## Erick Sermon "Now Whut's Up"

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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

Lyrically headstrong and can't be beat

Triple minded, mentally combineded underground pirate

Microphone tyrant, always comin' sideways And Topsy turvy, lyrical crash-up derby Come, Filthy McNasty, pretty gritty dirty

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

Yo, we in the place (Now whut's up?)
DJ, pick up the pace (Now whut's up?)
Gyrate, feel the bass (Now whut's up?)
What the deal, huh?
(Now whut's up?)

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 Lyrical 'Blade' sharp like Wesley and N'Bushe Wright

Soundbombin' could be a catastrophe When NASA blast off, Flex blast off me E-vincible, rap round your left ventricle

## So let's be sensible

E temperamental, quick to dismember you Wyclef that 'November' you They wish they can do 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 curve ball, Mark ain't hittin' me

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(Now whut's up?)
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Yo, what the deal, huh?
(Now whut's up?)

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 done 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

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DJ, pick up the pace (Now whut's up?)
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What the deal, huh?
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Yo, y'all know me, maniacs and addicts add it, at it Venomous addict snake biter, 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 man made disease that's made by man Crackin' the DNA code to see how God made man I storm the mainland, scare MC's like slave hands Put microchips in they wristbands and make 'em rain dance

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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