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Elton John F/ Sting ''Relentless''

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[Phone ringing, recording indistinct]

[Erick Sermon] Yeah, all day yeah, uh Turn me up, uh-huh...it's serious Headphones turn me up {Recordings indistinct)

This is somethin that you need to hear It's cool and capture I feel like Blondie caught in the rapture Rappers and those who try to offend me From false accusations they had heard from Wendy (Hello Erick) I'm in the game to play For those cats on the sideline callin me gay, huntin Don't be the broads cause niggaz Mad cause I'm baggin chicks that look as bad as Jigga's (tell 'em) And make seven figures, a rap icon I'm the one kid in the biz to keep your eyes on Me, Superman, I fell from the window If I fly high, then why drive a benzo In drive a 'lac, in drive a hummer In drive is something brand-new this summer (tell 'em) The operator, I got your number Don't act like I don't flow like water, call the plumber (uh-huh) Something tryna stop the E from gettin large I feel like the Beastie Boys in Sabotage In all five boroughs, I pissed on trees I'm a dog (arroo), ask Rockwilder please There's some fake cats, they talk behind me A few A&R's sayin they won't sign me (uh-huh) Cause they see my face and think I'm done Meanwhile, I'm the black Neo, yes the one (one) While they sign they brother or friend or they man That's supposed to blow, he's a no-show And that's why the game is shutdown Every major player that's in it, been changed around (tell 'em)

But I'm still standin and got something to say The boy is still here like LL and Dre I sat down with Russell and Def Jam team I sat down with Suge and Jimmy Ivine I sat down with Sylvia, sat down with Tommy Sat down with Clive Davis and no favors I got booked at dark And this might be my last huh-rah I'ma rock now until tomorrow Some ask about EPMD's prognosis But it won't happen til P get focused I won't be compared to Nas or Jada But I'ma punish the game for it's foul behavior And y'all got it backwards Those ain't real MC's, those is actors Cast of Fear Factor (tell 'em) l agree with Missy No creativity in the game no more It's the same old bore A few people in the biz know what's happenin The fans don't know, they think I'm platinum Cause they hear the record gettin played 4,000 times on every station But at the same time hate...disc jockeys If I'm over, explain how I do it In 2001 I shut it down with "Music" (hmmm) If I'm whack, why in 2002, yes it's true, I made cats react (uh-huh) Source might not quote this here It might not be nothin but I wrote this here Like Eminem said, you wanna be Erick Sermon (that's the truth) But you a generic version (let's go) Aight y'all, enough talk Welcome to Chilltown, New York

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