

# The Ill Shit

## Erick Sermon

With tha boom and ping  
Listen to the ill shit that I bring, bring  
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Listen to the ill shit that I bring, bring What's the 411?  
Erick Sermon, Ice Cube, and Kam are here to get the job done  
So back the fuck up I have an attitude, dude, I'm 'bout ta get rude  
I'm buckin' out shots during my interlude Right about now I'm 'bout ta get courageous like the cat  
Got the gat in the corner of my back so get the bozack  
The American dream, the people choice pick  
I flip more vowels than Pat Sajak's white bitch I'm bad ask Michael Jackson's dad about E-double  
The mack fram, the black Superman made of steel  
The mic I'm holdin' is a Samson  
E-d the green eyed bandit in raw fashion I'm lettin' niggaz know my territory  
My ground is rugged, I kill a million niggaz so fuck it!  
Nick knack paddy whack give a dog a bone  
Once again it's on with the brand new song, yeah boy! With tha boom and ping!  
Listen to the ill shit that I bring, bring!  
With tha boom and ping!  
Listen to the ill shit that I bring, bring! With tha boom and ping!  
Listen to the ill shit that I bring, bring!  
With tha boom and ping!  
Listen to the ill shit that I bring, bring! God damn, not Kam!  
But I'm afraid so, I lay low like a brick  
Quick to make a cameo, so hand me your eardrum  
'Cuz here comes the 411  
Little devils don't go to heaven 187 on a saltine cracker  
Smack a paranoid busta so don't make me have to act a fool  
What's up? Now you can determine  
The West Coast niggaz is down with Erick Sermon on the G tip We trips hard on the opposition  
Three niggaz on a mission so listen to the ill shit  
'Cuz we'll get wrecked, what you expect?  
Fuck a rain nigga take a chin check With tha boom and ping  
Listen to the ill shit that I bring, bring  
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With tha boom and ping  
Listen to the ill shit that I bring, bring Well, here I go again, throwin' up the W  
Ice cube and I'm down wit' E-double crew  
Pullin' up in my homie's black 6-4  
Hittin' switches but mine's a convertible Matched to the west side, still got the 2-2  
'Cuz some niggaz don't believe in a gang truce  
Personal shit what is this [unverified] EPMD, goin' out of business?  
God damnit, can't leave my dog stranded, the green eyed bandit  
Picked up Kam 'cause my nigga need a ride, fuck a peace treaty But still have the 4-5, glock cocked for the  
clown  
Yeah we down pulled up and echoed sound  
Don't ya know that we can drop 10 of these, dope tracks  
So fuck all our enemies! With tha boom and ping  
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