

Now Whut's Up

Erick Sermon

Yo, now when you hear the name Keith Murray, don't think violence
That's nonsense, me and Meth put that to silence
I'm a product of the streets, master of the breaks and beats
Lyrically headstrong and can't be beat Triple minded, mentally combined underground pirate
Microphone tyrant, always comin' sideways
And Topsy turvy, lyrical crash-up derby
Come, Filthy McNasty, pretty gritty dirty Lyrical sayin' MC slayin', 'Hip Hop Quotable'
Unquotable, sociable thirty-eight caliber style swayin'
Open your mind to visualize what I'm sayin'
The products of the streets don't be playin' It's a bloody ambush like a dirty douche in ya tush
When I push, push up in ya bush
Superstar status, break off beats, the baddest
Style's the baddest, bring extra clips to stop the madness Yo, we in the place
(Now whut's up?)
DJ, pick up the pace
(Now whut's up?)
Gyrate, feel the bass
(Now whut's up?)
What the deal, huh?
(Now whut's up?) Aiiyyo we ain't playin' fair no more, there's somethin' new in store
A Hot Boy but not from the 504
New technique to rock the mic
Lyrical 'Blade' sharp like Wesley and N'Bushe Wright Soundbombin' could be a catastrophe
When NASA blast off, Flex blast off me
E-vincible, rap round your left ventricle
So let's be sensible E temperamental, quick to dismember you
Wyclef that 'November' you
They wish they can do what I can do
If you could switch brains, you would, wouldn't you? My style is Mike, Vince, Earvin
Jordan, Carter, Julius, servin'
MC's at will, I'm trickery, Lou ain't stickin' me
A curve ball, Mark ain't hittin' me Yo, we in the place
(Now whut's up?)
DJ, pick up the pace
(Now whut's up?)
Gyrate, feel the bass
(Now whut's up?)
Yo, what the deal, huh?
(Now whut's up?) Yo, rapid gunfire destroy ya boys and unemploy some

Put the headphones on your kid like Castor Troy's son
 Darts'll damage ya dogs where the U-Haul in my truck
 The camera installed, hand upon my balls Call the morgue, I'm killin' 'em, even Kyle is not feelin' 'em
 When I drill 'em with skills of ten Eminems
 You feminine, don't even call my name
 I stay locked down walkin' with a ball and chain Put the mac where you tongue at, I done that
 These young cats'll get thumbtacked and sent where Big Pun at
 Smoke so much, the doc asked where my lung at
 I took it out to stash my gun, son run that Pop mega shit, I pop mega clips
 Fuck a system, I keep the heat where your Sega sit
 Then I bang the controller 'til the game say, "Over"
 In the Bricks, we'll stick ya when ya plane lays over Yo, we in the place
 (Now whut's up?)
 DJ, pick up the pace
 (Now whut's up?)
 Gyrate, feel the bass
 (Now whut's up?)
 What the deal, huh?
 (Now whut's up?) Yo, y'all know me, maniacs and addicts add it, at it
 Venomous addict snake biter, I the, at it
 'Cause I'm a little odder at it
 In the Ac' with the aircraft and then leave inactive My alter-ego make niggaz alter their egos
 I flow and turn the East coast to one big creep show
 South premisy, Filthy-delphia pistol bangers
 Pistol changin', pistol bangin' I lift metal like Lithuanians
 Two thousand nail me Sy Scott rap's new insanian
 It's humane, punish ya mayn
 'Til no skeletal remains remain remain mainly main To bitten man made disease that's made by man
 Crackin' the DNA code to see how God made man
 I storm the mainland, scare MC's like slave hands
 Put microchips in they wristbands and make 'em rain dance Lay hands like Mike Strahand
 Puttin' ya face and hands in Ace bands
 Tryin' to lift more than ya waistband I travel every shinin' sea, sea and land to finally see
 When niggaz land in the error era wherever, forever no error
 Easily cut niggaz careers down like ever
 Ever forever and ever, don't you ever
 Fuck with Sy, Khi and Erick when we come together, what?

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