

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

### "Rap is Outta Control"

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Tom J is in the house (repeat 2X)

Rap is outta control (repeat 6X)

Verse One: Erick Sermon

G, man, do I have the power like He-Man  
To crack a wack MC's head, open like a pea can  
Damn, my name should become Sam  
But I prefer, a grand royal for the jam  
I'm putting heads out, the guns I use to pump lead out  
Hey son, I suggest that you head out  
I total, cremate, strikin mic flakes  
I won't break, I make more nerds than a earthquake  
Strong, got more strength than King Kong  
I'm worldwide, I'm interviewed like Kaity Chung  
I'm on now, live at 12, it's so dope  
All the way to 4 o'clock, there no soaps  
I'm able to rock the mic nice and stable  
It's a chance that you might see me on cable  
Vision, Showtime or HBO with the flow  
Getting more play than Rambo  
Aiyyo, whatta you know, party people, rap is outta  
control  
Rap is outta control, it's definitely, fuckin outta control  
Rap is outta control, rap is definitely is outta control  
It's outta control, rap is outta control

Verse Two: PMD

Straight from the underground, where universal  
beatdown is a mush  
Yo, I stuck crab MC, E (too late, he got crushed)  
Was he a pop rap singer, R&B swinger  
Faggot who jumped the gate and now you get the  
finger  
In other words, it's absurd to try to get wit  
The brother from Brentwood, Long Island, nicknamed  
Swift Lip  
I'm too smooth and yes, I groove to the slam track  
Wit a Beck's in my right hand, left hand on bozack  
I moved on ya posse, first reaction was "Oh shit"

Let's do that brother, hell no (why) he's too quick"  
So dial 1-900-55-eat-shit  
I pack a twelve shot nine mil and yes I still kick  
(What) ass like a jock (height) 6'3" and stocky  
(Rap name) not Balboa, so motherfuck Rocky  
I'm the mainstream supreme, slamming like Aikeem  
The Dream, and yes sometimes it may seem that

Rap is outta control (repeat 2X)  
Sure dude, rap-rap-rap-rap, for sure dude  
Rap is outta control, yes, yes y'all, yes y'all  
Yes y'all, yes y'all, kick it E

Verse Three: Erick Sermon, PMD

I stand tall, I won't fall, I recall  
Ha ha, your rhymes stall  
When I bust caps, until they Kryptonite caps  
I reign of steel, I swap bullets like that  
I'm like, Superman, fly high up in the sky  
And if you try to shoot me down, clown, I won't die  
I cremate

I hate, let's exterminate  
Wait for a second, E, time to debate  
As I take my fisherman hat off, there's no hat  
For an MC on a trail of a mad comeback

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