

Erick Sermon, Bomdigi

Intro:

I'll just sway...

This's the way it goes down

Def Squad

Nine-pound

Check this here

Verse One:

The E gets wicked, no need for the biscuit

The green-eyed funkdaified brother coming wicked

I sets the party off just like Tanqueray

The Funk Lord, nobody else could swing this way

I put the loc to the motion, drop the funk coast to coast and

I Buck like Shot, cuz I know I Got Cha Opin

Check the soup, I Dogg the mic like Snoop

I get swift like H-Town, when I Knock Da Boots (daaat's right)

I'm dynamite with this mic

I Show like Doug E. and I rock the mic lovely

The afrodesiac, bringin the do-wah-diddy

to your city, on the Zapp side with the vibe

I'm Stone Cold like Bobby and Ralph T

I come with the Game of Death, without Bruce Lee

The irregular speakin, for those MC's who be tweakin

Catch me at the Beacon just freakin

Chorus:

Brothers can't see me

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