# Listen

**Erick Sermon**

Hit it hard
Yeah, yeah, when I stick it she be like (uh)
Yeah, pimpin, I run up right inside 'em, yeah

Yo, it goes hey you, guess what, guess who gets what
I snatch baguettes, you get what you get, guess what
Guess what, you get it and forget it like guess what
Guess what get done to special guests that can't guess what
He goin on when Sy be goin off
In the cross my Squad run tracks like motocross
I write words I read and then re-word 'em
Same word, rework 'em without re-wordin 'em
Word perfect for workin with 'em
Workmen do homework, men at work in the network workin system
Yeah, I overwork, work the middle
Work and turn your homework workbook against you
In the range of a roundabout ratio
I merry-go-round around around the radio
Around around and away we go
Everytime Sy bust down then it's up up away you go

Now what do you niggaz think about this
A jam for the streets that you can't resist
So hustle to this, bang to this
Get your money to this, yeah listen to this
Now what do you bitches think about this
A jam for the clubs that you can't resist
So shake to this, freak to this
Drink up to this, yeah listen to this

Uhh, huh
E-Dub, I'm known like the Rucker
Fucker, comin through like a redneck trucker
Nother, man down, call 9-1-1
I stash that so they can't find my gun
I'm in the woods like hikers, bikers, campers
Antlers, bears snakes and long-leg tarantulas
Uh, E-Dub I got balls
If I get chased pon' de river like Sean Paul, believe it
I'm on the fish neck, like jet-skis
I killed Romeo, along with Jet Li
And messin with the E be incomparable
Get romped like Romper Room, a one man platoon
Oh I say, I'm Andrew Dice Clay
Filthy mouth and also fuck y'all
You wanna get physical we touch y'all
Haters we appreciate the love so - thank you very much y'all

Last but not least, Keith wreck shop comfortably
When I flow, I fuck up your street credibility
Def Squad get busy often
When it comes to chicks we got more tricks than a dolphin
You see the new E-Dub spin when I pull up
Ecko sweatsuit with the hood up
This shit is so hot you could cook an egg on it
So I sunny-side up, buttered toast my opponents

I take the drama to the middle of the street
Or any nigga that's feelin himself like Tweet
Kid you sonned out, let me speak to your father
Matter of fact, hold these here, and don't even bother
We come through with the nines poppin
Niggaz get so quiet, you can hear rats pissin on cotton
So you see there's nothin furthermore to say
Aiyyo Busta, "Pass the Courvoiser"


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