

## **Erick Sermon**

# **"Now What's Up"**

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### **"Now What's Up"**

(feat. Keith Murray, Redman, Sy Scott)

*[Keith Murray]*

Yo - now when you hear the name Keith Murray don't  
think violence  
That's nonsense, me and Meth, put that to silence  
I'm a product of the streets master of the breaks and  
beats  
Lyrical headstrong and can't be beat  
Triple-minded mentally-combined underground  
pirate  
Microphone tyrant, always comin sideways  
and topsy turvy, lyrical crash-up derby  
Come, Filthy McNasty, pretty gritty dirty (uh-huh)  
Lyrical sayin MC slayin, "Hip Hop Quotable"  
Unquotable sociable thirty-eight caliber style swayin  
Open your mind to visualize what I'm sayin  
The products of the streets don't be playin  
It's a bloody ambush like a dirty douche in ya tush  
when I push push up in ya bush  
Superstar status, break off beats the baddest  
Style's the baddest, bring extra clips to stop the  
madness

*[Chorus: Erick Sermon]*

Yo, we in the place - now what's up?  
DJ pick up the pace - now what's up?  
Gyrate, feel the bass - now what's up?  
What the deal, huh - now what's up?

*[Erick Sermon]*

Aiyyo we ain't playin fair no more, there's somethin  
new in store  
A +Hot Boy+ but not from the \_504\_  
New technique to rock the mic, uh  
Lyrical "Blade" sharp like Wesley and N'Bushe Wright  
Soundbombin - could be a catastrophe, uh  
When NASA blast off, Flex blast off me  
E-vincible, rap round your left ventricle  
So let's be sensible  
E tempermental, quick to dismember you

Wyclef that "November" you  
They wish they can do (uh) what I can do  
If you could switch brains you would, wouldn't you?  
My style is Mike, Vince, Earvin  
Jordan, Carter, Julius, servin  
MC's at will I'm trickery, Lou ain't stickin me  
A curveball, Mark ain't hittin me

*[Chorus]*

*[Redman]*

Yo, rapid gunfire destroy ya boys and unemploy some  
Put the headphones on your kid like Castor Troy's son  
Darts'll damage ya dogs, where the U-Haul in my truck  
The camera installed, hand upon my balls  
Call the morgue I'm killin 'em  
Even Kyle is not feelin 'em when I drill 'em with skills of  
ten Eminems  
You feminine, don't even call my name  
I stay locked down walkin with a ball and chain  
Put the mac where you tongue at, I don't that  
These young cats'll get thumbtacked and sent where  
Big Pun at  
Smoke so much the doc asked where my lung at  
I took it out to stash my gun, son run that  
Pop mega shit, I pop mega clips  
Fuck a system, I keep the heat where your Sega sit  
Then I bang the controller, 'til the game say over  
In the Bricks we'll stick ya when ya plane lays over

*[Chorus]*

*[Sy Scott]*

Yo, y'all know me  
Maniacs and addicts add it, at it  
Venomous addict snakebiter, I the, at it  
Cause I'm a little odder, at it  
In the Ac' with the aircraft and then leave inactive  
My, alter-ego make niggaz alter their egos  
I flow and turn the East coast to one big creep show  
South premisy, Filthy-delphia pistol bangers  
Pistol changin, pistol bangin  
I lift metal like Lithuanians  
Two-thousand nail me Sy Scott rap's new insanian  
It's humane punish ya mayn  
'til no skeletal remains remain remain mainly main  
to bitten manmade disease that's made by man  
Crackin the DNA code to see how God made man  
I storm the mainland, scare MC's like slavehands  
Put microchips in they wristbands and make 'em  
raindance

Lay hands like Mike Strahand  
Puttin ya face and hands in Ace bands  
Tryin to lift more than ya waistband  
I travel every shinin sea, sea and land  
to finally see when niggaz land  
In the error era wherever, forever no error  
Easily cut niggaz careers down like ever  
Ever forever and ever, don't you ever  
fuck with Sy, Khi and Erick when we come together,  
what?

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