

The Ill Shit

Erick Sermon

With tha boom and ping
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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!

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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

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
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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!
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