

Do-Re-Mi

Erick Sermon

Uhh, uhh.. yeah

See I know how to get down, word up

It's so hot it's, LL's version of the East coast chronic
Smoke 'til your lungs collapse
You supposed to be the nigga, where all the drama at?
So ironic, L came back
Flooded the market - got your mens on the wall
holdin his blunt, too fucked up to spark it
Show me a nigga who can do like I do
Then gas your mans up so I can rip that nigga too
Braggin you goin platinum like that shit brand new
I was platinum in eighty-five, what THE FUCK wrong with you, huh?
Come (?) L - what you call rocks to me is minerals
Tried to throw salt on my name, shit's political
The baddest man on the planet
So ill when I'm spittin niggaz take it for granted
Cram to understand it, I'll switch and write it lefthanded
Heat my pinky ring up and leave your bitch branded
Got a voice like a cannon - nigga shoot
I don't think she really hot, your career is a fluke
I'm the best MC to ever touch the pen
Take a look at what I'm doin it will not be done again
As sure I am the descendant of former slaves
I'ma resurrect brothers from they mental graves
Make 'em confess - LL's the most rugged
God, and no man's above it, gotta love it

DO - get this bread, use ya infrared
RE - fuck the industry, it's all about
MI - you ain't goin - FA
L said it - SO, puffin on the - LA

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Uhh, E Dub on the microphone
Droppin bombs - spots get blown
So why would you assume my style wouldn't bloom
When I rap, wack MC's vacate the room
Cause they suck, and that's how I feel
I'ma smack down the A&R who signed the deal
Then wrap 'round his neck yo' reel to reel
So next time he know, how the real feel
Get loose and wrap hand 'round the steel
Leave you in the truck, wrapped 'round ya wheel
(I ain't playin) But y'all front like I ain't it
And every rapper y'all like, sample my shit
(Name one) I'm nice, and there's no mistakin
I threw a bomb rhyme in the hands of Troy Aikman
My track record is out there, gone
E.T. like maybe I should phone home (hello?)
I'm known for the dome bangers
Drop any song of mine right now in the club and it's DANGER
Scarface, E, LL Cool (jigga jigga)

J, never heard it spit this way, hey

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L said it - SO, puffin on the - LA (that's right)

DO - get this bread, use ya infrared

RE - fuck the industry, it's all about

MI - you ain't goin - FA

Cause 'Face said - SO, puffin on the - LA (... TI DO)

You a trash-ass nigga, slash garbage-ass rhymer

You switched from the raw to a chart climber

And now your shit is blowin out the stores

and uh, next month you fin' to go out on the tour but

Count - (two, three, and, four)

Your records ain't sellin no more

And damn - you done spent your money galore

Buyin all the stupid shit that your money can't afford (uh-oh)

Tryin to keep up with the trendy

Got your bitch minked out in all Fendi

Bought your homeboy a brand new Bentley

And the well that wouldn't run dry is now empty

It's simply, cause you wasn't focused on the next day

and your next tape you can't give it away, but hey

I send these to these niggaz tryin to keep up with the Joneses

Everything you see me I owns it

I've been quietly sellin tapes for thirteen years

So let's get, that, clear

You might have sold a few more tapes, but

realistically, are you that great? (nah)

Can't get respect but I done paid dues

Stood on the block slangin cooked up rocks, I'm the same dude

I've been the same nigga since I came through

Do-re-mi too, damn fool!