

Ain't No Future....2001

Erick Sermon

Yeah, peace to MC Breed
Def Squad, 2002, uh

Aiyyo this sound hard, somethin funky people gon' dance to
Give the record a second, and a chance to
Hittin people like a scene of amazement
Floored by Erick Sermon arrangement
Frontin I can never do (uh-huh)
So now I'm lookin dead at you, so what you gonna do?
You checkin out the sounds of a scholar
You say, "Hi E - tell 'em HOLLA, HOLLA!"
I'm the E Double, and I proclaim my name
Straight up big game, peep all gangs
I'm like a rhino, stomp through the roughest pack
They figure I'm a trigga happy nigga so they step back
E, the microphonest
Who last the longest and who the strongest?
It's not a game, it's plain to see (ha)
Check out the sounds of E, and the Squad of D

Y'knahmsayin? Ain't no future in yo' frontin

I never got caught with a kilo
If you ever do, it would never be with me yo
I ain't the one to be servin up a ki' yo
I sell work, but it's more like sellin beats yo
Yo - I never have to worry about me gettin jumped
If I ever do, R-E-D, pop the trunk
Me and my crew, got somethin for all y'all (uhh)
When I'm on the mic, don't play at all
I clock mad G's a week, boomin at my peak
Everytime the E's asked to program a beat
I put it down like this for everybody
Then throw a Def Squad cool out party
Takin over, barkin like a doggie named Rover
(Woof!) I'm pickin suckers like a four-leaf clover
They bitin lyrics on the mic cause they cobras
Are they sayin E.D.'s? Cause ain't no future in yo' frontin

Ain't no future in yo' frontin

Yo, I'm the E, D-O-U-B-L-to the E and
Down with my homey Keith, and the R-E-D and
Niggaz talk shit cause we still be disagreein
I don't give a FUCK cause I'm from N.Y.C.
In the city, where pretty ones low
If you ever shoot through my city NOW YOU KNOW
We get biz, and we got pride
If you don't feel this, then nigga break wide
Cats be lookin, for the M-O-N-E-Y
Livin illegal, is the way, so they die
Cause I ain't got time, to see if things work out
Things get hard I'm robbin no doubt
That be the way, E.D. can not be different
Never change the ways of the world of the government
If I was the President, I'd stay fat
Leave it up to me, I'd paint the White House black

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Yo, I got dough in my pocket, not from rollin
If I was a fiend then my gold would be stolen
Put my name E, on everything I own
My Excursion truck, outlined in chrome
Shined up good, ride through your neighborhood
StarTec phone, fat rims, and the Kenwood
Music kicked around and, can I have a drop?
Just because I'm ridin people think I'm sellin rocks
Ain't no future in yo' frontin

Ain't no future in yo' frontin!

Yo, I'm cool to the rules of the world
Livin life raw, cause I never liked the law
Wear top ten on my ass my own jeans
Sell the game, tit for tat to the fiends
Make much dough but never break a sweat
Time to move out? My niggaz sayin BET
You got my back and I got yours
What time is it? Tear down the doors

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Uhh, yo, combustible, uhh
Uhh, yeah, huh, Def Squad
Huh, PPP yeah uhh
Funky Noble y'all, huh uh, Phillie addict uh
Keith Murray word up uh-huh
Uh-huh, yeah, Daytona y'all
Uhh, uhh, Khari uh-uh
Sy Scott, uh, what? How we do what?
Uh, all day baby
Def Squad, uh, uh peace to MC Breed
Uh-huh, yo, uh-huh, yeah yeah
Check it out y'all, uh