

## Sarai

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Hit it hard  
Yeah, yeah, when I stick it she be like (uh)  
Yeah, pimpin, I run up right inside 'em, yeah

[Verse One: Sy Scott]

Yo, it goes hey you, guess what, guess who gets what  
I snatch baguettes, you get what you get, guess what  
Guess what, you get it and forget it like guess what  
Guess what get done to special guests that can't guess  
what  
He goin on when Sy be goin off  
In the cross my Squad run tracks like motocross  
I write words I read and then re-word 'em  
Same word, rework 'em without re-wordin 'em  
Word perfect for workin with 'em  
Workmen do homework, men at work in the network  
workin system  
Yeah, I overwork, work the middle  
Work and turn your homework workbook against you  
In the range of a roundabout ratio  
I merry-go-round around around the radio  
Around around and away we go  
Everytime Sy bust down then it's up up away you go

[Chorus: Keith Murray]

Now what do you niggaz think about this  
A jam for the streets that you can't resist  
So hustle to this, bang to this  
Get your money to this, yeah listen to this  
Now what do you bitches think about this  
A jam for the clubs that you can't resist  
So shake to this, freak to this  
Drink up to this, yeah listen to this

[Verse Two: Erick Sermon]

Uhh, huh  
E-Dub, I'm known like the Rucker  
Fucker, comin through like a redneck trucker  
Nother, man down, call 9-1-1  
I stash that so they can't find my gun  
I'm in the woods like hikers, bikers, campers

Antlers, bears snakes and long-leg tarantulas  
Uh, E-Dub I got balls  
If I get chased pon' de river like Sean Paul, believe it  
I'm on the fish neck, like jet-skis  
I killed Romeo, along with Jet Li  
And messin with the E be incomparable  
Get romped like Romper Room, a one man platoon  
Oh I say, I'm Andrew Dice Clay  
Filthy mouth and also fuck y'all  
You wanna get physical we touch y'all  
Haters we appreciate the love so - thank you very much  
y'all

[Chorus]

[Verse Three: Keith Murray]

Last but not least, Keith wreck shop comfortably  
When I flow, I fuck up your street credibility  
Def Squad get busy often  
When it comes to chicks we got more tricks than a  
dolphin  
You see the new E-Dub spin when I pull up  
Ecko sweatsuit with the hood up  
This shit is so hot you could cook an egg on it  
So I sunny-side up, buttered toast my opponents  
I take the drama to the middle of the street  
Or any nigga that's feelin himself like Tweet  
Kid you sonned out, let me speak to your father  
Matter of fact, hold these here, and don't even bother  
We come through with the nines poppin  
Niggaz get so quiet, you can hear rats pissin on cotton  
So you see there's nothin furthermore to say  
Aiiyyo Busta, "Pass the Courvoiser"

[Chorus]

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