S.o.d.

Erick Sermon

Yo, I'm a tic-tac-toe tactical wit it tactician
Tit for tat, three bombs on me, we all ticking
Schizophrenic, up in the kitchen
With a black fifth up against my head, just, click, click, clickin' it
We check the barrel and start respinnin' it
We, I start, medics start sowing and restitching them
My constituents and scorpions poisonous stingers filled with opium
Stay grippin' 'em, I've got a venomous heart, filled with vigilance
That will shatter ten continents and ten palatinates
Envision the vengefulness, visualize the vindictiveness
I rhyme with Sid Vicious viciousness
You be kiddin', soft like kittens
My grills are pit bulls, they will kill when I say sick 'em
Restrain me, restrict me
I'm arresting resistance, can't be apprehended nigga
You got a problem with E
If you got a problem, come a holla at me
And if you want it, we can get it started
Plus I got the whole squad siding with me
Let the catty spray and wet up the matinee
Smack niggaz with both hands like patty-cake
Violate and I will retaliate
I don't battle fake niggaz, I'm heavyweight nigga
GMG, fam, we gladly hotta
Behold the sorcerer's stone like Harry Potter
And I'm like Harry Potta, we scary riders
Can't get near the dadda
I swear to God I'll come find where you hidin'
Have my high, finding beamers and ninas
Leave the area shot up, you hearing me Patna
I'm a fucking five star general, to drive cars into you
Ic' dodge interviews, one flip of the mack, take all ten of you
This message intended to, who's ever offended Duke
Yeah, you my nigga, but you could still get it too
So don't test me, I don't wanna do this shit to you
You got a problem with E
If you got a problem, come a holla at me
And if you want it, we can get it started
Plus I got the whole squad siding with me

Live from the NY state
And I got one question, guess what's in my waste
Y'all got me pisted off slick talk
To get that Jacob watch, I'll cut your wrist off
I'm in the limo too long to turn
And this motherfuckin' Dutch taking long to burn
I'm impatient, this is a song you learn
Make money, take money
And I'm hear to confirm my occupation
The new boss of course, the new Porsche
I pull up just to murder you niggaz and move off
You too soft, Red Cafe from New York
I tell a bitch quick, I'm hot can't cool off
I twist lesbos, and guzzling out exos
My firearms stick to my waste like Velcro
It's R.C. nothing phony about me
With E double the O.G. you know me
You got a problem with E
If you got a problem, come a holla at me
And if you want it, we can get it started
Plus I got the whole squad siding with me
Yeah, I know, you never expect me to anchor
I bring it to them so called pranksters and them gangsters
I run DMC's from rappers that's petter piper
I am the big apple, ain't nobody ripper, man
I'm not M.J., I'm a lover and a fighter
That's why I'm in D.C. now, looking for the sniper
I came in the game with hoodies and timberlands
Hard since Cypress Hill been wanting to kill a man
I did time, a thirteen year bid
I'm gutter E, I'm hanging on the side of crib
I'm a fan, but I hate what you're doing
Whenever you performing shows it's me booing
Ya as soft as your bid-die, you punk now
And you gonna be a punk at sixty
Dog, ya need more team to get me
I'm a G, and my Unit come through like Fifty
You got a problem with E
If you got a problem, come a holla at me
And if you want it, we can get it started
Plus I got the whole squad siding with me
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