

Do-Re-Mi

Erick Sermon

Uhh, uhh, yeah

See I know how to get down, word upIt's so hot it's LL's version of the East Coast chronic

Smoke 'til your lungs collapse

You supposed to be the nigga, where all the drama at?

So ironic, L came backFlooded the market, got your mens on the wall

Holdin' his blunt, too fucked up to spark it

Show me a nigga who can do like I do

Then gas your mans up so I can rip that nigga tooBraggin' you goin' platinum like that shit brand new

I was platinum in eighty-five, what the fuck wrong with you, huh?

Come [unverified] L, what you call rocks to me is minerals?

Tried to throw salt on my name, shit's politicalThe baddest man on the planet

So ill, when I'm spittin' niggaz take it for granted

Cram to understand it, I'll switch and write it left handed

Heat my pinky ring up and leave your bitch brandedGot a voice like a cannon nigga shoot

I don't think she really hot, your career is a fluke

I'm the best MC to ever touch the pen

Take a look at what I'm doin' it will not be done againAs sure I am the descendant of former slaves

I'ma resurrect brothers from they mental graves

Make 'em confess, LL's the most rugged

God and no man's above it, gotta love itDo, get this bread, use ya infrared

Re, fuck the industry, it's all about

Mi, you ain't goin' FA

L said it so, puffin on the L.A.Do, get this bread, use ya infrared

Re, fuck the industry, it's all about

Mi, you ain't goin' FA

E said so, puffin on the L.A.

(Ti do)Uhh, E-Dub on the microphone

Droppin' bombs spots get blown

So why would you assume my style wouldn't bloom

When I rap, wack, MC's vacate the room'Cause they suck and that's how I feel

I'ma smack down the A&R who signed the deal

Then wrap 'round his neck yo' reel to reel

So next time he know, how the real feelGet loose and wrap hand 'round the steel

Leave you in the truck, wrapped 'round ya wheel

(I ain't playin')

But y'all front like I ain't it

And every rapper y'all like, sample my shit(Name one)

I'm nice, and there's no mistakin'

I threw a bomb rhyme in the hands of Troy Aikman

My track record is out there, gone
E.T. like maybe I should phone home
(Hello?)I'm known for the dome bangers

Drop any song of mine right now in the club and it's danger
Scarface, E, LL Cool J, never heard it spit this way, hey
(Jigga, jigga)Do, get this bread, use ya infrared

Re, fuck the industry, it's all about
Mi, you ain't goin' FA
L said it so, puffin on the L.A.

(That's right)Do, get this bread, use ya infrared
Re, fuck the industry, it's all about
Mi, you ain't goin' FA
'Cause 'Face said so, puffin on the L.A.

(Ti do)You a trash ass nigga slash garbage ass rhymers
You switched from the raw to a chart climber
And now your shit is blowin' out the stores

And uh, next month you fin' to go out on the tour butCount
(Two, three and four)

Your records ain't sellin' no more
And damn you done spent your money galore
Buyin' all the stupid shit that your money can't afford
(Uh, oh)Tryin' to keep up with the trendy
Got your bitch minked out in all Fendi
Bought your homeboy a brand new Bentley

And the well that wouldn't run dry is now emptyIt's simply, 'cause you wasn't focused on the next day
And your next tape, you can't give it away, but hey
I send these to these niggaz tryin' to keep up with the Joneses

Everything you see, me I owns itI've been quietly sellin' tapes for thirteen years
So let's get that clear
You might have sold a few more tapes but
Realistically are you that great?
(Nah)Can't get respect but I done paid dues

Stood on the block slangin' cooked up rocks, I'm the same dude
I've been the same nigga since I came through
Do-re-mi too, damn fool

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