

# Erick Sermon

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[erick sermon]

Owww!

Word em up, word em up yo  
Yeah yeah, word em up like dat

Erick sermon's in effect  
Def squad, that's the hype

One more time word

Yeah

Yeah, mackadocious shit

Yeah

This is my openin, e comin at ya lazy style

Versatile, crazy wild with my profile

Dominatin the microphone, on my own

Freakin it, with the ill vocal tone

Outspoken, here's a token of my appreciation

I bring drama like jason

Who can see me? you better ask superman

For his super vision, cause I'm on a fuckin mission

Test my skills, and I rearrange your fuckin grill

Will kill if I have to get ill

Get away, carry on, and step

Like the s1's, cause my crew carry big guns

To blow up, anybody in the range

And plus I'm bad as michael jackson, even though he +dangerous+

E double with the funk type shit

This is it, so get with the skit motherfucker

Who am I e.d. the green eyed bandit

Who am I e.d. the green eyed bandit

Heyyyyyy, erick sermon (word, that's my motherfuckin name boy)

Who am I e.d. the green eyed bandit

Who am I e.d. the green eyed bandit

Heyyyyyy, erick sermon Check this out!

I still get loose in the rap vocal booth

I know I can, I can like a train caboose

Smoke up the hardcore scene when I be rappin

I make it blacken yo, and make things happen

Why? I'm like the michael jackson of rap

I'm bad, plus I moonwalk over tracks

I am still, so a-mazin

I flex, punk and get funky for the occasion

Superstitious, so I kill black cats and all that

And buck em down with the gat

E double in the house don't you know me  
 What's up homey loc, step and you get smoked  
 I have a dream like martin luther king  
 That one day, yo, I can do away  
 With the pitiful, and the critical wack mc's  
 Seperate the ocean, and throw em in between  
 Grab my nuts, hold em, becaues they're golden  
 With more wins than hulk hogan  
 It's the future, of a dope producer  
 On the rise, the hype is my green eyesWho am I e.d. the green eyed bandit  
 Who am I e.d. the green eyed bandit  
 Heyyyyyy, erick sermon (word, that's my motherfuckin name boy)  
 Who am I e.d. the green eyed bandit  
 Who am I e.d. the green eyed bandit  
 Heyyyyyy, erick sermonAowww, part three!  
 Shhhhh, quiet, your rap style's tired  
 The stores can't sell it, the fans won't buy it  
 Hell no - even if it was sold at an auction  
 Boy get rid of it, like an abortion  
 Word is bond, you made a mistake  
 And struck out, while I'm home safe at the plate  
 Def squad, act like you know, backed by russell  
 And that word to me means dough  
 Cause look -- I've been rich and I've been poor  
 Now I'm back in the door hardcore  
 So whattup duke peace to the crew  
 Def squad's in the house gettin wrecktafied beaucoup  
 Motherfucker!Who am I e.d. the green eyed bandit  
 Who am I e.d. the green eyed bandit  
 Heyyyyyy, erick sermon (word, that's my motherfuckin name boy)  
 Who am I e.d. the green eyed bandit  
 Who am I e.d. the green eyed bandit  
 Heyyyyyy, erick sermonLike dat!

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>