

Yo! Here I is on radar
A sixteen verse burst, the last two are 8 bar
Cause by that time, I been did damage
The type 9/11, so duke call the reverand
Sermon; the rappin Mandingo
A mega producer, more drugs than Ringo
"A Star is Born," Erick Streisand, the E I'm nice man
A rock star while youse a mic stand
So everybody gather round by the speaker
To hear things clear, the blood comin out the ear
I'm a daywalker, the rap be the serum
My Squad still Def and you still can't hear 'em
If you was a shadow, you couldn't get near 'em
Even if there's "Thirteen Ghosts," you couldn't fear 'em
Look outside, there's 24's on my Cadd' (huh?)
I'm a +Big Boi+, droppin "Bombs Over Baghdad"

Here I is, Sermon - yeah - I'll mark an E on your back
Yeah.. "That's my man throwin down!"

Uh-huh, uh-huh, yeah
It's like street hop, the beat knock
I'm what time it is on my clock on my block
I'm rockin, I got the Earth in a cradle
Youse a baby and not quite able (hell no)
"The Ring" appears when you're facin me
Death comes time after, some say it's the rapture
I'm closed captioned, boy I'm Phil material
(Yeah Francis Ford Coppola, E-Dub's the opener)
See you at your burial, "Wack MC" on your gravestone
Atlanta, I get busy in the Braves home
I'm on your head, Ted Danson +Cheer'n+
You forgot Squad is Def, and we hard of hearin (WHAT?!)
The star vet got a StarTac phone
Extraterrestrial, to see who phone home
Got more dough than me? Man stop it
Green shit, I got +Shrek+ in my front pocket!

Here I is, Sermon - yeah - I'll mark an E on your back
Th-th-th-this is a warning (aiyyo) "Attention all personal!"
Yeah! Come on