

# Erick Sermon

EPMD

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 eyes

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Aowww, 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!

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Like dat!