

# Now Whut's Up

## Erick Sermon

Yo, now when you hear the name Keith Murray, don't think violence  
That's nonsense, me and Meth put that to silence  
I'm a product of the streets, master of the breaks and beats  
Lyrically headstrong and can't be beat Triple minded, mentally combined underground pirate  
Microphone tyrant, always comin' sideways  
And Topsy turvy, lyrical crash-up derby  
Come, Filthy McNasty, pretty gritty dirty Lyrical sayin' MC slayin', 'Hip Hop Quotable'  
Unquotable, sociable thirty-eight caliber style swayin'  
Open your mind to visualize what I'm sayin'  
The products of the streets don't be playin' It's a bloody ambush like a dirty douche in ya tush  
When I push, push up in ya bush  
Superstar status, break off beats, the baddest  
Style's the baddest, bring extra clips to stop the madness  
Yo, we in the place  
(Now whut's up?)  
DJ, pick up the pace  
(Now whut's up?)  
Gyrate, feel the bass  
(Now whut's up?)  
What the deal, huh?  
(Now whut's up?) Aiyyo we ain't playin' fair no more, there's somethin' new in store  
A Hot Boy but not from the 504  
New technique to rock the mic  
Lyrical 'Blade' sharp like Wesley and N'Bushe Wright Soundbombin' could be a catastrophe  
When NASA blast off, Flex blast off me  
E-vincible, rap round your left ventricle  
So let's be sensible  
E temperamental, quick to dismember you  
Wyclef that 'November' you  
They wish they can do what I can do  
If you could switch brains, you would, wouldn't you? My style is Mike, Vince, Earvin  
Jordan, Carter, Julius, servin'  
MC's at will, I'm trickery, Lou ain't stickin' me  
A curve ball, Mark ain't hittin' me Yo, we in the place  
(Now whut's up?)  
DJ, pick up the pace  
(Now whut's up?)  
Gyrate, feel the bass  
(Now whut's up?)  
Yo, what the deal, huh?  
(Now whut's up?) Yo, rapid gunfire destroy ya boys and unemploy some  
Put the headphones on your kid like Castor Troy's son

Darts'll damage ya dogs where the U-Haul in my truck  
 The camera installed, hand upon my balls Call the morgue, I'm killin' 'em, even Kyle is not  
 feelin' 'em  
 When I drill 'em with skills of ten Eminems  
 You feminine, don't even call my name  
 I stay locked down walkin' with a ball and chain Put the mac where you tongue at, I done that  
 These young cats'll get thumbtacked and sent where Big Pun at  
 Smoke so much, the doc asked where my lung at  
 I took it out to stash my gun, son run that Pop mega shit, I pop mega clips  
 Fuck a system, I keep the heat where your Sega sit  
 Then I bang the controller 'til the game say, "Over"  
 In the Bricks, we'll stick ya when ya plane lays over Yo, we in the place  
 (Now whut's up?)  
 DJ, pick up the pace  
 (Now whut's up?)  
 Gyrate, feel the bass  
 (Now whut's up?)  
 What the deal, huh?  
 (Now whut's up?) Yo, y'all know me, maniacs and addicts add it, at it  
 Venomous addict snake biter, I the, at it  
 'Cause I'm a little odder at it  
 In the Ac' with the aircraft and then leave inactive My alter-ego make niggaz alter their egos  
 I flow and turn the East coast to one big creep show  
 South premisy, Filthy-delphia pistol bangers  
 Pistol changin', pistol bangin' I lift metal like Lithuanians  
 Two thousand nail me Sy Scott rap's new insanian  
 It's humane, punish ya mayn  
 'Til no skeletal remains remain remain mainly main To bitten man made disease that's made by  
 man  
 Crackin' the DNA code to see how God made man  
 I storm the mainland, scare MC's like slave hands  
 Put microchips in they wristbands and make 'em rain dance Lay hands like Mike Strahand  
 Puttin' ya face and hands in Ace bands  
 Tryin' to lift more than ya waistband I travel every shinin' sea, sea and land to finally see  
 When niggaz land in the error era wherever, forever no error  
 Easily cut niggaz careers down like ever  
 Ever forever and ever, don't you ever  
 Fuck with Sy, Khi and Erick when we come together, what?  
 Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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