

# Hittin' Switches

## Erick Sermon

Yeah, this is Kolorado from Shadz of Lingo  
Kickin' it with the Funklord himself, E Double  
Hittin' switches and we 'bout to get stupid  
So you know, yo E, check it  
Ah yeah, one, two, hey young world, hey young world  
Mic check, here I go again, check me out  
Bust the flavor, you know my clout  
Rough and rugged, funk's the contact I hit you with  
To make your head split, trip and do a backflip  
I swing it hardcore like an orangutan  
I bring it wicked and freak the funk slang  
Like goddamn, yeah dude, gnarly, fuckin' A  
I don't Play-Doh, my nickname ain't Clay  
It's the E Double, mackaframa, bust the grammar  
My style is sickening, like Roseanne-ah  
Plus, I'm funky like Atomic Dog  
Boy, you can't see me, I'm thicker than fog  
So save that drama, here's a floppy disk, don't risk it  
Boo, yaa, that's my biscuit  
On the mic, I cover every angle  
A square, tri-part to a rectangle  
I mean dat wit a passion, so be it  
When I rock the mic, it's worth seein'  
So cop a squad and parlay, bitch  
With the E R I C K while I'm hittin' switches  
Erick Sermon, Erick Sermon  
Off and on, off and on, it's on  
Off and on, off and on, it's on  
Off and on, off and on, it's on  
Off and on, off and on, it's on  
Hittin' switches  
Ah shit, it's part two, it's on with the funk  
So ring the alarm, ding, while I drop the bomb on the country  
E's gettin funky word to mother  
I smother any emcee or so-called brother  
Why? I gets busy, who the hell is he?  
The roughneck from New York City  
You wanna mess around with the ill bastard  
Then get your ass kicked, messin' with the clique

Def Squad, now on location with the funky sensation  
You wanna step you must be freebasin'  
Punk, why you playin'? You bored?  
You can't afford to get choked by the mic cord  
I keep you drunk like whiskey, solve the mystery  
Umm, without Agatha Christie  
You think you know what's going on  
Without Marvin Gaye around, c'mon, let's get down  
I spark your brain with all funk material  
And gettin' wicked, and let Wilson Pickett  
Before I break, let me announce, get the bozack  
Now we all can bounce as I'm hittin' switches  
Erick Sermon, Erick Sermon  
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Back in effect mode, droppin' loads  
Watch me explode with the devil in me like crossroads  
And ding-a-ling-a-ling with the guitar, freak the funk speech  
Make the contact strong as bleach  
Rock the mic, make the vibes right and plus dy-no-mite  
So I can fly high like Mike and just do it  
And get freaky-deaky on the real  
Grab the steel in case there's caps to peel  
In the mix, when I flex the context, beware  
Like when you're havin' safe sex  
I continue to get brand new, one, two  
My mic held tight so I can recite the hype  
And get busy, my name is Erick Sermon  
Back for the adventure without Pee-Wee Herman  
For those who don't know, don't act suspicious  
While I'm hittin' switches  
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