

Swing It Over Here (feat. Keith Murray & Redman)

Erick Sermon

Featuring keith murray redman "kick it over here baby pop!" Chorus: murray sermon others [km]
swing it over here!

[all] yo swing it over here!

[km] swing it over here!

[all] c'mon swing it over here!

[km] y'all swing it over here!

[all] yo swing it over here!

[km] come swing it over here!

[red] yo swing it over there! Verse one: keith murray

My rap style is swift like boom bips

So come get a whip, and a bump, it's rough

Crews couldn't hold it in handcuffs

The ordeal is that i'm raw ill on the mic

Switchin my styles up like a transvestite (word)

I think of competition as? and

Keith murray is the vocabulary champ

? come in against deep notable to breach lines?

I'll make you make the same mistake twice three or four times

And nobody got a style like this

You could say, i got my thinking cap on backwards

I'll demolish the retarded smartest rap artists

Regardless, tryin to scream the hardest

I fuck your head up like amphetamines with l.o.d.

Then bend you out of shape like a master yogi

I put my head through your chest, just to see

Who's next in line, just to get wrecked

I makes contact, bust the interlude

I take my skills to another level like qualudes

And you couldn't hear me out; cause the type of shit

I converse about'll drag your brain in the slaughterhouse

Chorus: change to [all] throughout Verse two: erick sermon
Cling cling, somebody tell me
something

Why i got more props than don king without bouncing boxing rings?

ding ding i be the flyest guy you ever sawr on the microphone

Rip the shit to pieces, so leave me alone

Check me out, the way i freak the mode

The active half flippin shit so split 'fore i explode - boom!

So umm, pay attention, before i put you and your crew on suspension

For being closed minded to my invention

Yo, i rock on reel when i record oh my lord

The world full of jackers so i keep my shit stored
When i rock the microphone i rock it right
And keep it hardcore and more blacker than wesley snipes
To my crew there's no match
You want more funk then here's another batch, yo iChorus: [all] throughout"the redman that's
what they call me" --> epmd's 'headbanger' (repeat 3x)
[ed] oh no, here comes the funkadelic redmanVerse three:
redmanAooowwwwhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh my goodness! could this be
The funk that i was stretching out my lungs
Funkadelic sums up *nasal inhale* i clear the mucus
Stick tissue up my nose to stop the snot from makin spots
To be or not i still give niggaz polka dots for plots
Now richard dawson had a survey sayin that i was awesome
Throw on your walkmans while i pour the funk sauce in your coffins
Wake up! while the blunt's laced up just to pick the pace up
My style's freaky, nasty like? seka? pussy papers
When i raped her, you don't know check the four-uno-uno you know
That funk mixture that gets your body, holy like scriptures
Now right about now i'm settin off a bomb to blow the empire
To ashes -- cause my shit's more raw than niggaz stashes
Massive funk, swingin bangin bent up while i fucked ya
I'm rough enough ta, fuck up another white man's trucker
Redman's evil like the board of ouiji, niggaz could smoke
A whole pound of weed and couldn't see me off the tv!
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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