

Elton John F/ Sting

"Can U Hear Me Now"

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Yo, this what hip-hop is comin to?
You can say whatever on the mic and when?
Let me see if you can hear me now when I'm doin this

Uh-huh, uh-huh, yeah, E. Sermon and ("Kurtis Blow!")
Can you hear me now? Good
Can you hear me now? Good
("Turn it up!") Don't take this serious
("One, two, three four hit it!")

[Erick Sermon]
Yo check one two, mic's on
I'm well known like the Osbournes
Me - I love Kelly
See us both in the bed man, touchin bellies
This here "Pimp Juice," I got from Nelly
I got "Punk'd," show it on the telly, damn
My eyes green like Yoda, get cream like soda
Two thousand ("FOUR") means a brand new motor
Phoenix, capitol of Arizona
But that means nuttin, I'm just sayin somethin
Spare the moment them niggaz is suspect
I took a line from Keith Murray off his first cassette
I never took my dog to the vet
And I download songs off the net
But you would rather hear some rapper brag
Meanwhile, bombs bein dropped over Baghdad

[Chorus: repeat 2X]
Can you hear me now? Good
Can you hear me now? Good
("Turn it up!") Can you hear me now? Good - Can you
hear me now? Good
Can you hear me now? Good

[Erick Sermon]
Check it, yo it's Erick I'm down by law
("TWO") plus ("TWO") equals ("FOUR")
I got no time to razzle and dazzle
I'm in the crib with dad playin Scrabble
I'm usin words like rat, cat

Cheating cause I wrote down Brat
And Brat's a rapper and you can't use names
Oh yeah, the Lakers lost last night's game
I caught me a flick I saw X-Men 2
"Where My Dawgs At?" I'm a X fan too
I'm black like Kunta, my girl got the badoonka
Let me introduce ya ("Hi I'm Big Sexy")
And this ain't got shit to do with nuttin
I'm on the microphone frontin
But this here wins, so I'ma say whatever to get spins
I got a Benz with rims, uh

[Chorus]

[Erick Sermon]

Uh, so mean, never seen the green, knahmean?
This jump off need two trampolines
Rock hard jeans sag low, new Timberlands
I works it like Missy and Timbaland
Cuban link chain hang E emblem
Chick 'round me multiplyin like Gremlins
Word to my momma, I bring drama
Like Osama, I'ma problem, period comma
I come through with the Bizkit, Limp'n
The Underground Kingz in the building, pimpin
Oh no, they must be feelin me
Pinch me now, this don't feel real to me
Oh yeah, it's my son's communion
Next month is my fan's reunion
Write this down in your pad
I'm thirty-("FOUR") and a half, and yeah I'm a Sagg'

[Chorus]

[Chorus] w/ ad libs to fade

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