

Erick Sermon F/ Redman**"Drop it Heavy"**

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[KRS-One]

Ha-ha. Never fear. KRS!

I'd rather have a hundred-thousand true heads by me
Than one million of your fake fanatics behind me
I keep it grimy, chase me, you will never find me
I take you out in two or three minutes, you can time me
You the dopest MC? I leave that ass sizzlin
I'm givin more rhythm than gang rapes in prison
You small time, you ain't a pro
Yeah you kick the raw rhymes, but your show and your
flow

That's all mine

Oh silly me, if I call on my lyric ability

I'll bring it right, straight to your jaw, free delivery

Get wit me, now I spit rap

I represent peace and knowledge, but I will contradict
that!

Click-a-click clap

You don't wanna battle me, you wanna scat away

I battle Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday,
Friday

Wait, let me check the schedule again, Saturday

I think you oughta follow your squad, they ran thataway

These rappers be played out, spaced out, no format

Now why would you place your money on that?

I drop more bars than Sing-Sing, cha-ching!

Real teachers teach real things

I brings knowledge and skill, you should try to get with
it

Challenging knowledge only means that ya ignorant

With the Sword of Justice, your throat I'm stickin in

Gossip and scandal, I don't put my lips in it

Grow up, I'm movin like a U-Haul truck

You all stuck cuz you all suck, duck duck buck buck
buck

Forget the cut hops, your luck stops

I bring it to your buttocks, with nuff glocks

[Big Punisher]

Yo, my squad is honored it like Elijah Muhammed

But I'm God-retarded, ain't no righteousness in this
heart of violence
Hard as diamond but I'm in the ruff, listen up
If you ever see me wit the Feds you can bet it's in the
cuffs
Ain't no snitchin us, bitchin us
Unofficial-ness, everything we are, side you wish you
was
Official thugs in the drug profession
Drug connections, drug addictions
Still seein the judge for drug possession
The four-D's, all these is more reas
To either get big, leave or let live
We the best there is TS, ain't nobody else
We probably Dove cuz we all way on top of the shelf
I'm lockin your wealth wit the master keys, freeze
Don't try to breeze, I'ma squeeze and blast the back of
your knees
Just pass the cheese, please don't test the toaster
My tech'll roast ya body faster than Ferrari's Testarosta
You're gettin closer to death, Reaper's got a hold on
your breath
You goin straight to hell as you sell your soul for your
flesh
You was posin a threat, now you froze in the bed
Minute ago, you was poppin shit, holdin ya dick
Now what's the problem, you ain't nuttin like you said
on your album
I thought you was wildin, bustin your guns and runnin
the island
You was't violent, you was silent tryin to get college
credits
How pathetic, did it to get out of the collasthetics
I'm dianetics combined wit lyrics
My matureness is my insurance, kill my appearance,
I'm a shinin spirit
You gotta fear it, cuz every last gem is poison
You gotta cheer it, if you can't win you better join em
I'm head-annointin niggas like the Holy Gospel
I'm the only voco to walk and smoke you wit fire-blowin
nostrils
Watch for the toast, when you see it you better draw
yours
Warlords, callin The Giant, it's all yours

[A.G.]

Went from welfare to Bel Air, and hell ya, I hold heat
With license to kill like police, so don't sleep
The sun shines, brighter, than any star
Rap terrorist, bomb mikes, in the name of Allah
Show and AG, is who we are

Forever terror all I need is 26 letters and 16 bars
I be bomb dropping, verses, that be so def
Searching for those who cold slept, till there's no left
Curios, how we still around
Mysterious, like a dope fiend, clean, never touching the
ground
And you knew it, when you heard us I'm fluent with this
Emcees wanna serve us, DJ's are mad nervous
But can't hurt us, they get the dick, I be
GD for life, roll with D-I-T-C
Short for D-I-G-G-I-N, double it
Add the Crates, now they lovin it, no need to cover it
Let it shine, like the sun do
Now who reflect like us? None do
But still come through, humble
Even when I play with it, to fan in the weight
That sounds so dope, you wanna quote and learn to
say it
Underdog for life, ain't commercial enough to be the
favorite
I'm trite, I bite, when you bark, so save it
He has to be, a Master P, imitation,
cause he ain't Bout It plus he ain't TRU
Show and A the same two, since we first came through
Fuck selling, ya supposed to rock and blow the spot
I set the game, too
If we don't climax, we can't blame you
Told shorty riding shotgun, ain't that true?
It musta hit her off guard, she wasn't ready
Mind was occupied on gettin sweaty, we lay it heavy

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