

Kelly Price F/ Gerald Levert, K-Ci Haley**"So Whatcha Sayin' *"**

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Verse One: Erick Sermon, Parrish Smith

The employees of the year, yeah we're back to work
I took time off, while all the rappers got jerked
Due to the fact that they're wack and their tracks
Have to go back and stack 'cause they lack
The ingredients . . . EPMD and Scratch for that . . .

DJ Scratch cuts and scratches

Yo, I'm the hip-hopper, plus the show shocker
Down with MD, yes the microphone doctor
One wrecks, the other destroys
And if you think that you're ready to mess (kill the noise)
We don't play when it's time to slay
I take a cut from my homey, yo, then I lay
back and mack and all the rhymes I pack
And wait for a sucker to jump and then attack

Well, I'm known to be the master in the MC field
No respect in eighty-seven, eighty-eight you kneel
Cause I produce and get loose, when it's time to perform
Wax a sucker like Mop & Glow (that's word born)
Smacked a second time, but on a different assignment
And do a sucker new jack who needs a rappin alignment
Cause I'm the cream of the crop when it's time to do a show
Girlies on my jock for my dope intro
As I glance at E-Double, kickin microphone wrecker
Turn on my cordless, sayin mic checka
To the ladies . . . and all party goers
Some call me freak, and others slow flower
Brothers on my jock, for the way I hold a piece of steel
So what you sayin?
So what you sayin?

Verse Two: Erick Sermon, Parrish Smith

Puttin heads to bed, straight out the box
MC's, are jumpin out shoes and socks

I'm not playin, understand what I'm sayin
Catch a sucker in my way, and I'm slayin
Takin no shorts, so I'm vital sign
You can tell by my lines that I'm gettin mines
in eighty-nine, because I'm fine as wine
Sit back and recline, watch the sun shine
Take a stroll, listen to rock and roll
Catch a flick at the movies, dance a bowl
What I chose I refuse to slack while I'm back
I take a chance jack, so I must attack
With knick knack paddywack so I won't lack
Oh my style is def, and as deadly as crack

While I'm slayin must explain, a sucker is the lame
Battle in the trenches where the funky be playin
Cause with a partner like E Double don't come a dime a dozen
A kin not blood related, but you can call us cousins
Cause as we climb the charts, better known as statistics
Brothers on my jock while I'm kickin ballistics
Droppin hits like I'm Housin, You Gots Ta Chill, and more
The proof is in the pudding (yo check the Billboard)
People round town talkin this and that
Of how we sound like the R, and our music was wack
Dropped the album Strictly Business and you thought we was bold
Thirty days later, the LP went gold
So what you sayin
So what you sayin

Verse Three: Erick Sermon, Parrish Smith

Now party people it's time for the exquisite
No knock knock who that over there or who is it
It's the E-R-I-C-K, yes the Boy Wonder
No fouls no bleeps no bloopers or no blunders
So hot, so you can say I'm blazin
Or Luther Vandross says, yo I am
"Sooooooo amazing, and I've been waiting"
For a sucker to attack yo me the E-Double
Cuz me and PMD is like the funky fresh couple

I fight fire with fire, that's why most retired
And when we needed a piss boy, you was hired
Cause you was Memorex, for that style that we was bringin
In an all out battle, P comes out swingin
Cause I'm just that type of brother that's out to get mines
And if the odds against me, I still drop lines

and get mines on time that's why most resign
Sit in my LazyBoy chair, relax my head and recline
Sip a Pepsi or Coke, with a twist of lime
Or crack a forty-oh, and then I go for mine
So what you sayin
So what you sayin

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