All In the Mind

Judge Dread

[erick sermon]Oh.. yeahhuhh!
Def squad
Chorus: erick sermon
It's all in the mind.. (pump pump, lickin shots!) *7x*
(pump pump, lickin shots)
[erick sermon]Aiyyo it's the master rap maniac, comin fat like dat
That's my habitat, with the funk track
From the boondocks, when I rocks my styles out the docks
Who who? I hear someone knockin at my door
It must be soup, a black human bein
I think it's about time for y'all to see him
[soup]Sometimes I get blindsided with the flow, I never know
They yell hoe, assumin the motions of a cool flow
Notions of a cool, it's the s, ohhhhhh
Never come test, noooooooo, cause even the best'll have to
Go out with the rest, nestea and a bag of sess for me
Ackninckulous, I kill the weeds in my chest
[erick sermon]Back on the rebound, it's the magnificents funkdullah
Old schooler, more sole/soul than dr. scholl-ah
Freakin wicked so it sticks in your dome
On the chrome microphone so I take it home
Don't neglect, just respect, the mic check
Don't forget, I still snap necks and come correct
I leave the microphone burnin (burnin)
Green eyed bandit, my ? full name is erick sermon
[soup]Erick sermon, sermon with the preaching
I'm fuckin up people's heads without speaking, without speaking
Clearly, loudly, niggaz crowd around the speaker
To hear me freak the, note like tamika
But sweeter, sixty phoneta, sneaker if you
Peep the, jams and you reap the fields

With the roots and uh, my name is soup, and uh
I flow like orange juice or tropicana, and uh
Chorus
[erick sermon]Breaker breaker, shh, I hear some static
Stop and get my automatic, the rusty one from the attic
And shoot, or be killed, and if I ill I might cause
A bloodspill so I have to chill and get

Totally disgusting on the microphone
Whyyyyyyyyy, because it's onnnnn (it's on, it's on)
It's on (it's on, it's on, it's on, it's on!!)
[soup]The industry is a trick, and everyone is on the dick
A cheap trick, just like ? like ?
I peep it, everyone, wants me to sound like
A ? , I'm dyin, before I get up from behind
It's crushin up the rush of the rhyme in my mind
Drink and trust - blind, think and trust - my, nine
Because, nine lives nine triggers
Fine rhymes equal the nine figures
Yeah the cold cash, I hold a bold stash
Yeah pockets next to my nineteen year old ass
Yeah, God bless the child with his own
God bless the roots and outsiders who zone
Motherfuckers caps, get bucked in the dome
Lick a shot, in his mad packed crazy chrome
Chorus (+ soup shouting over)
[soup]Like that, but it's all words
Words can kill more pens, than guns, and friends
And foes, God knows, I chose the pros
That rose, still froze-n, chose-n, you
S-o-u and the p, e, r-i-c-k
Erick sermon, kickin a rhyme this way
Yeah! it's all in, your mind
It's all in, my mind
It's all in, my mind..

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