

Elton John F/ Sting**"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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