

Hittin' Switches

Erick Sermon

Yeah, this is Kolorado from Shadz of Lingo
Kickin' it with the Funklord himself, E Double
Hittin' switches and we 'bout to get stupid
So you know, yo E, check it
Ah yeah, one, two, hey young world, hey young world
Mic check, here I go again, check me out Bust the flavor, you know my clout
Rough and rugged, funk's the contact I hit you with
To make your head split, trip and do a backflip
I swing it hardcore like an orangutan
I bring it wicked and freak the funk slang Like goddamn, yeah dude, gnarly, fuckin' A
I don't Play-Doh, my nickname ain't Clay
It's the E Double, mackaframa, bust the grammar
My style is sickening, like Roseanne-ah Plus, I'm funky like Atomic Dog
Boy, you can't see me, I'm thicker than fog
So save that drama, here's a floppy disk, don't risk it
Boo, yaa, that's my biscuit On the mic, I cover every angle
A square, tri-part to a rectangle
I mean dat wit a passion, so be it
When I rock the mic, it's worth seein'
So cop a squad and parlay, bitch
With the E R I C K while I'm hittin' switches Erick Sermon, Erick Sermon
Off and on, off and on, it's on
Off and on, off and on, it's on
Off and on, off and on, it's on
Off and on, off and on, it's on
Hittin' switches Ah shit, it's part two, it's on with the funk
So ring the alarm, ding, while I drop the bomb on the country
E's gettin' funky word to mother
I smother any emcee or so-called brother Why? I gets busy, who the hell is he?
The roughneck from New York City
You wanna mess around with the ill bastard
Then get your ass kicked, messin' with the clique Def Squad, now on location with the funky sensation
You wanna step you must be freebasin'
Punk, why you playin'? You bored?
You can't afford to get choked by the mic cord I keep you drunk like whiskey, solve the mystery
Umm, without Agatha Christie
You think you know what's going on
Without Marvin Gaye around, c'mon, let's get down I spark your brain with all funk material
And gettin' wicked, and let Wilson Pickett

Before I break, let me announce, get the bozack
Now we all can bounce as I'm hittin' switchesErick Sermon, Erick Sermon
Off and on, off and on, it's on
Off and on, off and on, it's on
Off and on, off and on, it's on
Off and on, off and on, it's on
Hittin' switchesBack in effect mode, droppin' loads
Watch me explode with the devil in me like crossroads
And ding-a-ling-a-ling with the guitar, freak the funk speech
Make the contact strong as bleachRock the mic, make the vibes right and plus dy-no-mite
So I can fly high like Mike and just do it
And get freaky-deaky on the real
Grab the steel in case there's caps to peelIn the mix, when I flex the context, beware
Like when you're havin' safe sex
I continue to get brand new, one, two
My mic held tight so I can recite the hypeAnd get busy, my name is Erick Sermon
Back for the adventure without Pee-Wee Herman
For those who don't know, don't act suspicious
While I'm hittin' switchesErick Sermon, Erick Sermon
Off and on, off and on, it's on
Off and on, off and on, it's on
Off and on, off and on, it's on
Off and on, off and on, it's on
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