

Phantom Planet

"Pay Per View"

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* sample repeats in background from Redman's
"Cosmic Slop" (4X)
--> Attention passenger's we're on a non-central
journey
To Hell and beyond

[Erick Sermon]

Hahaha

Good evening all you blunt smokers
Welcome to the Darksides of Def Squad
Where you bout to hear the voices of Passione,
LBM, Kel Vicious, Keith Murray
Takin you to the Legion of Dume, and beyond
This is a Pay Per View event
Some shit you wanna hear, yaknahmsayin?
Let's get ready to rumble, yeah..

[LBM]

When my, Funk's mastered like Flex
I touch more earsets than Nynex
LBM puts words together like Triple Yahtzee
Performin open heart surgeries with a hand-grip shottie
My creepy wisdom mixed with leaky ism splits em
and attacks the rhythm like an exorcism
Blood leaks out my ink pen, I start killin
stinkin, bitches like ??Joe Rifkind??
(Rifkind.. Rifkind..) YAHH!!
I strangle angels from a Brooklyn angle
Rectangular mangle (and TANGO) incur single

[E. Sermon sings like Method Man]

P-A-S-S-I-O-N

[Passion]

As the world goes around, I'm breakin down
competitors
like the predator, niggaz check my metaphors
(yea, word up) Let the bullshit, ride, put the clip inside
the steel
When the verbal starts to peel, motherfuckers know the
deal (YEAH)

Like AC/DC (word?) I'm charged off the energy
The cipher is my soul psych the soul is my serenity
(word up)
Time and time again I grip the pen with a vengeance
Disruption of your cypher niggaz label me a menace
The villain, I'm feelin, another, lyrical combustion
eruptin, bustin out my brain (whooh!)
So ignite the flame it's the lyrically insane
I, open up the vault searchin for the buried treasure
With ?? in the brain, increase the measures do
whatever

[Keith Murray]

Whatever.. NIGGAZ! K-Keith Mu..
Keith what? Y'all niggaz don't want it, I get widdit
Quicker, than a nigga with a piss-bag done shitted
Niggaz, be like, quit it
Cause my renditions be expeditions
for niggaz on them straight looney missions (nigga)
Funk Lord Productions be sayin somethin (word)
For niggaz in the street who wanna fight
and press charges, I got somethin (bitch)
Throw that, you could get the bozack
Cause I leave homicide mummified and all you hoes
know that

[Erick Sermon]

Right about now, it's Kelly Kel
Kel Vicious, bout to get.. ill

[Kel Vicious]

I make a hundred crews give me enough respect
Cause my shit got the major funk effect, so check it
Select it, my rap style be highly respected
Challenge Kel Vicious get burnt, expect it
I'm twenty-one, and I'm a phe-nom-enon
The Def Squad, L.O.D. live on and on
These forty ounce drinkers, drinkers, big drug sellers
Smellin like a blunt and if you front I'll split your melon
What's your name? Kelly Kel, where you from? I'm from
C.I.
What the FUCK you wanna know for punk? You ready to
die?
Your biological clock, is tickin while I'm kickin
forty ounce dreams of blunts and wishes for you trick-
ass bitches
This is Mr. Kel Vicious with the ill funk flow
Knockin punks out like my name was Riddick Bowe

* sample repeats in background from Redman's
"Cosmic Slop" (to fade)

--> Attention passenger's we're on a non-central
journey
To Hell and beyond

[Erick Sermon]

Yo, haha, and that was just like I told ya
was gonna be for all them niggaz
rockin Daisy Duke and Reebok pumps
Up in ya, ya tricks

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