

Erick Sermon

"Sermon"

Visit "[Sermon](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Yo yo yo yo, yo
Turn my mic up some.. turn my mic up some..
Turn my mic, check check, check, turn my mic up some
Almighty, uhh..

[Verse One]

Lord forgive me now
This be the best way I know how, to get this out
I can't sing so I have to bounce
Even though, that's not what my style's about
I hate this world, sometimes it gets me
when family and friends are not friendly
I just don't get it - so I sit home
in the bassment lights low on the mic and spit it
They plot, to get my scratch
Not knowin the time to get where I'm at now
In my face, like I owe 'em somethin
Handout from me, and never did nuttin (word up)
They're mad at me, like I changed
It's hard on me Lord, it's wreckin my brain
Is it me? I know it can't be
So I ask you, please help me, now

[Chorus: R. Kelly - *sampled*]

Sometimes I laugh, tryin to keep from cryin
If I was plain out of luck, then tell me who could I trust
See I work so hard, just to get ahead
If it wasn't for God, I'd probably be dead

[Verse Two]

Uhh, I laugh when ain't nuttin funny
Meanwhile cats wanna count my money
Plan on me, to get jumped or somethin
Plot-ting like E's punk or somethin
Feels so strange, how I maintain
to last in the game, throughout my fame
I'm focused man, the E stay the same
Hate when folks call me out my name
Damn Lord, heal my body
Cause I'm mad enough to kill somebody
Even hard to trust my lady

Did she lock me down to have my baby?
I know she love me - damn it's nuttin
The world's so corrupt, it got me buggin
Uhh, I wanna move away like (?)
Y'all feel me - yo, R. Kelly

[Chorus]

[Verse Three]

Huh, yo, huh
The game changed, damn I should quit
Can't get respect, without havin a hit
Someone somewhere talkin shit
Got fake cats in my clique
But I deal with the cards that's dealt
Try to make music that's heartfelt
Still doin eighty on the Belt'
In the Escalade, with Dolce shades
I've been paid, now what's left?
I guess, should I stress life or death (huh?)
Sometimes I wanna end it all
Live at peace, with 'Pac and Smalls
Can't do that, got fam at the crib
My moms, my pops, my girl and my kids (uh-huh)
.. open my eyes
So I ask you, please help me, now

[Chorus]

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