

Erick Sermon

"It's Nuttin'"

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Yo, uh, Erick Sermon
Yo, uh, huh, J
Khari Santiago, uh, uh, uh
Daytona, uh-uh, uh
Uh-huh, sixteen machines
Uh, yo yo

Aiyyo, Mark, turn me up
Watch DJ's in the club burn me up like 'new music'
Same dog, Boss Hog, my style's Hazard, Duke
The truth? I'm big enough to Skywalk with Luke
I am revolutionary, rhyme ready
Phase one, mic, stage, one, yo, let's go
Jump, jump - or feel the react of this
Pump, pump - twelve gauge'n blaze (uhh)
Everytime I bring it hard for them niggaz
Like new whips, out the garage for them niggaz, like
Here's somethin for those who see past
The new MB with the spaceship dash
I come through in a two-thousand-fo'
Chicks holla out, 'UH-OH!' like I'm Nelly
Yo, I come with the real front page
Like Dame did, homeboy in 'Backstage'

Aiyyo, watch us do it (go 'head baby)
Ain't nuttin to it (go 'head baby)
You had your chance and blew it (go 'head baby)
All my niggaz are - move it's nuttin

Aiyyo, watch us do it (go 'head baby)
Ain't nuttin to it (go 'head baby)
You had your chance and blew it (go 'head baby)
All my niggaz are - move it's nuttin

E'rybody in the club better up them thangs
When it's beef, best believe I up that thang
Five seconds or less to up that chain
When I clutch that thang and, touch yo' brain
I'm, seventeen with twenty inches on Impala
Retros and Naughty sweats, out to make a dollar
Now most ya cats couldn't picture this, consecutive hit
After hit, it's ridiculous, conspicuous

Talk that I speak when I walk down the street
Yeah I walk with the heat and I talk to the beat
For the haters, that say 'Tona don't got it
Pants stay low and the flow stay knotted
It ain't the game, it's the players involved
World premier motherf**ker with a bunch of co-stars
Watch got mad colors like a bowl of Trix
Niggaz broke they whole life but still a benefit

Aiyyo, watch us do it (go 'head baby)
Ain't nuttin to it (go 'head baby)
You had your chance and blew it (go 'head baby)
All my niggaz are - move it's nuttin

Uh, I roll with major hitters, Dutch and Vega splitters
I know what y'all thinkin - it's a takeover
The unfriendly zone, young guns is older
You'll get smashed, need Jenny Jones to makeover
Your face, I'm high because I hate sober
Pussy patrol pull up in the Range Rover
And you get to know that don't want to know ya (that's
right)
I hit chickens like I had pads on my shoulders
Slick with this, ridiculous
Rap bidness you're soft with bitch in parenthesis
My sentences'll make the hottest modern rappers
Feel defenseless, jumpin over fences
I'm accommodating all ya hatin lyricists
Spiritual lift, kidney shift
Ribs is cracked, lips is split, necks are slit
I do all kinda extra shit, heck with it
We the hecklers in the front, checkin ya texture
Ya teflon don't protect, waist down and neck up
I trailer park and just trash ya rap up
Ya want some more? F**k it, wait until the next cut

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