

# Can You Dig It

Def Squad

(E Dub)

It's Erick Sermon, no need for those to guess yall  
I confess, ya'll, when I spit the yiggy yes yall  
I gotcha, when that groove hit, no stoppin ya  
Tear the club up like Three 6 Mafia  
I'm real, react when it's time to peel  
Step, if you want it, come get it, come wid it, what the deal?  
Yo dog, I roll tight in my stinkin Lincoln  
With black frame, grey interior with the wood grain  
And two stash boxes, for the funds and guns  
I don't own an UZI, but my 9 weights a ton  
Kid, we be the mos' deffest, no squad can catch us  
We takin the, drastic measures to fulfill the pleasures

(Funk Doc)

When I turn one hundred and eight, with wrinkles in my face  
My name will still be in debates about who was great  
I make you tie your lace two times when I create  
Cause when I begin to get slick, I sweat Quaker State  
We three the hard way, tight like little Jamal's face  
You offers, I walk through your church without no parlay  
Or permits, fuck your white picket fence  
I'm from the hood, keepin it tinsel, 17 inch  
I'm strictly convinced, yall puss  
Flippin crack, save that  
I kepp my money stacked, ghetto diplomat style  
Order it now, no refunds  
I'm like a clib with jums  
I move crack fiends with different vowels  
Even technicians can't repair the mic I spit on  
I'm too underground to dance with that shiny shit on  
, naah, call National Guards and trucks  
And their weapons better be big as fuck!

Ay yo, the three of us together is incredible  
Like a miracle, finally I get to move it up a few decimals  
Unquestionable, Unconscionable to the mental  
Not that happy dappy shit that you're use to  
I got the skunky funky illest funk flow  
For the glamorous, scandalous world of radio  
And pimpin ain't dead, ya'll niggas just scared  
To smack a ho, and make that tramp get up out there  
Oh yeah, I heard your new shit is GARBAGE  
Bastard, lookin like you just stepped out of a casket  
I get stupid, dumb, illiterate when I'm killin it  
Real legitamate, bitches gettin intimate  
In nineteen hundred and ninety eight  
We gonna set a whole lotta different shit straight  
You suckas, no good, insecure back barnyard sewer rat eatin motherfuckers!