

Elton John F/ Sting**"The Hype"**

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{Beastie Boys sample:

"Here's a little story I gots to tell" repeats in
background }

[Erick Sermon]

Hype, one two like that y'all

Check it out one two y'all

It's the beat, that make it one and two y'all

It's the beat, that makes me wanna ?

Peace to my niggaz

Peace to my mens

Like that, one two y'all, check it out

Sunday's here, the end of the week

And the club's packed and shit, I feel like freakin

Pick up the phone, call my niggaz, "Yo whattup dude?

Need me a bitch man, to put me in the fuckin mood

Check this here - I'll pick you up around twelve o'clock

right around the parking lot, I'll find a spot

It's on, man I'll see you soon

in about twelve hours, yeah past noon"

It's the hype yo

It's the hype

Word, pulled up brake, ehh, by the front door

Parlay, and I stepped out hardcore

I tipped the boy park the car in the front

Not the back, in case I have to run and get my strap

I walked inside, somebody sing, "Errrick Serrrmon"

That's me, got me in free

Looked around the club, man no half-steppin

Walked straight up, to the V.I.P. section

Sat by the wall, so I can see what's happenin

My boys spread out, got their girls, and rappin

Oh no, I see a girl comin towards me

Posse deep, so I paused for the cause G

She approached me, hi, told me her name

I told her my name, then kicked the game

Sat beside me, like Little Miss Tuffet (hello)

Talkin bullshit, knowin I want to fuck it

Basically, I figured she was widdit
So I pulled out my ink pen and exchanged the phone
digits
Gimme a call when you get to your crib
So I can get directions, right to where you live
She smiled, and left, the girl was wide open
I'm no jokin, when the E blows the smoke in
Check the Rolex, asked for my check
The waitress came over in a pair of black spandex
(whoo!)
Gave me a look like, "Aren't you Erick Sermon?"
"Yes, and who is it concernin?" Me, that's the hype

It's the hype

I asked her, "What time you get off?" "Oh, in 15
minutes"
So I stormed the bitch like a blizzard
"Umm, can I take you home?" "Sure meet me in the
parking lot
I'll flash my high beams, so you can find my spot"
She came out - MAN, she was all that
Cool like that, and stacked like that
She jumped in with a wide open grin
Before I went to her crib, I dropped off my best friend
Got to his house, and gave him dap
He knew what time it was, so he passed me a jim hat
Got to her house, then parked the Jeep
I asked her who was home she said her sister but she
sleep
Walked upstairs, right into the room
with one skylight lookin straight at the moon (yep yep)
She wasted no time, man she was on it
Grabbed for the bozack, and her hands was packed
Took off our clothes, went to work, man trust me
I heard someone knockin, somebody tried to bust me
It was her sister, man I must be buggin (ahh shit!)
It's the same girl, I met from the night clubbers
"That's your sister? Oh I didn't know -- I'll go"
and they both screamed, "Hell no!"
They smiled, with a devilish grin
and the other sister jumped in

That's the hype
It's the hype yo
That's the hype
Word em up, one two it's the hype, check it out yo yo
It's the hype yo
It's the hype, yo it's the hype, word em up it's the hype
Yo ?, take em out

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