

Da Joint

Erick Sermon

I make a million bucks every six months and y'all
Hating my game, saying my name, they call
Me the E, wrong things, knowing I'm fly without wings
While some of y'all have to pull strings
In this era, I maintain the freak upon the beat
Master basslines of Raphael Saadiq
Lyrical mastermind, a genius so don't snooze
No mission's impossible, ask Tom Cruise
I keep a joint lit when I have to spit
A rough paragraph, laugh, when I'm bustin' your ass
Who want it? Come and see me, like 112
And I'll rock that bell with Fox and L
E-Dub, Mr Excitement, right
The poltergeist of rap so come to the light
Yes, the recipient of this award goes to moi
The best qualified superstar

My squad stays on point like
Den en den den de den—it's the joint!
(Yeah my squad stay on point like)
Den en den den de den—it's the joint!

New York, I'm in your area (Over here!)
DC, I'm in your area (Over here!)
New Jers, I'm in your area (Over here!)
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