

Maintain

Erick Sermon

C'mon, clap your hands, wind it up
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C'mon, clap your hands, wind it up Hush, I'm comin' through with the bum rush
Feelin's forced style, Adidas, Cold Crush
What? My style's ridiculous
Who's gettin' wit that spectacular, miraculous? Word to Lexus, I'm from New York
I'm flowin' like Dom P so unpop the cork
Now feelin' me for real do', I'm the one who came
From the back and blew the brains out of Al Pacino Welcome to this rendition of lyricism
I'm on a Doug E. Fresh mission
Somebody stop me, I'm outta control please
Before I do autopsies on these MC's Open 'em up, they hollow on the inside
No heart pumpin', their organ missin' somethin'
Trueness, yeah they get no props without Das
I come with the real hip-hop I maintain
I hold it down, so gimme that microphone
And lounge homeboy, you in the danger zone
When a brother like E is on the microphone, uh I maintain
I hold it down, so gimme that microphone
And lounge homeboy, you in the danger zone
When a brother like ED is on the microphone Hold up, how y'all tryin' to play me, uh
When I paved the way for y'all punks to MC
You're not hard, ol' school pull your card
Wit the quickness, chump and Jehovah Witness Agony of defeat on the street
In front of your crew diggin', in front of your main chicken
Ooh, it's more than meet the eye, oh my God
Somebody got shook by a hardcore mirage Speak on it, I get busy every week on it
Die, I sing and get unique on it
The miracle child, the chosen one
Behind the Def Squad come the truth There chill, I got that microphone
So lounge homeboy, you in the danger zone
I can't believe, I come with the mad degrees, boy
Freakin' the funk with extra shit up the sleeve, uh I maintain
I hold it down, so gimme that microphone
And lounge homeboy, you in the danger zone
When a brother like E is on the microphone, uh I maintain, huh

I hold it down, so gimme that microphone
And lounge homeboy, you in the danger zone
When a brother like ED is on the microphone, word

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