

Coming straight from the boon dox
Coming straight from the boon dox, when my tune stomps like Sasquatch
You better slow down cuz I'm top notch
Wit the be-bop, can't you see hopps
Yo, I'm swinging wild, g, chill or catch a speed knock
For crying out loud, my style is buckwhyled
Straight from Strong Isle, peace to the ooh child
A true troop, rugged, stomp in tims boots
No static, ---- Uncle Sam, I got mad loot
So back up off me, break North you see
I wreck a party in half and then I'm Swayze
Rap maniac, brainiac on a fly track
?I've got to zap all those? who's grabbing my bozack
But it's mine, Einstein, just like the nine
Rockin my jock, loaded for primetime
I'm on a roll and the Mic Doc just can't stop
Bust it, coming straight from the boon dox

(Erick Sermon)

1, 2, 1, 2, Mic check and I'm packed wit the fire weapon
No half steppin, my nine, a black tech and
Uzi, I'm psycho crazy
Don't ever try to do me, baby
Yea, I'm still wrecking house, so what's up and a
I stuck a nigga in his gut
I'm ?rougest? competition, never outlasting
(What happen E-D)Yo, I waxed ugly bastards
I took a stick of dynamite and blew 'em up, right
Then boom, I knock em out like Mike
I throw a clean fight, can't leave it messy
My blow is Super like Joe Pesci
Before I break out, let's make a toast
And after I'm finish my drink then E's ghost
So Mr. Bartender, give me a scotch on the rock
(Where you coming, E) I'm saying peace from the boon dox

Chorus

(P: PMD, E: Erick Sermon, B: Both)

(P)Now what (E) I know what
(P)Boy, your mouth shut
(E)So get these (what) nuts because the Squad's butt
(P)Popping ying-yang, no skills wit the hand swing
(E)Another hit from the Sqaud (B) It's a small thing
(P)?From the joys of funk, bunk? and make you jump
(E)And pump your hands in the air
(B)Soul like a speed bump
(B)Down wit Def Jam
(E)?Those scabs rule records, man?
(P)Thanks to Lyor Cohen (E) and Russell Simmons
(P)Yea, but for now child (woo, woo) bow wow
(B)Crazy phillie, that's the goal now, boon dox