

S! Sermon! Blastmaster! (YO!)

I look like an emcee, talk like an emcee  
Walk like an emcee New York type of emcee  
Pockets never empty rockets, plenty  
You already forget them but you ain't forget me  
Clubs I rock many, in fact, any  
That shit talk they talkin could never offend me  
I worked for mine, even got jerked for mine  
Back in '89 I used to work the nine  
But it led to crime and too many cats doin time  
If you into that fine but I'm not I rhyme  
You know, you cats runnin from the law too much  
That means you either got greedy or you saw too much  
You know the streets like the back of your hand  
Back of your palm the problem is the cash in your palm  
I do what I have to do, you laugh at me I laugh at you  
You after me I'm after you  
You not passin me I'm passin you  
You not askin me I'm askin you  
You not blastin me man I'm blastin you  
Blastin through, got the whole senior class graspin you  
Ask your crew, who commands more street soldiers than the Blastmaster do  
I'm the last to the true, now who you?!

Some sensitive new jack awww come here boo boo!  
This type of emceecin you might not be use to I'll bruise you (YEAH!)  
Get under your skin like tattoos do  
This God, you don't choose me I choose you  
My vocabulary will confuse you (Tell 'em)  
Like the news do, my Benz is new too  
I be on padded cells like I'm coo coo (UH!)  
Callin up my nation which is Zulu  
NOW WHO YOU?!!

I'm Sermon yes your determined (UH HUH!)  
I'm the best and no need contestin Sermon confirmin you  
Mark Furman lyin, stop sighin  
Before you end up in Zion, stop cryin  
You dyin nigga, you a hoe  
Hit the flo' when I blast the trigga  
E Dub not Nas but I'm a nasty nigga  
The type that leave ya floatin in the Hudson River, I'll deliver  
Like take out food direct to your door step  
You ain't seen no types of hardcore yet (No!)  
You ain't, shot the five or the four yet (No!)  
You ain't sliced from the ear to the jaw yet  
What you doin right there that's fag (That's fag!)

And you claimin to havin all this swag  
Swag don't rhyme (Uh huh)  
Swag don't get you in the hall of fame or fap, at least not mine  
Swag don't shine them diamonds  
Blindin the fact that you wack, and shouldn't be rhymin  
It's bad timin for you newcomer  
You ain't me motherfucker! You hot for the summer!  
You like Joe Plumber gettin stopped by Barack  
Tryin to dominate the spot, and end up shot  
Then it's, slow singin and flower bringin

Cell phone ringin 9-1-1 for closure it's over

C to the L to the O-U-T

He's Blastmaster KRS-One I'm E (YO!)

Dub got clout (Blastmnaster) that's clout

E Dub got clout (Blastmaster) that's clout