

Erick Sermon, Lil Crazy

[Erick Sermon]

Hey young world, one two, one two

Check it out y'all

Uhh, Shadz of Lingo in the house

E Double's in the house with Def Squad

on the funky fresh track with Shadz of Lingo

Mic check one two, yo you got my nerves jumpin around

and _Humpin' Around_ like Bobby Brown across town

I ain't with that, so don't cramp my style

Step off me, I'm hyped like I had a pound of coffee

Yo how could you ask what I'm doin

when I'm pursuin, gettin funky with my crew and

My input brings vibes unknown like E.T.

Makes me phone home to my family

Cling, hello mom, I'm doin it, freakin more fame

than Batman played by Michael Keaton

I crossed over, let me name someone that's black

with fame, and pockets that are fat

Heyyy, Erick Sermon, he's one

Packs a gun, that's bigger than Malcolm's

Out the window, I look for a punk to get stupid

so I can shoot his ass like Cupid

E 2 bingos, down with the Shadz of Lingo

Here to bust out the funky single

Ahh shit, there goes my pager

I'll see you later, because yo

Chorus: Erick Sermon

Every now and then, I get a little crazy (4X)

[Shadz of Lingo - 1]

One two how can I do it? I guess I'll spit the real

Yo I pack much dick, with the cover made of steel hoe

Yes yes, never fessed or settled for less

One clown stepped, and got a hole in the fuckin chest

from the A.K., somebody scream MAYDAY

Took the sucker out, cause he clowned me on a payday

The funk is flowin to the maximum

from the E Double, while I kick the facts to them

Check a chill brother with class, rough enough

to run up and snatch the spine out a niggaz ass

Grip the steel when caps peeled, here to chill on the real

and don't give a motherfuck how you feel

Thinkin you're steppin to this, I kinda doubt it

Ain't with the bullshit, so you can write a fuckin book about it

The big nigga with the bud and I'm on that

E kick the beat and yo you shoulda known that

Chorus

[Shadz of Lingo - 2]

Yo it's the Lingo of the Shadz

Droppin that mellow but mad mackadocious

melodious metaphorical music with mo' shit

that you used to, and stylin that you ain't

What else I got to do but draw the pictures with paints?

{*feedback*} Oh no, there's my mic squeakin

A soundman's body turnin up every weekend

Some think I done the killin, you know I can't remember

I can't recall a full week since this past December

And mics catchin fire 'fore I get the chance to touch em

Yo Al. B catch the buddha lightin torches, I'ma bust em

But don't rush em, leave the pyromaniac alone he heard the words

to hit em on the red dot and knows I'm thinkin bout MURDER

Run {run} hide {hide} you can't {can't} escape {scape}

The hit {the hit's} on, I got the {got the} papes {papes}

Dodge {dodge} red {red} lasers {lasers} scannin {scannin}

brings {brings} fly {fly when} rhymes {rhymes} landin {landin}

Let me go .. no .. yo, I'm straight {straight}
Chill {chill}, yo I need AUHHHH, air, wait {wait}
Cross {cross} fade {fade's} a killer {killer} style and {style and}
where's the {where's the} soundman
Tell me {tell me} was I whylin {whylin}
cause {cause}
Chorus
[Erick Sermon]
Hey young world
Check me out, check me, check me out
Hey young world
New York's in the house
Def Squad's in the motherfuckin, house
New York's in the motherfuckin, house
Rowdy Records in the motherfuckin, house
Def Squad's in the motherfuckin, house
E.D.'s in the motherfuckin house (Def Jam boy)
Shadz of Lingo in the motherfuckin house
Peace.. and we out (Russell Simmons boy)
Word