

## Silk

### "Home"

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The Surgeon General of Chilltown, New York  
Has determined, that the sounds you're about to hear  
can be devastating, to your ear..

[Erick Sermon]

Yeah, uh-huh, huh, Long Island  
Queens.. Brooklyn, Bronx, Manhattan  
Staten.. Y.O., uhh

Yo, E-Dub, I come from the gutter  
The Ving Rhames of rap, it's guns or butter  
I make things happen, rappin  
The game don't wanna act right, we kidnap it  
(Get on the floor!) Rob it like Napster  
There's gonna be slow-singin and flower bringin so call  
the pastor  
The Roger Moore of the rap game  
He's 007, I'm E-Double the veteran, the name  
(Erick!) The way I do it is Mean Joe  
Green Eyed Bandit, nigga check the pamphlet  
On my CD, you won't hear the same  
It's two special guests, and the rest is my name  
You won't hear the bling, or the champagne - nuttin  
You won't hear a nigga on the microphone frontin  
And no love songs, I'm not serenadin  
I'm just narratin the streets on my beats  
I'm a New York nigga, and Strawberry's home  
That's a New York nigga, and it gets no bigger  
Go figure; ch-ch-check out, check out, check out "My  
Melody"  
Bittin niggaz' style that's a Jayo Felony  
I'm a rap pioneer what you tellin me?  
This ain't hot in the street, so what you sellin me?  
That's a bootleg rap, shake dance Duke  
You a fluke, got proof and that's that

[Chorus: Erick Sermon]

Brooklyn, Bronx, Queens, Manhattan (uh-huh)  
Chilltown, my nigga what's happenin?  
"Chilltown, New York" (chill.. chill.. chill..)  
It was all good just a week ago

Suffolk, Nausau, Yonkers, Staten  
Chilltown, my nigga what's happenin?  
"Chilltown, New York" (chill.. chill.. chill..)

[Erick Sermon]

Yeah, why didn't you make your own music?  
You thought Down South records'd do it - nope!  
You're you, and that's them  
Look in the mirror, that's you, and that's them - find  
yourself  
If 'Pac came back he'd be a mad muh'fucker  
Now all y'all proceeds should be goin to his mother  
{?} get your money, your career was cute  
But y'all hoes will soon be exposed, open the doors  
The Don King of the rap ring, I bring the mic  
Promote the hype, be in Vegas that night, let's fight!  
Ding, there's nuttin more to it  
I'm takin back the city and that key you got to it - yep  
I'm the first one to bounce Down South  
A-T-L in ninety-two, I took that route - uh-huh  
Real recognize real  
Def Squad regime, the rap supreme, that's my team,  
yeah

[Chorus]

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