

## Kelly Price F/ Gerald Levert, K-Ci Haley

### "Can't Hear Nothing But the Music"

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(PMD)

It's a fact, I'm mad hard like a jail yard  
I'm sick, slow, call me a retard  
Can't hear nothing but the music, I'm slippin  
Dark as hell and water drippin  
Parrish Smith, mentally sick  
Serial rap killer like Dave Berkowitz  
Yes, the son of Sam and I'll be godamn  
So take the force and get the balls and watch me slam,  
man  
The exquisite rap wizard from the boon dox  
My tune knock watts, been known to cause brain lock  
Wit no riff raff, smooth like Shaft  
Breaking bones in the rap zone, chill or get smoked  
mad fast  
Can't stop us from buggin because we're trippin  
Can't hear nothing but the music, I'm slippin

(Chorus)

Can't hear nothing but the music, I'm slippin(4x)

(Erick Sermon)

Breaker 1, 9, breaker, 1, 9, mayday  
Call for backup, it's Erick Sermon's payday  
No illusion, just mass confusion  
Dull raps, I dutch them, from the funk production  
I, the Afromerican, black citizen  
To make you scream loud as hell like Sam Kinison  
No one can stop me  
Dun na na na na na, like Rocky  
The combination, the jab, the uppercut  
Mad footwork from the rapper expert  
Bust a move, I'm worth about a million cash bucks  
Say what, damn right, shut the hell up  
I fought MC's word up and watch em grown up  
Play em like Dunkin, then pass out doughnuts  
Then I freak the funky style and I use it  
MD and hear nothing but the music

Chorus

(PMD)

What's this, another funky hit from the Hit Squad, kid  
I get mad props like Sonny Crockett  
You know it's the smooth rap flow that clocks the P doe  
Can't stop now (why) cuz I'm diesel  
EPMD back in effect on your rap set  
Fourth cassette, more deadly than a bomb threat  
Can't stop us from buggin because we're trippin  
Can't hear nothing but the music, I'm slippin

(Erick Sermon)

Slate take two, action, the main attraction  
(Who's Bad) I'm bad like Michael Jackson  
Got more tricks than any Kung Fu flick  
Understand, I'm ruff and tuff like Jackie Chan  
My technique, the drunken mic, grasp it right  
I'm teaching (P-S-Y-C-H-E) psyche  
I'm slammin, the dopest nigga from the underground  
Out the basement, now world renown  
Rocking systems, cuss and jock a victim  
If we catch flack from a punk and then we diss him  
Then I freak a funky style and I use it  
Kid, and hear nothing but the music

Chorus

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