

Destiny's Child F/ Jazz, Sporty Thievs "Hostile"

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[Sermon doing a high-pitched voice]

Erick Sermon is coming up... I see him! I see him!

[Erick Sermon]

Word up

"You're quite hostile..."

"I got a right to be hostile!"

[Jeff Stewart]

Ladies and gentlemen, are you ready

Help me bring to the stage the grandmaster

The undisputed heavyweight of hip-hop

The Funklord, you know him as the Green Eyed Bandit

Ladies and gentlemen... the MC Grand Royal

Erick Sermon!

[Erick Sermon]

It's the E Double (who?) The Funklord, god damn

Yo I'm swingin more shit than Tarzan (word em up)

I freak the ill tactics cause I'm a ghetto bastard

Some say my rap style is drastic

Whoahh, I tear the frame out the microphone

Daddy's home, the owner of the chrome (yeah yeah)

Yo, my concepts is wicked; even the wicked witch

couldn't get with the switch, the ugly bitch (word em up)

Time to reach my peak this week, and rock a ill technique

So y'all can freak out like sheep

The undercover from Brentwood, yes I'm doing awesome

You wanna see me call Steve Austin (hehehehehe)

For your protection, go sit in the R&B section for this session

Cause I'm real deal boy you better believe it word

Straight from the Boondocks, a.k.a., the suburbs

Peace to the underground, where I create my sound that's more doper than "Spellbound" (word)

My time's up, so what the fuck slouch? (YEAH)

I'ma be back, for now I'm out (word up!)

"You're quite hostile..."

[Jeff Stewart]

And now "I gotta right to be hostile!"

Introducing, the man with the flyest transparent style
on the planet

"You're quite hostile..."

"I gotta right to be hostile!"

Straight from L.O.D., Kirkland Ave

"You're quite hostile..."

The one and only Philly Blunt King

"I gotta right to be hostile!"

"You're quite hostile..."

"I gotta right to be hostile!"

[Keith Murray]

Keith Murray's, comin from the North South East and
Left

Rhymin to death, makin a world when I take a deep
breath

With a body boom bash, my paragraph a trey-deuce
Human behavior in a psychopath

Ooooh, I might lose my cool, and break fool
and pull out my get busy tools

I write like a mad journalist

to funk, that's deeper than a bottomless spliff (that's
my word)

The most beautifullest thing in this world
is my notion, for murderous poetry in motion

And the illiotic shit I come across

form a leash you're trapped in with explosive force

I push your head through the cracks of sanity

and leave your brain doin a bid in purgatory

It's ninety-six degrees in the shade

before I catch blood on my blade

I take my frustration to the stage

and gets open dope and stupid bumblin rumblin tracks

When I rap my jams be packed like a laundromat

My context'll wreck your whole concept

Cause my delivery is so complex

And I'm inter-galactic on plastic

with the superdistinguish that I kick

I'm high strung at the top of my lung

with my tongue makin hardcore niggaz wanna get
dumb

My dialogue comes straight from the slums

Damnage to your medula, cerebrum and cerebellum
if ya got a crew ya better tell em

[Jeff Stewart]

("Hostile" sample set repeats in background)

Ladies and gentlemen, what you've just witnessed
is the incredible skills of Erick Sermon.. and Keith
Murray
Coming to an album near you soon
This has been another Erick Sermon production
This is Jeff Stewart signing off, and until next time
saying...
GOD DAMN!!!

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