

# Swing It Over Here

## Erick Sermon

"kick it over here baby pop!"

Chorus: murray, sermon, others

[km] swing it over here!

[all] yo swing it over here!

[km] swing it over here!

[all] c'mon swing it over here!

[km] y'all swing it over here!

[all] yo swing it over here!

[km] come swing it over here!

[red] yo, swing it over there!

Verse one: keith murray

My rap style is swift like boom bips

So come get a whip, and a bump, it's rough

Crews couldn't hold it in handcuffs

The ordeal is that I'm raw ill on the mic

Switchin my styles up like a transvestite (word)

I think of competition as ? ? and

Keith murray is the vocabulary champ

? come in against deep notable to breach lines?

I'll make you make the same mistake twice three or four times

And nobody got a style like this

You could say, I got my thinking cap on backwards

I'll demolish the retarded smartest rap artists

Regardless, tryin to scream the hardest

I fuck your head up like amphetamines with l.o.d.

Then bend you out of shape like a master yogi

I put my head through your chest, just to see

Who's next in line, just to get wrecked

I makes contact, bust the interlude

I take my skills to another level like qualudes

And you couldn't hear me out; cause the type of shit

I converse about'll drag your brain in the slaughterhouse

Chorus: change to [all] throughout

Verse two: erick sermon

Cling cling, somebody tell me something

Why I got more props than don king without bouncing boxing rings?

\*ding ding\* I be the flyest guy you ever sawr on the microphone

Rip the shit to pieces, so leave me alone

Check me out, the way I freak the mode  
The active half flippin shit so split 'fore I explode - boom!  
So umm, pay attention, before I put you and your crew on suspension  
For being closed minded to my invention  
Yo, I rock on reel when I record oh my lord  
The world full of jackers so I keep my shit stored  
When I rock the microphone I rock it right  
And keep it hardcore and more blacker than wesley snipes  
To my crew there's no match  
You want more funk then here's another batch, yo i  
Chorus: [all] throughout  
"the redman that's what they call me" --> epmd's 'headbanger' (repeat 3x)  
[ed] oh no, here comes the funkadelic redman  
Verse three: redman  
Aoowwwwwhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh my goodness! could this be  
The funk that I was stretching out my lungs  
Funkadelic sums up \*nasal inhale\* I clear the mucus  
Stick tissue up my nose to stop the snot from makin spots  
To be or not I still give niggaz polka dots for plots  
Now richard dawson had a survey sayin that I was awesome  
Throw on your walkmans while I pour the funk sauce in your coffins  
Wake up! while the blunt's laced up just to pick the pace up  
My style's freaky, nasty like ? seka? pussy papers  
When I raped her, you don't know check the four-uno-uno you know  
That funk mixture that gets your body, holy like scriptures  
Now right about now I'm settin off a bomb to blow the empire  
To ashes -- cause my shit's more raw than niggaz stashes  
Massive funk, swingin bangin bent up while I fucked ya  
I'm rough enough ta, fuck up another white man's trucker  
Redman's evil like the board of ouiji, niggaz could smoke  
A whole pound of weed and couldn't see me off the tv!

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