

Kelly Price F/ Gerald Levert, K-Ci Haley

"Underground"

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Refrain:

[Comin' straight from the Underground] 4x

Erick Sermon:

As I pump up a brand new funk swing,
and bring back the chill of thrill from B.B. King.
Old fashioned is the way that I be waxin' a MC,
I bust a grill, and the reaction I check,
inspect, make sure the head's wrecked;
[crunch] snap a neck for some live effects.
A machine, my functioning, that's mean.
I stay together, my man, like Al Green.
I'm a slayer, the E-R-I-C-K and I'm back
to attack a punk chump that ain't sayin' jack.
Boom, I'm buckwild when I'm stoned,
I close only one eye like a cyclone.
So I throw on my black shades that's rhinestone,
summer to my Benz that's outlined in chrome.
I'm the Grand Royal MC, I'm no joke.
I hit like a Phillie Blunt when it's toked.
I smoke, an MC well-done, he gets done.
I'm knockin' out wack MCs like Michael Nunn.
Full-power, one punch, crunch, I'm throwin' bolos.
I'm strapped heavy, my handguns that's solo.
I'm packed when it's time to get down.
Cuz Erick Sermon's comin' straight from the
Underground...

Refrain 4x

PMD:

Okie dokie. My mind gets slow-pokey when I toke the
bull from a Phillie Blunt and I hope me
Old Gold is cold when I pop the cap.
Take a sip and then blitz, then crack a back with a
rhyme sack.
Cuz I'm too smooth, pay my dues, and can't lose.
I'm Top Gun, pullin' bitches like Tom Cruise.
And my main man, D-Wade, still gets paid.
And in the off-season, we vacate in the shade.
So all hail the Mary, crack the Moet,

blast the boom-box, then act like George and Jet-son.
Cuz my style, similar to Tae Kwon Do, but hey-yo,
I don't kick or throw stars, this brother flows
to the funk track, with 808 drops for prop the top
of druggin' or thuggin, D.T.s or cops.
I say, no to blow and yes to cess and I suggest
you put a buck on Lotto, and if you win, you should
invest
in a new grill, Bill, cuz I rock non- until
the Fat Lady sings, or Brooklyn starts to ill.
There's a fat chance, with the brother bistro,
cuz I'm the master of the quadraverb and the echo.
There's no time to stop, so P keep on steppin'
on the edge of the frame of the mind, the nine is the
weapon.
That I choose to squeeze when a brother acts wild.
One slug to the head, mafioso style.
You catch a Universal beat down with sounds that
pound,
watch yourself son, I'm comin' straight from the
underground.

Refrain 2x

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