# I'm Not Him

## Erick Sermon

I'm not him
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Nope, it's E don't trip
Word to cam'ron, man my set stay dipped
We rock Nike, Airs, the flyest wears, yeah
We got flavor man, I'm not him
I'm the music man
Who gave Marvin Gaye's wife two hundred grand
Man, ask quincy, I'm that dude
So please don't get me confused because I'm not him
Boy, you in trouble
Guns pack a couple, a one-man swat team
By any means, pull a Malcolm
House 'em have 'em screamin' Shelton
He, bring the noise, I'm not him
Nope, I'm the bandit
That green eyed cat, boy from way back
Who set trends, the youngest nigga in rap with a Benz
Rag-top with rims, that was me stupid
I'm not him, I'm not him
It's e-dub, it's not who you thought he was
He's flyer than you thought he was
So I'm back to reclaim my name because
I'm not him, I'm not him
It's e-dub, it's not who you thought he was
He's flyer than you thought he was
So I'm back to reclaim my name because I'm not him
I'm a 15 year vet
Type of rapper, 15 year stretch
The one who made it happen rappin'
Got it crackin' rappin', keep the paper stackin', yeah
I'm not him, I'm hip-hop elite
The one who signed Redman, the one who signed Keith
The one who made the beat that locked down the corner
Hardcore, that's my persona, geah
I'm not him, nope, I'm the E
The other half of the group of EPMD

And my track record so mean
This here underground bounce so hood, fuck mainstream
I'm not him, you can't get with me

I rock spots and leave a TLC unpretty
And now it's ugly, Bubba Sparxxx scene
Real dirty and grimy with the squad behind me
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Nope, I'm the master
I'm the man's man, the rapper's favorite rapper
The ultimate, none get close to it
I'm Erick, I'm the one you supposed to pick
I'm not him, I keep it gutter on tracks
Regulate like doc Dre's brother
I'm warren in rap, I drop bombs to-day
You lay like u-day and qu-say, yeah
I'm not him, the MC Grand Royal
On the microphone and New York's my home
Long island zone, where I roam
Like phones in buffalo, geah, you know
I'm not him, go 'head, talk about me
I don't care since my label dropped me
And I returned like Makaveli
In a new stretch caddy, watchin' belly
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