what you sellin' me?  
That's a bootleg rap, shake dance Duke  
You a fluke, got proof and that's that

Brooklyn, Bronx, Queens, Manhattan  
Chilltown, my nigga what's happenin'?

Chilltown, New York, Chilltown, New York  
It was all good just a week ago  
Suffolk, Nausau, Yonkers, Staten  
Chilltown, my nigga what's happenin'?  
Chilltown, New York, Chilltown, New York

Yeah, why didn't you make your own music?  
You thought Down South records'd do it, nope  
You're you and that's them  
Look in the mirror, that's you and that's them, find  
yourself

If 'Pac came back he'd be a mad muh'fucker  
Now all y'all proceeds should be goin' to his mother  
[Incomprehensible] get your money, your career was  
cute  
But y'all hoes will soon be exposed, open the doors

The Don King of the rap ring, I bring the mic  
Promote the hype, be in Vegas that night, let's fight  
Ding, there's nuttin' more to it  
I'm takin' back the city and that key you got to it yep

I'm the first one to bounce Down South  
A T L in ninety-two, I took that route, uh-huh  
Real recognize real, Def Squad regime  
The rap supreme, that's my team, yeah

Brooklyn, Bronx, Queens, Manhattan  
Chilltown, my nigga what's happenin'?  
Chilltown, New York, Chilltown, New York  
It was all good just a week ago  
Suffolk, Nausau, Yonkers, Staten  
Chilltown, my nigga what's happenin'?  
Chilltown, New York, Chilltown, New York

Visit [Erick Sermon](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.