

Lil Crazy

Erick Sermon

Hey young world, one two, one two
Check it out, y'all, Shadz of Lingo in the house
E Double's in the house with Def Squad
On the funky fresh track with Shadz of Lingo
Mic check, one two, yo, you got my nerves jumpin' around
And humpin' around like Bobby Brown across town
I ain't with that, so don't cramp my style
Step off me, I'm hyped like I had a pound of coffee
Yo, how could you ask what I'm doin'?
When I'm pursuin', gettin' funky with my crew
And my input brings vibes unknown like ET
Makes me phone home to my family
Cling, hello mom, I'm doin' it, freakin' more fame
Than Batman played by Michael Keaton
I crossed over, let me name someone that's black
With fame and pockets that are fat
Hey, Erick Sermon, he's one, packs a gun
That's bigger than Malcolm's, out the window
I look for a punk to get stupid, so I can shoot his ass
Like Cupid, E 2 bingos, down with the Shadz of Lingo
Here to bust out the funky single
Shit, there goes my pager, I'll see you later, because yo
Every now and then, I get a little crazy
Every now and then, I get a little crazy
Every now and then, I get a little crazy
Every now and then, I get a little crazy
One two, how can I do it? I guess, I'll spit the real
Yo, I pack much dick with the cover made of steel hoe
Yes, yes, never fessed or settled for less
One clown stepped and got a hole in the fuckin' chest
From the AK, somebody scream Mayday, took the sucker out
'Cause he clowned me on a pay day, the funk is flowin'
To the maximum from the E Double, while I kick the facts to them
Check a chill brother with class, rough enough to run up
And snatch the spine out a niggaz ass, grip the steel
When caps peeled, here to chill on the real and don't give a motherfuck
How you feel, thinkin' you're steppin' to this? I kinda doubt it
Ain't with the bullshit, so you can write a fuckin' book about it
The big nigga with the bud and I'm on that

E kick the beat and yo, you shoulda known that
Every now and then, I get a little crazy
Every now and then, I get a little crazy
Every now and then, I get a little crazy
Every now and then, I get a little crazy
Yo, it's the Lingo of the Shadz, droppin' that mellow
But mad Mackadocious, melodious metaphorical music
With mo' shit that you used to, and stylin' that you ain't
What else I got to do but draw the pictures with paints?
Oh no, there's my mic squeakin' a soundman's body
Turnin' up every weekend, some think I done the killin'
You know, I can't remember, I can't recall a full week
Since this past December and mics catchin' fire 'fore I get the chance
To touch 'em, yo Al B catch the Buddha lightin' torches
I'ma bust 'em but don't rush 'em, leave the pyromaniac alone
He heard the words to hit em on the red dot and knows
I'm thinkin' 'bout murder, run, hide, you can't escape
The hit on, I got the papes, dodge red lasers scannin'
Brings fly, fly when rhymes landin', let me go, no
Yo, I'm straight, chill, yo, I need air, wait cross fade
A killer style and where's the soundman, tell me, was I whylin'? 'cause
Every now and then, I get a little crazy
Every now and then, I get a little crazy
Every now and then, I get a little crazy
Every now and then, I get a little crazy
Hey young world, check me out, check me, check me out
Hey young world, New York's in the house
Def Squad's in the motherfuckin' house
New York's in the motherfuckin' house
Rowdy Records in the motherfuckin' house
Def Squad's in the motherfuckin' house
ED's in the motherfuckin' house, Def Jam boy
Shadz of Lingo in the motherfuckin' house
Peace and we out, Russell Simmons boy, word

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