Hostile

Truppensturm

[sermon doing a high-pitched voice]Erick sermon is coming up... I see him! I see him!
[erick sermon]Word up
"you're quite hostile..."
"i got a right to be hostile!"
[jeff stewart]Ladies and gentlemen, are you ready
Help me bring to the stage the grandmaster
The undisputed heavyweight of hip-hop
The funklord, you know him as the green eyed bandit
Ladies and gentlemen... the mc grand royal
Erick sermon!
[erick sermon]It's the e double (who?) the funklord, God damn
Yo I'm swingin more shit than tarzan (word em up)
I freak the ill tactics cause i'ma ghetto bastard
Some say my rap style is drastic
Whoahh, I tear the frame out the microphone
Daddy's home, the owner of the chrome (yeah yeah)
Yo, my concepts is wicked; even the wicked witch
Couldn't get with the switch, the ugly bitch (word em up)
Time to reach my peak this week, and rock a ill technique
So y'all can freak out like sheep
The undercover from brentwood, yes I'm doing awesome
You wanna see me call steve austin (hehehehehe)
For your protection, go sit in the r&b section
For this session
Cause I'm real deal boy you better believe it word
Straight from the boondocks, a.k.a., the suburbs
Peace to the underground, where I create my sound
That's more doper than "spellbound" (word)
My time's up, so what the fuck slouch? (yeah)
I'ma be back, for now I'm out (word up!)
"you're quite hostile..."
[jeff stewart]And now "i gotta right to be hostile!"
Introducing, the man with the flyest transparent style on the planet
"you're quite hostile..."
"i gotta right to be hostile!"

Straight from l.o.d., kirkland ave
"you're quite hostile..."
The one and only philly blunt king

"i gotta right to be hostile!"
"you're quite hostile..."
"i gotta right to be hostile!"
[keith murray]Keith murray's, comin from the north south east and left
Rhymin to death, makin a world when I take a deep breath
With a body boom bash, my paragraph a trey-deuce
Human behavior in a psychopath
Ooooh, I might lose my cool, and break fool
And pull out my get busy tools
I write like a mad journalist
To funk, that's deeper than a bottomless spliff (that's my word)
The most beautifullest thing in this world
Is my notion, for murderous poetry in motion
And the illiotic shit I come across
Form a leash you're trapped in with explosive force
I push your head through the cracks of sanity
And leave your brain doin a bid in purgatory
It's ninety-six degrees in the shade
Before I catch blood on my blade
I take my frustration to the stage
And gets open dope and stupid bumblin rumblin tracks
When I rap my jams be packed like a laundromat
My context'll wreck your whole concept
Cause my delivery is so complex
And I'm inter-galactic on plastic
With the superdistinguish that I kick
I'm high strung at the top of my lung
With my tongue makin hardcore niggaz wanna get dumb
My dialogue comes straight from the slums
Damnage to your medula, cerebrum and cerebellum
If ya got a crew ya better tell em
[jeff stewart]("hostile" sample set repeats in background)
Ladies and gentlemen, what you've just witnessed
Is the incredible skills of erick sermon.. and keith murray
Coming to an album near you soon
This has been another erick sermon production
This is jeff stewart signing off, and until next time saying...
God damn!!!

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