Erick Sermon

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[erick sermon]Owww!
Word em up, word em up yo
Yeah yeah, word em up like dat
Erick sermon's in effect
Def squad, that's the hype
One more time word
Yeah
Yeah, mackadocious shit
Yeah
This is my openin, e comin at ya lazy style
Versatile, crazy wild with my profile
Dominatin the microphone, on my own
Freakin it, with the ill vocal tone
Outspoken, here's a token of my appreciation
I bring drama like jason
Who can see me? you better ask superman
For his super vision, cause I'm on a fuckin mission
Test my skills, and I rearrange your fuckin grill
Will kill if I have to get ill
Get away, carry on, and step
Like the s1's, cause my crew carry big guns
To blow up, anybody in the range
And plus I'm bad as michael jackson, even though he +dangerous+
E double with the funk type shit
This is it, so get with the skit motherfucker
Who am I e.d. the green eyed bandit
Who am I e.d. the green eyed bandit
Heyyyyyy, erick sermon (word, that's my motherfuckin name boy)
Who am I e.d. the green eyed bandit
Who am I e.d. the green eyed bandit
Heyyyyyy, erick sermon
Check this out!
I still get loose in the rap vocal booth
I know I can, I can like a train caboose
Smoke up the hardcore scene when I be rappin
I make it blacken yo, and make things happen
Why? I'm like the michael jackson of rap
I'm bad, plus I moonwalk over tracks

I am still, so a-mazin

I flex, punk and get funky for the occasion
Superstitious, so I kill black cats and all that
And buck em down with the gat
E double in the house don't you know me
What's up homey loc, step and you get smoked
I have a dream like martin luther king
That one day, yo, I can do away
With the pitiful, and the critical wack mc's
Seperate the ocean, and throw em in between
Grab my nuts, hold em, becaues they're golden
With more wins than hulk hogan
It's the future, of a dope producer
On the rise, the hype is my green eyes
Who am I e.d. the green eyed bandit
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Heyyyyyy, erick sermon (word, that's my motherfuckin name boy)
Who am I e.d. the green eyed bandit
Who am I e.d. the green eyed bandit
Heyyyyyy, erick sermon
Aowww, part three!
Shhhhh, quiet, your rap style's tired
The stores can't sell it, the fans won't buy it
Hell no - even if it was sold at an auction
Boy get rid of it, like an abortion
Word is bond, you made a mistake
And struck out, while I'm home safe at the plate
Def squad, act like you know, backed by russell
And that word to me means dough
Cause look -- I've been rich and I've been poor
Now I'm back in the door hardcore
So whattup duke peace to the crew
Def squad's in the house gettin wrecktafied beaucoup
Motherfucker!
Who am I e.d. the green eyed bandit
Who am I e.d. the green eyed bandit
Heyyyyyy, erick sermon (word, that's my motherfuckin name boy)
Who am I e.d. the green eyed bandit
Who am I e.d. the green eyed bandit
Heyyyyyy, erick sermon
Like dat!

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