

# Crossover

## EPMD

(Erick Sermon)

Erick Sermon's in the house  
Let's get up, let's get down  
Roll wit the hardcore funk, the hardcore sound  
Let's get wit this, mackadocious funk material  
So simple, when I rock wit the instrumental  
Who am I (E-D the Green Eyed Bandit)  
Control my career so I can never get stranded  
But the rest are gettin Brand Nubian  
Changed up they style, from jeans to suits and  
Thinkin about a pop record, somethin made for the station  
For a whole new relation-  
Ship of a new type of scene  
To go platinum and clock mad green  
AKA, a sellout, the rap definition  
Get off that boy, change your mission  
Come back around the block  
Pump Color Me Badd to the ah, tick tock  
Let them know your logo, not a black thing  
My background sing, my background sing for the crossover  
The Crossover  
The rap era's outta control, brother's  
sellin their soul

To go gold, going, going, gone, another rapper sold  
(To who) To pop and RandB, not the MD  
I'm strictly hip-hop, I'll stick to Kid Capri  
Funk mode, yea, kid, that's how the Squad rolls  
I know your head is bobbin 'cause the neck knows  
(Not like other rappers) frontin on they fans, the ill  
Trying to chill, saying "damn, it be great to sell a mill"  
Thats when the mind switch to the pop tip  
(Kid, you're gonna be large)  
Yea right, that's what the company kicks  
Forget the black crowds, you're wack now  
In a zoot suit, frontin black lookin mad foul  
I speak for the hardcore (ruff, rugged and raw)  
I'm outta here, catch me chillin on my next tour  
From the US to the white cliffs of Dover

Strictly underground funk, keep the crossover  
The Crossover  
So what cha sayin) You wanna go pop goes the  
weasel

You know you should be rocking the fans wit something diesel  
But you insist to piss me off black

So I flex the biceps so I can push em back  
So real hardcore hip-hop continue wreck it  
And all sucker MC's duck down and get the message  
So ban the crossover, yo, who's wit me  
(Hit Squad) yea, P, hit meAnother megablast, funky dope style from cross yonder  
(So help me Rhonda, help, help me Rhonda)  
(Yo, from what) the crossover, yea crossing you over  
Outta here, gone, peace, nice to know ya (see ya)  
What a way to go out, no clout is what the fans will shout  
'Cause you got gassed and took the wrong route  
Came on the scene, chillin, freakin a funky dope line  
But when they finish wit you (beep) flatline  
Some say there's no business like show business  
But if this the truth, please explain why is this  
Rappers been around long, makin mad noise you see  
Still I haven't seen one rapper livin comfortably  
No time to pick and wish on a four leaf clover  
I stick to underground, keep the crossoverThe Crossover

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